JUNE, 1926 VOLUME LXIII, NO. 4

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

A WORD TO WAR WRITERS

AS one who was in the war, both on land and sea, from early in 1915 to the armistice, the writer has a notion of his own as to why the war was so extraordinary a success. For, as a war, the big show was a success and an incomparable one. No Hollywood director could have handled his rushing thousands better than did dozens of forgotten generals; the night effects were of the most startling and effective kind, and the three ring massacres and illuminated canonades were quite the finest ever attempted on the planet. A success, you bet it was!

And why? Because the military circus pitched its blood-red tents in an industrialized and mechanized world, a time clock world, an efficiency world, a world that denies and still denies, to those who live by it and within it, any real satisfaction of their ancient and deep rooted instincts of adventure and play. To the mechanized worker, drawn from his factory inferno of humming noises and countless wheels, to the minor clerk at his desk in an office corner, to any casual young Robot of the time, the war was an unexpected and glorious deliverance. Trenches! Mud! Living with men! Camping out! Narrow escapes! Adventure! The sea! Appropriate music to military bands.

The blood-red tent contained them all, and the world went to it far more willingly than those who write upon the war now seem disposed to admit. For some, the ticket of admission was their own heart's blood, and of those so chosen, many came forward at once, knowing the price yet eager to attend.

The writer himself makes no defense of the tent or the things within it. He is well aware that men of generous and compassionate mind would have wrecked the circus in a moment had they been able to do so. All that he aims to do is to call attention to the fact that the war was the oyster of adventure for an adventure hungry world, and that like Ancient Pistol, the world opened it with a sword.

This point of view is seldom encountered among those who write about the war. Today the emphasis is on the horror, the cruelty, and the incredible imbecility of the drama. This

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is quite as it should be. Nevertheless, the war as an adventure and the lives of those who rushed to it as an adventure are elements which, left out of any book, result in distortion and half-truth. *H. B.*

POETIC AMERICA

NOT long ago a lecturer who has traveled extensively across the country during the past year said, "The time, I believe, is ripe in America for the rise of a great popular poet." "Eddie Guest?" was the natural query. "No," he replied, "someone more like Byron or, perhaps, Tennyson." This remark seemed strange in the face of continued assurance from the publishers that America does not buy poetry. Like most superstitions, this one proves upon investigation to be a statement now often noted for its exceptions. During the past season at least a half dozen books of excellent verse have sold through one edition and have been reprinted once or more than once. This was true of Amy Lowell's "What's O'Clock", of Stephen Vincent Benét's "Tiger Joy". It was true in large measure of Countee Cullen's "Color". Of new books which reports say are meeting an enthusiastic public there are those of Edward Davison, Virginia Moore, Stoddard King, and Fairfax Downey. The last two young men, to be sure, have wooed the muse of light verse; but in both cases it is light verse of exceptional quality. F. P. A. has a steady and loyal following for the same type of rhyming.

Even now, however, the poetically inclined are far behind the readers of novels. This magazine urges and will continue to urge its readers to buy for their personal libraries at least five volumes of current poetry a year. We shall soon be outstripping England in loyalty to our poets. What a proud moment it would be for some poet, for some publisher, if a volume of really worthwhile verse should appear without question of a doubt to be what we loosely call a best seller.

A YOUNG MAN FROM PARIS

RETURNING from a year in France, a young American found himself with a week in New York. He had heard of the current naughtiness of our theatre. With somewhat limited means he set out to explore the facts. Lo and behold, his efforts to buy tickets for the more livid of our spectacles failed. He found himself the first night at "The Wisdom Tooth". "Can it be", he asked, "that this is decadent America of which I have heard so much?" The next night he saw the exquisite revival of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows". Then, "The Two Orphans". He squeezed into "The Big Parade", and paid tardy court to "Is Zat So?" He laughed through "The Butter and Egg Man" and found much to admire in "Craig's Wife". "Tip Toes" proved delightful, and "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" a genial evening's entertainment.

"What do they mean?" he asked. "America hasn't changed. I've never seen less suggestive things on any stage."

"You can't generalize about America", was the reply.

In this varied and sometimes vicious theatrical season we occasionally forget that there is still a large public for the clean play — not so large, perhaps, as for the novelty of exaggerated sex displays but steady, nevertheless. The

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high price of naughtiness may indicate its momentary popularity, but the coming seasons will undoubtedly show that sex in such large doses in the drama is merely a temporary ornament in the dramatic cap and will be gradually discarded in favor of less glaring ornaments.

MR. HANSEN MIGRATES

HARRY HANSEN, for fourteen years associated with the Chicago "Daily News", long its able literary editor, critic for "Harper's Magazine", has been offered and has accepted the post from which Laurence Stallings recently resigned, that of literary editor of the New York "World". Mr. Hansen has shown a remarkable talent for literary journalism. His pages have been balanced, his sense of the dramatic value of books as news has been unusual, his own critical writing has been forceful and penetrating. In addition to his journalistic work he has published several books, among them a clear eyed presentation of his own friends, the Chicago literati, in "Midwest Portraits" and a fine translation from the German of Jacob Wassermann's "Faber".

There have been other, many other, pilgrimages from the midwest to New York City. It has been interesting to watch the change in viewpoint which has followed the advent of such now well known metropolitans as Burton Rascoe, Stuart Sherman, Henry Sell, Percy Hammond, John V. A. Weaver, and others.

Mr. Hansen will be given a nice test. He comes to an editorial page remarkable for its individualistic tendencies, for its smartness of viewpoint. His column will appear on an editorial page famed for highly colored wit and pungent criticism. He will be writing for the paper to which contribute F. P. A., H. L. Mencken, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Frank Sullivan, Milt Gross, and the rest. Anyone who has followed his work knows that he has a viewpoint quite as individual as any of them, based perhaps on a somewhat different philosophy. He will succeed in gaining a new public, for he is, first and foremost, a good journalist. What will happen to his opinions as he starts the round of entertainment and stimulation which literary New York affords, one cannot say.

It is our prophecy that Mr. Hansen, like his Viking ancestors, will remain indomitably himself and cherish his own viewpoint.

PICCADILLY INTO BROADWAY

WHEN the H. G. Wells of the twenty first century writes his history of the twentieth, and casts about for some convenient generalization to use as a chapter heading, there can be little doubt that he will use "The Americanization of the World".

This Americanization of the West is by far the most important historical process of our times. We are not as conscious of it as we might be, for two reasons. In the first place we are too near the picture, too much in it. In the second place, the process is too often confused with the spread of mechanical civilization as a whole.

As an example of what is going on, consider the case of England. Reach down one of the volumes of "Punch" for 1900 or 1901, look at the pictures and the advertisements, and then compare them with those in the volume of "Punch" for 1925. You will see before

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you an adventure not in the modern mechanization of life (after all, England was the first industrialized country) but an adventure in Americanization. The advertisements, the text of which is written in the American advertising jargon, show a Britain whose offices and office furniture have been Americanized, a Britain whose "selling technique" is closely modeled on Broadway. Even the things for sale are copies of things American or have an American quality.

Look, within, at the reading matter. The British world of "Punch" goes to American plays, dances to American music, talks American slang, packs the American movies, and follows American crazes six months late. The writer is not wholly ironic when he declares that the new Briton of the new advertisements has something of an Arrow Collar air.

An irresistible energy, a rising and rushing tide, the American way of life is overwhelming the world. England has given up her resistance. Old and suspicious France may have guards at her gates, but the tide is sapping the foundations of the citadel. A good deal of Paris has already the look of a second rate Union Square. Italy, Germany, Russia, all the European nations, are adjusting themselves to the American scheme as best they can, sometimes skilfully, sometimes with pathetic clumsiness. The effect of all this on the intellectual and social life of Europe will be the theme of every future Wells within a hundred years.

THE NEWER LANGUAGE

MILT GROSS and his dialect have leaped grandiosely to fame. He is read aloud. His wise cracks are retailed across dinner and card table. He is acclaimed by critics a great humorist. Is his Jewish American in any sense a new language? Will John Galsworthy's humorous comment that sometime it may be necessary to translate English authors into some species of American, ever be true? Obviously not; but it is interesting to see a new idiom take its place along with Uncle Remus, James Whitcomb Riley, Ring Lardner, Will Irwin, and Mr. Dooley. The great dialect humorists are funny not only for their dialect — the success of young Mr. Gross's book proves that. When the volume was offered to the booksellers much prejudice against the language in it manifested itself. Yet, once the book was tasted, it caught on and captured the hearts of Jew and Gentile alike. It is character humor, not dialect "gags". Nize Baby and the Feitlebaums have come to stay as part of our national melting pot literature.

There was a time when dialect and slang were frowned on by the critics of literature. There are still those who do not admit our racier idioms into the sacred periods of drawing room conversation. Yet the public is more and more being won to the stories of Mr. Lardner, the verses of Mr. Weaver, such brilliant quips and vulgarisms as are found in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

That these manifestations will improve the language, is difficult to claim. That they have already given a peculiarly American humor, a robust native wit, a chance for free expression seems obvious. To cry for more and better dialect would be contrary to the policies of this magazine; to cry for more humorists as good as Milt Gross is simply to wish the nation more joy and health, if health is the product of joy and laughter.

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MR. STUART SHERMAN DISCOVERS APHRODITE PANDEMOS

By Gerald Carson

OF the two goddesses of love, Aphrodite Pandemos, winsome daughter of Zeus and Dione, is distinguished for her youth and for being something of a baggage. We have this upon the authority of Plato, and Nicander of Colophon speaks to the same end. Zenophon, in his memoir of a certain gay Athenian supper party, represents Socrates as delivering a disquisition upon the dual character of Aphrodite, praising the daughter of Urania as the heavenly or goddess of spiritual love, and rebuking her of Pandemos for fostering those desires which we recognize as being more especially the channel of modern self expression. It was well done. The assembly doubtless needed the reminder, for Xenophon says that there was entertainment provided by a dancing girl from Syracuse.

I have chosen the Aphrodite of Pandemos to stand as a sort of patroness of the ethical point of view represented by the advanced wing of our intrepid modernists, for whose romantic quest Stuart Sherman has been the latest and most important recruit. A few years ago one would not have expected to have found so — one is tempted to say — voluptuous a symbol pertinent to Mr. Sherman, unless by antithesis. But since he has entered upon his career as editor of "Books", the literary section of the Sunday New York "Herald-Tribune", he has more or less abandoned the austerities in favor of a general enthusiasm for vitality, and for glad, free, untrammeled things. This rather melancholy turn of events has endowed him with the extrinsic interest which attaches to any form of intellectual apostasy, and leads beguilingly into the task of inquiring what has produced so catastrophic a *volte-face*. Let us look into the copious record which Mr. Sherman has provided us. He himself will open the door.

We are not unexpected. In introducing his current book* of critical pieces, "twenty six critical impressions" he calls them, he enters upon the subject with skilful caution:

> It has been intimated to me that this book shows significant changes in my point of view and in my opinions. Perhaps it does. If so, I trust that some reviewer, *hostile to change*, will go patiently through the essays, collect the evidence, and point out my aberrations and inconsistencies. I have never taken a vow to carry any opinion unaltered to the grave; and if it can be proved tonight that I have learned absolutely nothing since morning, I shall be dismayed.

This is all very brave and infinitely attractive. But I have had to italicize the crucial phrase in this spirited paragraph, for it contains an incipient case of *petitio principii*. It is not hostility to change, as Mr. Sherman well knows, which is the point. It is the character, the drift, and the quality of that change which we have to examine.

* Critical Woodcuts. By Stuart Sherman. Illustrated with portraits engraved on wood by Bertrand Zadig. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Portrait of Mr. Sherman
from "Critical Woodcuts"

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II

It was back in the violet distances of 1917 that Mr. Sherman first came before a considerable public with "On Contemporary Literature", a book of singular velocity and purpose. Clinging buoyantly to the idea of human progress, he referred constantly to the humanistic standard in order to measure the progress of his contemporaries. He spoke frequently of instructed and disciplined hearts, standards, and the Eternal Verities. Such a stand for the "higher moralities" of life had its heroic aspects, and it is a pleasure to linger while we may with Mr. Sherman in this mood. The position he took in "On Contemporary Literature" meant putting his back up against the main movement of our generation toward the conception of human society summed up in the phrase, "obey that impulse". It meant a kind of martyrdom, and in 1917, as in all other periods of which we have adequate record, there was an acute shortage of martyrs, the occupation being generally regarded as extremely hazardous and without fixed compensation. It was as a kind of militant conservative or a self appointed apostle of the Puritan tradition, then, that Mr. Sherman first began his march toward the Academy.

Numerous forces, one sees clearly now, conspired quietly over a period of years to upset Mr. Sherman's equanimity, alter his pace, and bring him to the highly interesting condition in which his large public now finds him. There was, first, a certain harmless taste for bohemianism which an early passion for R. L. S. never completely satisfied. One still sees, down the shadowed vista of the years, the young Sherman bent low under his student lamp, communing solemnly with the profundities of "Æs Triplex", and reflecting, perhaps, that all is not gold that glitters. And to the pensive student of the earlier Sherman, the walls of the seminars at Illinois still evoke bright memories, for they form a veritable charnel house of Mr. Sherman's earlier taste for the pale beauties of Pre-Raphaelite art.

Yet latterly, and by that I mean during and after 1922, Mr. Sherman seemed to have felt a certain weariness. If he spoke out with something less than his wonted lucidity and consecutiveness, he did, at least, still manifest his flair for sharpness on occasion. We know — for one thing — through the pages of "Scribner's Magazine" (December, 1925) that during these days Mr. Sherman was disappointed in his colleagues at the University of Illinois. The English Department, over which he had long presided with the efficient grace and majesty of a diplomatic ecclesiastic, had failed to satisfy his thirst for luminous ideas.

Mr. Sherman's case, indeed, was less simple than that. Although it did not include professors, he was experiencing a progressive expansion of sympathy, a delicate unfolding of shy, shining sensibilities which manifested itself broadly in a theoretic feeling of kinship with the carpenter who mended his roof and the entrancing *jeune fille* who skipped so lightly in and out of his classes. On spring days when nature decorated the quadrangle with the garb of eternal youth, and tender, gentle laughter came winging its way from under the austere busts of Cicero and Sophocles, and one felt a sort of April of the spirit, too, even at forty one — on such days the sprightliest comparison of the ideas of Matthew Arnold and one's ancient enemy, Mr. Mencken, seemed somehow a little drab, and lacking in finality.

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For all the solace he found in the ripe, substantial books of the well greaved Achæans, Mr. Sherman had a feeling of "remoteness from stimulating living companionship". At the same time he was burgeoning with an idea. This idea was one of nationalistic sentiment purged of its grossness, with all its intenseness and power directed to beneficent ends. Mr. Sherman, like William Blake, saw visions and dreamed curious dreams. In "Americans" (1922) he relates that while he meditated these things "there came to me, as if in a vision, our 'divine mother', the spirit of America as the clear-eyed among our poets and statesmen have seen her".

This positive spirit of national inquiry brought Mr. Sherman with deepened interest to a fresh point of view on American life, and on that central figure in it, the common or man in the street. Musing upon the stalwart democracy of Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, Mr. Sherman would return again and again to his carpenter, whom he often studied furtively through the windows of his library. Mr. Sherman found in him "along with healthy self-interest, petty vices, and envy enough to keep him stirring — courage, fortitude, sobriety, kindness, honesty, and sound practical intelligence". This rather attenuated literary feeling for his carpenter reacted interestingly upon his approach to contemporary literature. Seeking ever to see and define the personality and view of life behind literary effort, seeking to connect literature vitally with the life which it should measure and assess, Mr. Sherman found happily that the two streams of his meditation — beauty and democracy — were confluent. In 1923 he wrote: "Beauty, whether we like it or not, has a heart full of service. Emancipated, she will still be seeking some vital activity. You have heard how the new writers propose to employ her leisure: in extending the ordinary man's preoccupation with sex." These are the words, perhaps, of a Puritan, but the intonation, as we shall see, is becoming more dulcet.

In 1924 Mr. Sherman again had a mystical experience. He holds out the possibility of the same ecstasy to every man of forty years who has a house, wife, bald spot, and four children. He says that "at forty, when a man seems hermetically enclosed in his character, an angel may just possibly unbar the door, and, leaving his possessive, aggressive body sleeping there, let his spirit out for the recognition and appreciation of a new life".

We know, now, how Mr. Sherman would have written "Cytherea", for he has smelled the intoxicating perfume of Lilith, of Daphne, of Penelope, Queen of Shadows, of Ariadne, of Aphrodite with the smiling eyes, of Cressid, and of the sovereign queen of beauty, "fayre Venus" herself. Rolling democratic vistas, blessed with the virginal kiss of springtime, and delectable mountains, have passed before his enamored eyes. Arch pixies and rather immaterial wood nymphs have guarded him while he rested, and all the Graces have chanted his madrigal! By some magic known only to alchemists of the heart, Mr. Sherman has been able to carry over a little residue of this bracing experience into his hours of meditation. One catches the spirit of the thing in a few maxims which he appended to his philosophical essay, "Forty and Upwards" (1924):

> Unfold, leaf by leaf.
> Ask no cold question of any joyous thing.
> Push on into untrodden forests, up unexplored valleys, seeking new springs of

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refreshment, crying at the foot of every mountain ridge, "Let us see what is on the other side."

Plainly, what Mr. Sherman was questing for in this resolute mood was a romantic glade peopled by the neo-classicists. Weary of Aristotelian universals and the golden mean of moderation, he yearns ineffably for some bosky dell where light feet spurn the verdant sward in obedience to the pleading of the oaten pipe, where even a fortunate mortal eye, if sharp enough, may catch the sight of a shaggy flank vanishing in the covert, or glimpse, for one enthralling instant, the quick flash of fair white limbs. The classical régime is for dull dogs, saith our Reformed Preacher; so he embraces the idea of the ebb and flow of a natural, beautifully instinctive life with that amorous intensity characteristic of a delayed passion.

As one watches the progressive liberation of Mr. Sherman's spirit, as he becomes "more and more intimate with life", there is a patent loss of direction and purpose in his work. Someone with a turn for compression — could it have been Mr. Sherman himself? — has said that it was the philosophical task of the nineteenth century to put man in nature, and the business of the twentieth to get him out. It is not apparent yet that any considerable headway has been made with the undertaking. Around Mr. Sherman a more positive movement for a counter offensive against current moral and æsthetic theory might well have crystallized — had he not fallen limply upon the enchanting theory that men are bees and women exquisite wild flowers.

III

In 1924 Mr. Sherman entered the service of the New York "Herald-Tribune" in search of luminous ideas, wider sensitiveness, and whatnot. His current volume, "Critical Woodcuts", is a rather guarded selection from the leaders he has written since then for "Books", illustrated throughout with portraits engraved on wood by Bertrand Zadig. Some of the most characteristic pieces are not found in this volume. Mr. Sherman has cruelly abandoned them forever to the disintegrating influence of time and the library staff. But the owlish student may still turn the fading pages, and I have done so, drawing frankly therefrom as occasion demanded for illustrations of Mr. Sherman's mellow decline.

Among contemporary authors, Mr. Sherman retains for his book this interesting group: Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Willa Cather, Floyd Dell, Ben Hecht, Ellen Glasgow, Rose Macaulay, H. G. Wells, W. C. Brownell, Chekhov, Llewelyn Powys, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Don Marquis, H. L. Mencken, Barrett Wendell. He includes also his essays on "The Life of William Osler", and the poignant "Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany". Farther back he touches Wilde and Stevenson and, as the chances of book publication offered, George Washington, Bernard Mandeville, Boswell, Sterne, and Brigham Young. Finally, he assays a group of modern biographers and interpreters of Jesus.

Mr. Sherman now conceives it to be his first duty to be a reporter of "the contemporary spectacle". In his brief, trenchant prefatory remarks he says that his own convictions about what is of permanent value in the contemporary spectacle will "show through" his account of what is going on. This is manifestly the sign of an important change of front. It marks a gentle declination from explicit to

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implicit judgment. At some points, indeed, Mr. Sherman's opinions become so shyly implicit, and yet so strangely disquieting, that one scarcely knows where to have him. He becomes, in practice, a no-standards man. He still holds to the theory of the classical régime in this respect, that life has an ulterior object, "happier living". But he is less sure about how to achieve it.

"The important change of which I am conscious is in the intensity of my conviction that no man should state very emphatically what 'the good life' is until he has found it."

In this remarkable sentence lies the nub of "Critical Woodcuts", and it is redolent of all the restlessness and tergiversation which Mr. Sherman has manifested in the books preceding it — "Americans", "The Genius of America", and "Points of View" — as well as those strange, elfish little natural children of his lighter moments, "My Dear Cornelia" (1924), and "Letters to a Lady in the Country" (1925).

A complete cleavage from the position he occupied in his earlier and more vigorous years "shows through" in an editorial printed in his first issue of "Books", September 21, 1924. There Mr. Sherman speaks coldly of empty theoretic "ideas of the æsthetic and moral order", remarking "that perhaps the safest advice to the student of goodness and beauty is to shun abstract definitions and to live in an amorous intimacy with good people and beautiful things". And in his present compilation he says that the wise critic seeks everywhere "for all the reports and rumors of positive charm and joy". Thus Mr. Sherman in his most attractive and poetic mood — though one may feel that he now finds charm and joy in perilous places.

As one reads through "Critical Woodcuts", with its implicit judgments showing through and all, one is confronted with the difficult task of conveying what it is Mr. Sherman is about; I mean, indicating concretely the new terms on which he accepts the universe.

Perhaps you catch the new accent of assent in this from "Sherwood Anderson's Tales of the New Life": "He has been down in the heart of our transplanted Africa, and the spell of dark blood, the careless gusto of dark laughter, the magic of spontaneous and instinctive people, have been invading him. . . . His imagination has been roving southward for warmth, color, abandon." And at another point Mr. Sherman says approvingly, "Decidedly he has been a passionate pilgrim."

Back in what anybody over twenty five may now call "the old days" Mr. Sherman deplored H. G. Wells's "hodgepodge of sex and politics". "Aspiring, visionary, and diffuse, he makes himself adored by radicals of one-and-twenty and by middle-aged women with imaginations unappeased by experience." How the anathemas of one day become the watchwords, or at least the catchwords, of the next! Visions, Instinct, Experience — these are the strange devices inscribed on the banner Mr. Sherman now carries. His sympathies are real, active, genuine, but they are conducting him upon a journey filled with peril. Looking backward from his present coign of vantage Mr. Sherman finds the Wellsian restlessness admirable and dignifies it in saying Wells "developed a loathing for a society as fixed and as unappetizing as cold mutton tallow". He finds that Mr. Wells's "awake and radiant" heroes enjoy a most learned stream of con-

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sciousness, banked by "science, sociology, politics, and education, all subtly implicated with the pursuit of some freer, happier intercourse between the sexes". If Mr. Sherman has laid down his Arnold, undubitably he has been thumbing his Shelley with fierce abandon!

This has made Ben Hecht more intelligible to him, and more supportable. Mr. Sherman's test for the "psychological veracity" of a Hecht hero is — introspection. Bernard Mandeville, out of the past, and the post-war pessimist, Llewelyn Powys, have helped him to understand cruelty, rapacity, and lust. What Mr. Sherman says of Mr. Powys may be found suggestive of his own unfolding leaf by leaf: "His exultation is due to his progress in self-knowledge. He is thrilled by seeing through himself and recognizing that he is cruel, like a lion, like a savage, like a bandit, like a prime minister, like a little child."

IV

Mr. Sherman used to regard a woman as a variety of thrush. You catch the note — the little brown bird, the home maker, perpetually bringing forth young, beating up the wind with a fat worm while her loyal mate kept a masterful eye on the hustling little brood. He has now abandoned the pathetic fallacy in favor of a more realistic view of the natural order, and we must not neglect to notice the type of woman whom he has come to admire.

In considering Mr. Sherman's alternate hardness and softness in dealing with women now, we have to consider again his discovery that elemental human nature is "terrible, tragic, perverse, and abysmal", for he has the especial hardness and softness fostered by the current forms of intellectualism. On his hard, realistic side Mr. Sherman is pleased with the daughter in Mrs. Wharton's "The Mother's Recompense": "When she wants a thing she goes for it with absolute indifference to anything that stands in the way." In a review of Storm Jameson's "Three Kingdoms" published too recently for inclusion in "Critical Woodcuts", Mr. Sherman looks with favor upon a heroine who spends her whole life in the unrelaxed pursuit of her own ego.

In his æsthetic mood, Mr. Sherman admires Eternal Femininity as he receives her through Mr. Wells. "She is as lax and lawless as the sunset, she is as free and familiar as the wind." Mr. Sherman contrasts Eleanor Byrd, the wife in Francis Hackett's "That Nice Young Couple", with a husband who represents the *gauche* restraints. Eleanor, he says, "is as instinctive and practical and matter-of-fact as a hen". Hackett makes the husband insufferable and repellent with all the art of one who shrewdly regards respectability as his natural enemy. In considering Byrd, Mr. Sherman is consoled that the men who are anæsthetic to seduction "are dwindling remnants" before the robust, instinctive, practical women of Mr. Wells, Mr. Hackett, and, it were well to add, Rose Macaulay.

Rose Macaulay herself, as a personality, amazes and abashes and fascinates Mr. Sherman. Studying her photograph he confesses, "I blench under the rapier points of those eyes, so piercing, so ironically mocking, so candid, so caustic, so pitiless."

But Mr. Sherman is plucky. Bluff, stout hearted, if a little apprehensive, he rises glass in hand as though he were the last gentleman. "Let the ladies break up the tiresome roof of heaven into new forms", he exclaims heartily; and then, with a quaint, elegiac touch

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reverts to his earlier manner — "God bless 'em!"

Beyond question, Mr. Sherman wears a crimson cloak — or at least a velvet jacket.

V

One cannot chide Mr. Sherman for any change or discovery about human nature which is true and vital. But we can be sorry that he has been staggered by his discoveries and that — while he tries to orient himself — he still wishes to take his old post of peril in the front rank. Lucid candor, sincerity, the will to face the facts — these are insufficient equipment for leadership. They hardly justify a mixed mind or a shifting allegiance. Mr. Sherman would be in a much stronger position if he had carried his frankness one step further. Instead of allowing others to discover and "intimate" to him that he had changed, he might better have openly detached himself from his old command before entertaining overtures from the enemy. One does not like to remember in thinking of Mr. Sherman how a certain ambitious young archdeacon, later Cardinal Manning, rose in the pulpit to give the University of Oxford a Protestant harangue on Sunday, and called discreetly on Mr. Newman at Littlemore on Monday.

One wonders really what is going on inside Mr. Sherman since he has flown the coop. Has his uxoriousness of life brought him a bright new vision of success in life? Sometimes it would seem to have done so; but not always; it must often be a little depressing to live in "amorous intimacy" with facts that are "terrible, tragic, perverse, and abysmal". Well, we shall see.

I seem to be almost striking my last note — and in the minor of dread portent and despair. But we have yet to deal with the human spirit resurgent, and with divine aid. I have not quite given Mr. Sherman up, for I have not lost my faith in higher powers than his. There is a passage in the third book of the Iliad which illustrates what I mean. You will remember that Menelaos and Paris had agreed to fight it out between the well greaved Achæans and the horse taming Trojans, and that the fight went so badly against Paris that Menelaos, dragging Paris off unceremoniously by his throat latch, was nigh to winning "glory unspeakable" from his victory. "But", says the Poet, "Aphrodite snatched up Paris, very easily as a goddess may, and hid him in thick darkness, and set him down in his fragrant chamber; and herself went to summon Helen."

MOONSHINE

By Arthur Mason

I SEE a moon, a planing mill,
Whittling shavings into the sea.
Why the strife to eat and wear?
Row out, and gill the silver.

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SUMMER READING

By Frank Swinnerton

FOR most of us, I think, the best time for reading is the winter. In the winter evenings I can sit with almost any book before a fire of great sparkling logs, and be a king. The wind may howl out of doors (but not, I beg, in the chimney), and rain may come in sudden slashes upon the windows; the moon may frostily bleach the earth, or mists may rise and befog every footsore traveler; but if I am within doors, in my armchair, before the musical, exhilarating logs, I can be happy whether reading or dreaming. In summer, however, one does not so readily admit the failure of daylight. The garden seems, until it is too late to see clearly, to be full of ever beckoning mysteries and delights; and I always have found that a room without a fire, at night, be the weather warm or chill, is too discouraging an environment for true comfort. Certainly I cannot read at ease upon a summer night. Certainly, also, I cannot for any length of time read out of doors. If I do so read for a few moments I find my ear caught by some sound, strange or familiar, which breaks the thread of interest. My mind starts into activity more urgent than is proper to that mood of absorbed, acquiescent receptivity essential to good and pleasurable reading. I watch a funny starling prodding the lawn with his inquisitive beak, and walking flatfootedly in search of his food. A wide eyed, innocent looking thrush hops gracefully into view; a thin spiral of smoke lazily climbs and disappears into the blue. Something moves near me — a cautious old spider, an unseen bird, a curious red beetle. The hammock chair — whatever the number of its super-added cushions — grows uncomfortable. I become restless. Down goes the book. In a word, I am no great lover of reading in the open air.

But supposing — supposing one could read in summer? Many people must be able to do so. Nowadays reviewers must do so, and must be able to be enthusiastic or adverse with as much facility and finality in June as in October. Books are published in June; and they are popular books, too. I remember once being in Bournemouth in June, when a new novel by, I think, Mrs. Barclay or Miss Dell was published for the attention of a hundred thousand eager readers. It seemed to me then that the streets of Bournemouth were full of triumphant women of all kinds carrying the unmistakable tome. Young women, old women, women of certain and uncertain age; but all triumphant, all shining with zest and with anticipation of the treat in store. They had no prejudice against summer reading: to them the brilliant weather was exactly suited to the enthralling book. Nay, I do recall that when I was one and twenty I sat many hours in an old French convent garden reading what I still regard as a very beautiful and subtle novel, Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady".

Memory of that occasion — it was at Beaumont-sur-Oise — leads me at

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this point to wonder what it is that makes one book suitable only for reading by the fire, of a winter night, and another book suitable enough for reading in the spring or the summer or the autumn — which, since it is almost winter, will pass sufficiently well without further comment. And I come to the conclusion that when one thinks of reading in summer one thinks of reading out of doors, amid sunny brilliance and the flickering shadow of lightly stirred leaves. All of which means that in summer one reads in idle, holiday mood. One could read Henry Harland in summer; but the last time I tried to read "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" it was tempestuous spring, and the weather was so inappropriate that the book was without that lustre and air of good breeding which of old had seemed to make its charm. I could always read A. A. Milne's favorite book, "The Wind in the Willows", in summer; and I think, very lazily, "Alice in Wonderland" or "The Flying Inn". Does not this furnish some indication, therefore, of the kind of book that is fit to read in summer? I think it does, for one reader; and, if for one, perhaps for others.

To me, summer reading must be such that the mind can play easily over the printed page and take the author's meaning without effort. The style should be simple and clear, or quick, witty, and provocative. But there should be no knots to unravel ("The Moonstone", for example, is for winter hours, and so is the rather too voluminous "Woman in White"); there should be nothing to cause the brow to frown, never such poignant, lacerating emotion as the finest lyrics or the greatest tragedies can evoke. Our supposed summer is cloudless, and without strong wind. It is sultry and idle, this summer, and the works which are to engage our attention must be such as to fit a mood of idleness. In such circumstances, I must admit, reading does not greatly attract me; but there are books. . . . There are books which can be read at any time, and there are books appropriate in mood to the mood induced by such a summer day as we have imagined.

To return, then, to my own experience (for it is clear that I cannot speak for others in this exceedingly difficult matter of reading out of doors), does anyone nowadays read "The Portrait of a Lady"? If my present readers have not done so, let me suggest that one summer they should make the attempt. The book is very simple James, written in that clear, slow, already slightly formal, sensitive style which marks his earliest and (to me) most enjoyable romances. It is grave, courtly, rather old fashioned; the heroine is described as "our heroine"; the book opens with a long description of a number of persons drinking tea out of doors, upon the lawn of a house overlooking the river Thames. And it is not a novel for the impatient. It gradually unfolds itself, not ponderously, but as if there were still much time in life for the exploration of hearts and the revelation of human action and reaction. The hearts, though they smolder and flame far below the surface, carry their own secrets and open themselves for burning glimpses only to those who will read lightly and clearly and will imagine as they read. For any, in this time of nervous exhaustion and clamor for stimulant, who can still submit themselves to an agreeable and perceptive study of refined, reflective people, "The Portrait of a Lady" makes particularly acceptable summer reading. For such it may yet prove pas-

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time altogether delightful. So, too, may a couple of James's shorter tales, also early in date, "The Europeans" and "Washington Square".

Turgenev, again, is a pleasant writer for summer days. Recall the opening pages of "On the Eve", for example, with their most attractive introduction of theme and characters, their delicious picturing of summer heat:

> On one of the hottest days of the summer of 1853, in the shade of a tall lime-tree on the bank of the river Moskva, not far from Kuntsov, two young men were lying on the grass. One, who looked about twenty-three, tall and swarthy, with a sharp and rather crooked nose, a high forehead, and a restrained smile on his wide mouth, was lying on his back and gazing meditatively into the distance, his small grey eyes half closed. The other was lying on his chest, his curly, fair head propped on his two hands; he, too, was looking away into the distance. He was three years older than his companion, but seemed much younger. His moustache was only just growing, and his chin was covered with a light curly down. There was something childishly pretty, something attractively delicate, in the small features of his fresh round face, in his soft brown eyes, lovely pouting lips, and little white hands. Everything about him was suggestive of the happy light-heartedness of perfect health and youth — the carelessness, conceit, self-indulgence, and charm of youth. He used his eyes, and smiled and turned his head as boys do who know that people look at them admiringly. He wore a loose white coat, made like a blouse, a blue kerchief wrapped his slender throat, and a battered straw hat had been flung on the grass beside him.

Turgenev is nowadays out of fashion, and for myself he has become almost an ancient joy. "On the Eve" has lately been condemned (upon moral and political rather than æsthetic grounds) by Prince Mirsky, the author of the best existing survey of Russian literature. And yet, having first read the book in summer, and having found in it the peculiar quiet and charm of summer, I continue to think that "On the Eve" makes enchanting summer reading. It is not the best of Turgenev's books, but it has unforgetable beauties.

There is that most romantic of novels, "La Chartreuse de Parme", now to be read in several acceptable translations. It is long, picturesque, full of extraordinary power and suggestion. The hero's adventures at the battle of Waterloo, the Astrologer, the amazing scenes at the Court of Parma, the still more engrossing system of signaling which is devised by the imprisoned hero and his sweetheart without the prison — I do not, indeed, know how to give account of the delights of the "Chartreuse". For me, it is one of the great novels of the world. It is also, particularly in the Parma scenes, and in those enchanting descriptions of love making by signal, a novel for summer reading. I do not commend the same author's second great novel, "Le Rouge et le Noir", with equal confidence, because the atmosphere of that book is more exacting. "Le Rouge et le Noir" is at times terribly close to the knuckle of life. "La Chartreuse de Parme", on the other hand, is definitely a romance, and may be perused with the equanimity and calm requisite in the reading of a summer book.

But it may be that there are readers who demand that their summer reading should step outside the range of great novels (and I do not by any means suggest that all great novels are fit to be read in summer, or out of doors, because it is impossible for me to conceive as proper summer reading the novels of Dostoyevsky or Balzac, excellent as these are in almost every other circumstance). Let those who want books of another character essay the incomparable "Eothen". For many years I possessed a copy of this book, and did not read it. Vaguely I knew that it was what is called a "travel book"; and I re-

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solved that I would savor it later, always later, as one resolves with every book that does not make an instant appeal. Then, one day, I read "Eothen". And ever since that day I have urged others to read "Eothen". Admittedly, it is a "travel book"; but a travel book absolutely unique, and a book for reading at all times, in every clime — even in summer, and especially in summer.

I have chosen at random a page from "Eothen", and here it is:

> We heard at a little distance the brawling of a rivulet, and on the banks of this it was determined to establish our bivouac. We soon found the stream, and following its course for a few yards, came to a spot which was thought to be fit for our purpose. It was a sharply cold night in February, and when I dismounted I found myself standing upon some wet rank herbage that promised ill for the comfort of our resting-place. I had bad hopes of a fire, for the pitchy darkness of the night was a great obstacle to any successful search for fuel, and, besides, the boughs of trees or bushes would be so full of sap in this early spring, that they would not be easily persuaded to burn. However, we were not likely to submit to a dark and cold bivouac without an effort, and my fellows groped forward through the darkness, till after advancing a few paces they were happily stopped by a complete barrier of dead prickly bushes. Before our swords could be drawn to reap this welcome harvest it was found to our surprise that the fuel was already hewn and strewed along the ground in a thick mass. A spot for the fire was found with some difficulty, for the earth was moist and the grass high and rank. At last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark which he courted with careful breath. Before long there was a particle of dry fibre or leaf that kindled to a tiny flame; then another was lit from that, and then another. Then small crisp twigs, little bigger than bodkins, were laid athwart the glowing fire. The swelling cheeks of the muleteer, laid level with the earth, blew tenderly at first and then more boldly upon the young flame, which was daintily nursed and fed, and fed more plentifully when it gained good strength. At last a whole armful of dry bushes was piled over the fire, and presently, with a loud cheery crackling and crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up from the earth and showed me once more the shapes and faces of my men, and the dim outlines of the horses and mules that stood grazing hard by.

Simple, is it not? Simple and plain, as summer reading should be; but in the course of this simple narrative there is so much variety of experience, so much plain, honest power of description, that all thought of the style disappears, and one reads smiling, absorbed, and full of sweet delight. And for those who have read "Eothen", and loved it, may I add as a pendant Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant"? With these two books I would brave the sultriest of days. Both are published in editions which can be held easily in the hand (and this, it seems to me, is essential to any book which one is to read in summer); both are short; both are enthralling.

I do not include Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" among travel books which can be read in summer, because it is a large and massive affair which demands the table by the fire; but there are many small editions, in delectable form, of some books which (though far differing from Doughty, and even from the plainness of Curzon and Kinglake) are yet not improperly mentioned at this point. I mean the works of George Borrow. All of these (except, perhaps, the gipsy word book which makes an amusing appendix to the others), from "Lavengro" to "The Zincali", but with a particular recommendation of "The Bible in Spain", are ideal summer books. They can be read, it is just to say, in winter; but I have already said that this is true of all books: what is more peculiar about them is that they can be read with appreciation in the open air. So, I should imagine (for I have never tried it), can Hilaire Belloc's

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"Path to Rome". This is a book I have read many times, though never out of doors in summer. It is a good book for a foggy day, or a wet and drafty day, since it creates an atmosphere of summer, and summer walks. But I see no reason why, for its other qualities, "The Path to Rome" should not bear contact with actual sunlight. It was written when the author was young, and before the gamboling of his wit became bitter or polemical. It is lighthearted, graceful, and filled with irrepressible nonsense. In a word, it is enchanting.

Graver, without wit, often apparently without profundity, are the works of Richard Jefferies, which make most delectable summer reading. I am not one of those who wax enthusiastic over "The Story of My Heart", which I think has defects of humor and address; but the book reads well in summer. So do "Bevis" and "Amaryllis at the Fair". They have a singular idyllic quality which, although it is for me without charm, is appropriate to summer ease, to the chair in the shade, to the faint noises of an English village, of a garden. One may very agreeably spend time with a volume of essays by Jefferies, also, and indeed this writer is one who has fallen undeservedly into neglect. He is a good author for the summer. In winter he is too slight; the pleasure he takes in the country is (for me) too little poetic to recreate the atmosphere of summer. But upon warm days, when the mind is idle, it is pleasant to turn these quiet pages, so full of serenity and understanding that they give expression to our own half realised feelings and make them beautifully clear.

I spoke just now of poetry. It will perhaps be asked why I have not at first named triumphantly those poets who can best be read out of doors, and in summer. Indeed I cannot do so. I have read poetry all my life, indoors and out of doors. As I have started out for walks far into the country I have slipped into my pocket (who has not done so?) little volumes of Wordsworth, of Keats, of Shelley; of T. E. Brown, of W. H. Davies, of A. E. Housman; of Lovelace and Herrick and Suckling; of Browning and Matthew Arnold and Tennyson — and I must admit that I cannot recall ever having been able to read one of these volumes out of doors with that perfection of delight which the same reading in the quiet of a winter evening has given. It is most probably a question of mere personal lack of adaptability. Others, more powerfully affected by poetry than I (though none, I declare, has ever had more joy of it), may have the ability to override distractions. It may be that my mind, being unpoetical, does not yield itself readily with that all exclusive intentness which the poet demands. Or mine may be a common case. I cannot tell. When I read poetry I must be alone, and in peace; and for me the summer is full of such thrilling excitement, even — and especially — when I am remote from others, that I do not attain to the tranquillity of mind which for me is necessary if poetry is properly to be appreciated. A pastoral I think I could read. "Comus" I might read; George Darley's "Sylvia" I could almost certainly read. But I doubt if I could read "Michael"; and I am sure I could not read "Empedocles" or "Pauline" or "Epipsychidion" or "Aramantha", save indoors, with a fire flickering, and silence all about me.

Is that a very singular confession? Or are there others in the same case as myself? I fancy there may be. It was a poet who wrote: "Never the

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time and the place and the loved one all together", which by analogy seems to indicate that limitations of sympathy, by no means permanent, are decreed by unfortunate accident. Thus it certainly is with me in the matter of summer reading, and thus it may well be with others no more insensitive than myself. Could one think, for example, of reading with ecstasy, upon a hot day, with fleecy clouds stationary in a brilliant sky, that very marvelous sonnet of Drayton's which begins:

> Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part. . .

It is possible — there is no reason, alas! why lovers should not part in the summer — but I doubt it. Could one in such circumstances give that enchanted attention which they demand to Mr. Hardy's poems, or "James Lee's Wife" or "Adonais"? I cannot believe it. Could the poems, even, have been *written* in such weather? If poetry, as Wordsworth said it was, is "emotion remembered in tranquillity", must not the state of mind of one who reads poetry be undisturbed by a conflicting beauty? I could perhaps read, in summer, such a poem as Dekker's "Sweet Content". I could even read, in snatches, Whinfield's comparatively little known translations from Omar Khayyam; not because they are very good poetry, but because they are very plain and simple expressions of highly individual thought. But more than this, for such as I, is impossible as long as the sun shines and the lark sings.

Could I read Marivaux? A scene, it may be, here and there, when the chatter is most vivacious. Shakespeare? No. I will not even give reasons for the refusal, because so many reasons against reading Shakespeare in summer present themselves that I know myself to be convicted of a prejudice. Let us, if you please, leave Shakespeare for quite other days and quite other moods than those of summer. Nor, for other reasons (save to confirmed readers out of doors, who have no eye and ear for nature), would I commend dramatists more modern. The theatre or the study is the place for drama, not the meadow or the lane or the garden. Some will contradict me here, for when the theatre enters into the blood of a man it appears to drive him stark senseless. He will perform "As You Like It" in the open air, and the plays of Euripides in a barn. He will tell you that the Greeks gave their plays in the open air. They may have done so. Nay, they *must* have done so. But I would rather see a modern play in a covered theatre, and I would rather read a play of any age whatever in a room. So, I think, would all who are not maddened by the passion for miming which first distracts those whom it must hereafter inevitably destroy.

It will be thought, perhaps, that I have shown throughout this article an extraordinary intolerance of summer reading. It is true. It is too true. I have written as I feel. But at this point I will relent. I do not purpose giving a long list of the books which are best read out of doors, although I could name, possibly, a dozen, or two or three dozen — as, for example, "The Compleat Angler", White's "Selborne", Selden's "Table-Talk" (which indeed could be read at any time, and in any place); the essays of Lamb, Goldsmith, E. V. Lucas, G. S. Street, Robert Lynd; the lightest of trifles by A. A. Milne; Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea"; "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn"; "Across the Plains" or "The Silverado Squatters"; "Pride and Prejudice" and "Persuasion"; "Don Quixote"

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and the "Exemplary Novels" of Cervantes. . . . The titles might be continued endlessly, and I have here, it is more than likely, omitted the best summer books of all. No, I do not purpose giving with finality any such list. Each one of us will make his own list, and it will be sufficient for himself, if not for others.

I have said that I will make no list. But I will do better. I will tell you of one author who is in place at all times, even beneath the summer sun, and amid the green glories of the woodlands; and that is the creator of the phrase "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" — Laurence Sterne. A copy of "Tristram Shandy", carried in the pocket anywhere in the wide world, and in any season of the year, when produced and consulted will fill the eye with mirth and the heart with blitheness. The reason is not hard to discover. Sterne is a wit, a stylist, and a genius. The opening words of "A Sentimental Journey" run:

> They order, said I, this matter better in France. — You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. — Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights — I'll look into them.

These seem to me the most seductive opening words I know to any book; but while "A Sentimental Journey" is a perfect slight thing (and so, very fit for summer reading), "Tristram Shandy" has slightness and richness; length, breadth, and depth; top and bottom; and is a masterpiece in which one does not know whether to admire most the wit or the wisdom, the humors or the humanity, the episodic gift, the digressive powers, or the creative genius of the author. Had "Tristram Shandy" been a mere compendium of wit, or of thefts (as some say) from Burton and others, it would have been a delightful work; but it is much more than that. Its wit is the play of an eager mind upon loving, touching absurdities which only a humane genius (who is also a creative genius) could have conceived. There is a great deal of *blague* in "Tristram Shandy", as pedants have been at pains to demonstrate; but one's sense of the *blagueur* passes with time, and one's sense of the nimble witted genius, shot through and through with the most delicate and delicious laughter, remains.

Have I not described an ideal book for summer reading? A desultory book, which is to be read easily, lightly; a book crowded with quips and whims; and in the heart of it characters who not only are not less profoundly comic creations than Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but are described with relish so volatile and love so ardent as to be both intimate and immortal. Here is Sterne's own apologia with which I am willing to leave him to those in search of summer reading. He explains what is in fact one of the marvels (and there are many) of his book:

> The learned Bishop *Hall*, I mean the famous Dr. *Joseph Hall*, who was Bishop of *Exeter* in King *James* the First's reign, tells us in one of his *Decads*, at the end of his divine art of meditation, imprinted at *London*, in the year 1610, by *John Beal*, dwelling in *Aldersgate street*, "That it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself"; — and I really think it is so.
>
> And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out; — I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.
>
> This is precisely my situation.
>
> For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digressions (one only excepted) there is a masterstroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader, — not for want of penetration in

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him, — but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression; — and it is this: That tho' my digressions are all fair, as you observe, — and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in *Great Britain;* yet I constantly take care to order affairs so that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great out-lines of my uncle *Toby's* most whimsical character; — when my aunt *Dinah* and the coachman came across us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: Notwithstanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle *Toby's* character went on gently all the time; — not the great contours of it, — that was impossible, — but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touch'd on, as we went along, so that you are much better acquainted with my uncle *Toby* now than you was before.

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too, — and at the same time.

"I wish you saw me," says the author, elsewhere, "half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up — catching the idea, even sometimes before it half way reaches me —

"I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man."

Here I can slip, unperceived, away from the reader, who, if he has been induced to bring his "Tristram Shandy" from its place upon the bookshelves into the light of day, will care no more for anything I may have to add than he will care for an ominous roll of thunder in the distance. I will leave him, recalling only, as I go, some words which were printed upon an envelope destined of late in a French hotel to hold and identify my napkin: "*. . . et Maintenant, Bon Appetit.*"

THERE IS AN ISLAND

By Marion M. Boyd

THERE is an island, in my heart, of cool delight;
Tempt not its shores.
Green waters wrap it tight
And they are cold. No coral warms their floors.
And they are dark as starless night.

There is an island, in my heart, of cool delight,
Of winds and caves.
Clouds crown its height,
Rocks break to spray the clamorous waves
Beating on it with futile might.

There is an island, in my heart, of cool delight,
Green trees and sky.
Grey mists obscure its sight
From casual or curious eye.
A swallow touched it once in flight.

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PULLING THE AMERICAN EAR

By Robert A. Simon

WE don't know much about music, and we don't know what we like, in spite of the popular bromidiom, and, furthermore, we don't know why we like it. The inclusive "we" represents the general public, which means you; not to be supercilious about it, let me add that I am covered by the generic "we"; and so's your old man.

Almost anyone is willing to give an expert an argument on politics, international or ward, and the boy or girl has yet to be born who is not convinced that he or she is ready at any moment to be dramatic critic for the New York "Times". Everybody knows more about the stock market than the financial authorities, the hot dope on any sports event is available from any passerby, and this journal could be written easily by millions who know a good book when they see one. But music is something else again. The expert and the press agent tell us about it and we believe it. Hence the notion that Paderewski is the only pianist who is worth hearing, and the fancy that a well rounded life is impossible without taking in Galli-Curci.

Our musical judgments, if any, are formed chiefly on matters that have little to do with music. Let us look into the case of Paderewski, who can draw huge audiences at prices which compare only with those charged for singularly costly Broadway revues. Paderewski, considered merely as an artist, is a great musician, somewhat, but not vitally, impaired technically, and a pianist who infuses interest into everything that he plays. These considerations do not account for his popularity. Paderewski is a tremendous box office attraction because of the Paderewski legends. Almost every successful public performer has at least one legend, but Paderewski rejoices in a succession of them. When he first came to this country, several decades ago, the tale that his wife had died from starvation, coupled with his "leonine mane", made him an attraction that everyone had to see — and, incidentally, hear. His genuine musical merits saved him from the saner critics and the others became press agents for the "Polish lion". He appeared not too frequently, and in 1914 he was already a slightly mythical figure and therefore not to be missed by anyone who was up with the times. When he returned after the war as a character in politics, he was no longer, so far as the public was concerned, a musician. He was an institution. Undoubtedly, there were pianists and students who went to his concerts to hear how he played Chopin — but no artist ever became rich on professional curiosity about his Chopin.

Then there was De Pachmann, who also attracted Chopin devotees, but who would have drawn many crowded houses if he had played nothing more interesting than a sequence of scales. Like Paderewski, De Pachmann had established himself as a musician of fine attainments early in his career, but his performances, at least in recent years, were not to be taken into account. De

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Pachmann was something to see — and, this time not incidentally, to hear. But it was not De Pachmann's piano playing that received attention; it was his habit of supplementing his performance with a continuous flow of prattle and with odd gestures and curious ways of getting on and off the stage. His American manager went so far as to raise the price of front row seats, an unusual procedure in a concert hall. De Pachmann's diction wasn't so good, and those who wanted to hear every word of his irrelevant gabble were willing to pay a premium.

It would be simple to run down the list of successful pianists and to check off the extra-musical (extra, in its literal Latin sense) blandishments which have carried them into the roster of large income tax payers. Rachmaninoff's gloomy demeanor and prison-like coiffure (they call him "the man who never smiles") are as famous as his Prelude in C sharp minor. And how many new music patrons were created when Ethel Leginska disappeared and continued to disappear?

The opera, of course, is a plum pudding of illustrations. There is one more or less musical attribute which may make an opera singer, and that is the possession of tremendously loud and sustained high tones. But here are some of the factors which have lifted members of opera companies into the category of magnets:

Mme. Jeritza's ability to sing "Vissi d'Arte" while lying on her stomach.

Mr. Gigli's altercation with Mme. Jeritza and his unpopularity with Italian secret societies.

Mr. Chaliapin's eminence in Russia under the Soviet régime.

Mary Garden's alleged lack of clothing in such rôles as "Thaïs". (How valuable was the joke about "Mary Garden in thighs"?)

Mary Lewis's whilom appearances in the Ziegfeld "Follies".

Marion Talley's Kansas City nativity.

Ganna Walska's supposedly terrible singing.

Perhaps you wonder about the last item. Can it be that report of a singer's obvious shortcomings constitutes a good reason for going to hear her? It can, and it does. Remember the Cherry Sisters! When it was rumored last fall that Mme. Walska would make a guest appearance with a traveling opera company in New York, there was a great demand for tickets at the box office. Did the prospective purchasers make reservations to enjoy the opera? Answer it yourself. In any case, Mme. Walska can draw at least one profitable house whenever she chooses to sing in New York. There are other publicity angles to Mme. Walska, as readers of tabloid dailies can tell you, but you probably know them better than I do!

Consider now certain excellent artists who are not huge attractions in the sense that Paderewski is, and whose audiences are derived from the relatively small public which goes to hear music mostly for its own sake. Taking a few typical names at random, we have such fine singers as Lucrezia Bori, Rosa Ponselle, Florence Easton, Elisabeth Rethberg, John Coates, Giuseppe de Luca, Friedrich Schorr, and Emilio de Gogorza. Artistically speaking, this list excels in every way the catalogue exposed hitherto, but no one pretends that these eminent musicians can draw as well as their more discussed contemporaries. This reason is simple: they have no "legends". All of them have enjoyed the mild publicity which grows up about any able singer, but the general public, if it knows them at all, knows them only as artists.

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We (still generic) have come to take our music on the strength of its circumambient legend rather than on its merits, and we continue to do so. The first great vocal favorite of this country was Jenny Lind, who may have been a great singer, although there is no reliable testimony as to her merits. Our own suspicion is that hers would not have been considered any great shakes or trills today, and that Mme. Hempel, who has borrowed her trappings and some of her repertoire, probably does the Jenny Lind stuff as well as the Swedish Nightingale ever tossed it off. Jenny, however, was primarily a story, for it is inconceivable that anyone could have enjoyed greatly the highly technical programs which she offered. And our most popular artists today continue to be stories, although many of them are great in their own rights.

The story element extends beyond the artists to the music. Opera is the most admired form of music because it always has some sort of tale to tell, even though the tale be as silly as that of "Il Trovatore". The most popular of operas today are those of Puccini, all of which have rather intelligent and reasonably well made narratives. The operas of Giordano hold the Metropolitan stage not because the music is at all stimulating, but because Giordano, who is not one-two or even seven-eight with such contemporary composers as Respighi and Wolf-Ferrari, has had the good sense to build his musical super — or supererogatory — structure on such firm foundations as "Fedora" and "Andrea Chenier". Wolf-Ferrari is represented not by his best work but by a cheap, immensely effective melodrama, "The Jewels of the Madonna". And what is it that keeps a place in the repertoire for such tenuous flimsy as Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet"? Not the waltz song, not the gaudy tenor aria, not the glucose duet, but your old friend, William Shakespeare.

This fetish for a story carries over into instrumental music as well as into the more plausible field of the song recital. The most popular sonata is Beethoven's Opus 27, No. 2, in C sharp minor, which, in case you haven't recognized it by that title, is the "Moonlight". The continued vogue of this work cannot be explained by the charm of the music, for only the opening pages are, in any sense, "popular" material. Beethoven's Opus 14, No. 2, in G major or his Opus 32, No. 2, in D minor are far more attractive to the average ear, the one which is pulled. But there is the story of Beethoven wandering in the moonlight, discovering the blind girl, and the rest of it, as well as a familiar painting in which Beethoven is seen playing the sonata on the violin, a painting that has been immortalized as a cinema attraction. Since the sonata is written for piano solo, the painting is a bit of nature faking, but it all helps to make the "Moonlight" a pain in the ear for those who like to hear something different occasionally.

The two most beloved symphonies are Beethoven's Fifth and Tschaikowsky's Sixth, which latter is known as the "Pathetic", not entirely without the composer's approval. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony begins with a theme of four notes which are supposed to represent Fate knocking at the door — a notion that is powerful enough to put over almost any reasonably good piece of music, and of course this symphony is infinitely more than that. Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" is more fortunate in its legend and consequently somewhat more famous with the average concertgoer than the Beethoven Fifth. Tschaikowsky is

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said to have composed this symphony knowing that it would be his last (a none too well authenticated rumor), and the fact that he died of nothing less impressive than cholera not long after completing the work has helped to bring it into great favor. For sheer surface attractiveness, either the Fourth or Fifth Symphonies of Tschaikowsky are more appealing than the Sixth, with its desolate finale, but they have not been blessed with legends. The story of the "Pathetic" has been bandied about until it has become involved with the idea that Tschaikowsky deliberately brought cholera on himself by drinking impure water, and there are those who call the Sixth the "Suicide" Symphony. Richard Strauss, the most successful orchestral composer of our time, always has a story to tell. Hence the uninterrupted sequence of performances of "Death and Transfiguration", a highly sentimental story with a good deal of slushy music about it, "Till Eulenspiegel", a real masterpiece, "Don Juan", whose title is enough to carry it through, and even the not too interesting "Heldenleben", whose literary basis is a vainglorious epic.

Chopin, most popular of composers for the piano, may have written with stories in his mind, but the printed music is "absolute"; it is to be played as music, as an experience in tone. But whatever Chopin may have neglected in the way of supplying stories for his works has been remedied by scores of pedagogues, including Liszt, who provided an exceedingly mawkish collection of detailed yarns for the little piano preludes. And we have succeeded admirably in reading into almost all of the Chopin scores some reference to his liaison with George Sand, and his bad lungs. A healthy composer apparently has no chance!

To the insistence on a story for our music may be attributed the negligible interest in chamber music and the comparatively slow development of symphony orchestras. "Absolute" music, as opposed to music with a real or imaginary program, remains something for students and specialists, except in a few instances where a particularly naked melody, such as Rubinstein's Melody in F, Dvorak's "Humoresque", or Chopin's E flat Nocturne, is accepted without benefit of fiction. We are tied to traditions in a very literal sense; we prefer artists who have traditions (personal, not musical) and we favor music which is wrapped up in a story. And so long as we insist on singers whose domestic spats are of primary importance and music that serves as an accompaniment for a narrative, music, as such, will have to slip into our lives in fancy dress costumes.

Yet there is one hopeful element in the situation, and that is jazz. We take almost any foreigner's word for "classical" music (which means anything from Pergolesi to Stravinsky, in the American idiom), but jazz is like baseball. We have our own opinions in the matter, and we don't care who knows them. We acknowledge the supremacy of American jazz and the rest of the world concurs. Like another Sidney Smith, we ask, "Who ever heard a European jazz band?" and the answer is, "Nobody who could possibly get to hear an American one." And we do not ask of jazz that it tell us a story or that it commend itself to us because its composer had fallen arches. Sentimental popular songs, like the alleged "southern" ditties ("The Prisoner's Song", "The Dying Engineer", "The Little Rosewood Coffin", and "The Unknown Soldier's Grave", to give you representative titles) and doleful waltzes like "Remember" are carried

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to popularity on their lyrics or their inside history, but George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", absolute music, every measure of it, stands out triumphantly as music for its own sake. The Rhapsody is a high spot in American music, but our best dance tunes also have won their way as music, not as illustrative strumming or as side issues in publicity.

If we could approach all music as we approach jazz, we should lose quickly our inferiority complex in the presence of what we call, self consciously, "good" music. And if we listened to the artists of the opera house and the concert hall as we listen to jazz interpreters — as craftsmen rather than as reputations in the flesh — we should be doing a great deal to reduce inflated salaries, to name the least of many benefits. Even oratorio might become as interesting as international polo or the niceties of the income tax laws, if we met it on the same level on which we greet jazz!

SONG FOR DEAD LOVE

By Martha Keller

YOUNG love is dead. O ye in hell
who walk the ways of asphodel,
loose his bright limbs; wreathe his black hair;
let him not now
who lieth low,
let him not long be loveless there.

Green branches bring of fragrant bays;
in the still shadow-darkened ways
no ivy grows or bergamot.
Come ye more near
unto his bier.
Wherefore, I pray you, come ye not?

O hapless dead, are ye then bound
by the black burden of the ground?
Are cerecloths on breasts and knees
heavy to stir
under the myrrh,
and the low-linteled cypress trees?

The bays are cut. The roots are chill.
In the strange chambers of the hill
he lies who lovely was enow.
Young love is dead,
over his head
forevermore the wind shall blow.

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THE SPREAD OF THE BOOK

By Robert Cortes Holliday

TWO gentlemen from foreign parts not long ago arrived in the United States upon a mission about which many of us who read books right along may be interested to hear something. One of these visitors was from Copenhagen, the other from the Bookselling School of Paris, an honor graduate. They came to study American methods of book distribution.

Abroad they have taken up this matter in a serious way. "One hundred years ago", opens an article on the German book trade organization by Stanley Unwin, of the distinguished London house of George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., "there was founded in Leipzig what is today the most complete organization for book distribution which exists anywhere in the world." Originally three enterprising booksellers got together, one from Potsdam, one from Nuremberg, one from Ilmenau, with the idea of starting up a particular place where in cooperation all around a yearly settlement of accounts between publishers and booksellers could be concluded. At first quarters were taken at a coffee house; later the lecture room of the Faculty of Divinity was used, where from that time onward all the booksellers visiting the Leipzig Booksellers' Fair met in common business. Thus was established "Die Börse" — the Exchange or Bourse of the whole book trade, where all important trade questions could be discussed and ethical standards given authority. From its small beginnings the Börsenverein made steady progress, and today there are some 5,000 members. The "Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel", founded in 1835, since 1867 has appeared daily. But to attempt at all to mention the many activities having their centre in the present magnificent Buchhändlerhaus, some of them perfect miracles of mechanics, would capsize me here. Those who care for special information may find it in an article by Rechtsanwalt Dr. A. Hess, the Geschäftsführer of the Börsenverein, in the "Jarhbuch Sachsen", 1925, entitled "Die Weltwirtschaftliche Bedeutung Leipzigs als Centrale des Deutsche Buchhandels". It may, however, be pertinent to our paragraphs to note that the official address book, which gives brief particulars of every firm connected with the German book trade, lists over 13,000.

Since the war, young men in the book business in Paris have become very alert to that which has been done in neighboring countries in the way of facilitating the distribution of books. In Denmark and in Holland, as well as in Germany, for a long period interesting cooperative agencies have been effectively at work in the matter of supplying service to booksellers — thereby, of course, making book buying a handier thing for readers. So attentive did distinguished Frenchmen become to the need at home for a new system of book distribution that the city of Paris condemned a public market and turned over the site to the founding of an institution known as

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la Maison du Livre de France, a headquarters for all book information, and a shipping centre maintained by the leading publishers of the country. Here, I am told by Frederic Melcher, managing editor of "The Publishers' Weekly", the system of designating orders of different character by forms of various colors is a model of French precision.

In England and America there have been no such cooperative headquarters embracing the whole of the book trade, though in the United States the possibility of founding a Booksellers' Clearing House is now being considered. But organizations such as the American Booksellers' Association and the National Association of Book Publishers have done much and are doing more and more to promote the well being of those engaged in this occupation so beneficent for all of us — the distribution of books. England has not yet developed any system purely for service such as we have just looked around at in other countries; the story there is one of individual business effort.

Literature, of course, became more and more widely disseminated throughout the world as the business facilities for reproducing and distributing it were increased and developed. On a time, we'll recall, the publisher was perforce his own bookseller: authors, say in Dr. Johnson's day, when they spoke of their booksellers meant their publishers as well. But with the increasing production of books publishing became an affair sufficient unto itself; and bookshops were able to grow up on their own in communities removed from publishing centres. Then, as publishing houses themselves multiplied in number, a need came about for some sort of central place where the publications of the ever increasing number of publishers could conveniently be obtained by the booksellers. Also, it was perceivable, it would be an advantage for the publishers to have their stock made available for general distribution from some common point. As far back as the later part of the eighteenth century may be traced the existence in England of a business organization which by universal consent has been of great advantage alike to publisher, bookseller, and reading public. An old English print of the Stationers' Hall Court in 1814 shows across the front of that quaint structure of old London the sign "Simpkin and Marshall". After the growth of a hundred and twenty one years in the little understood business of "jobbing" books, the concern which today occupies vast premises at Amen Corner — about as substantial in effect as the Bank of England — has the firm name of Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Company, Ltd., is known far and wide in the book trade as "Simpkin's", and is reputed to house the most varied and comprehensive stock of English books in the world.

Now the bookseller in his shop, whether along the quays of Paris, in the thick of London, somewhere in rambling Brooklyn, on a New York highway or in a byway, has ever been a flavorsome figure to the imagination. He is hooked up with the enchantment of books and a romantic tradition. Also the publisher of books is to the popular mind, and rightly enough, an historic figure; he, we consider, has given to the world its Shakespeare, its Milton, Shelley, Keats, Dickens, Thackeray, and all the rest. And haven't we read intimate pages about the publishers of Byron, Scott, and others of enduring fame? Represented upon the stage, in accordance with public fancy, a bookseller would be a mellow fellow; a

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publisher, a powerful, an august, and a highly useful man. But if, to any reader almost, someone referred to a "book wholesaler" or "book jobber", what would the hearer have to go on? It isn't likely that he would get much of a picture. And the mere terms themselves doubtless would carry a pretty flat, prosaic connotation. But a business so venerable that its original foundations are lost in obscurity, a business which today has expanded to such proportions that to a large extent it makes possible the existence of countless book stores scattered over a vast area, must contain elements of strong human interest.

In the United States the book wholesaler comes into the picture by way of three outstanding business organizations. At subway, elevated, railroad station, practically everywhere we buy a magazine, we shake hands roundabout with the American News Company. In addition to the distribution of periodicals, and of those popular successes reissued at a lesser price in what are known as "reprint" editions, the American News Company distributes new books of all publishers to 22,000 booksellers throughout the country. Of this number, perhaps only ten per cent conduct book stores. The rest are proprietors of news stands, gift shops, drug stores, and similar places where books are sold in connection with other merchandise. A firm whose extensive operations in book wholesaling have been a source of incalcuable convenience to book buyers throughout the middle west, and whose huge retail store has been a familiar port of call to numberless thousands, is that of A. C. McClurg and Company of Chicago. The oldest American book jobbing establishment, it may give us a little kick to realize, the Baker and Taylor Company (as it signs its name today), has a length of years to its credit not incomparable to the venerable span of London's immemorial institution of like activity, its history dating from about 1830. Around that time, about ninety five years ago — when the foundations were laid also for the two other oldest book firms in this country, the publishing houses of D. Appleton and Company and of Harper and Brothers — our premier book wholesaling house began existence in Hartford, Connecticut, as a bindery and a book store.

The infant concern almost at once enters the story of the American commonwealth as a constructive, educational factor. As manufacturers, the little firm of that day published school geographies which tended the minds of our greatgrandfathers, and historical and subscription books. It was by one of the firm's early publications, it is said, that the first successful attempt was made to teach physics in the public schools of the United States — Dr. J. L. Comstock's "Natural Philosophy"; which became so popular that it was republished in England and Scotland and translated into the German language. As booksellers in the little town store, the business ancestors of Baker-Taylor began ministrations beyond the local merchandizing of literature, the establishment becoming a distributing point (that is, wholesalers) for publications of various publishing firms. Some of these firms, like Harper's, are rich in vigor as well as history today; others are mere names which now have the quaint flavor of forgotten things.

Well, students, it's the year 1834; and our grandparents demand so many schoolbooks that this firm, needing a more central point for sending them out, moves to New York. New partners are acquired, a competitor jobbing

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house in the city bought out, and the first elementary works published in this country on chemistry, physiology, botany, mineralogy, and the natural history of birds are issued by the firm, together with grammars, arithmetics, an English text of Virgil current at this date, and works on bookkeeping. The firm becomes the agent of several out of town schoolbook publishers and also engages in importing. Its very considerable southern business is interrupted by the Civil War, but later returns; and throughout the winding labyrinths of various business changes in the organization of the firm the company continues to prosper. The chronology of its successive locations has a piquant bibliophile-antiquarian interest: meandering up — through several generations — from Pearl Street, by way of Wall Street, Cortlandt Street, Grand Street, Bond Street, lower Broadway, East Sixteenth Street, then Union Square, to, in 1915, Fourth Avenue. Redolent as a page out of "Valentine's Manual" (to those who have grown up in what Mr. Unwin calls "the best of all occupations", the book business) this roll of street names is a tracery of the shifting scene of the centre of American publishing, which has accompanied the growth of New York City.

Generations ago the jobber, in books, was perhaps what the dictionary says. When traveling from one centre of bookselling to another was a matter of days and sometimes weeks instead of a jump of a few hours or so, the individual publishers did not find it practicable to send out their traveling representatives to cover the book stores so extensively as they do now; and the original function of the jobber was fairly well fulfilled as a convenient central point simply for taking miscellaneous orders from the trade and filling them. The year 1912 brought new days, all sorts of developments in the business fabric of the country generally. The business of wholesaling books, in addition to having expanded vastly in volume, had decidedly increased in complexity. The jobber realized a multiplicity of opportunities for profitable usefulness other than simply that of the purchase of books from the publishers in quantities, to be sold again in small lots.

That year the Baker and Taylor Company discontinued its publishing activities, honorable and substantial as these had been, and the organization began to devote itself entirely, as its statement of policy read, to "the distribution of books of all kinds and of all publishers at wholesale". The house became, as its slogan proclaims, "wholesalers of books exclusively".

It's this afternoon, we'll say. We go around there. One gets there handily by any kind of transportation line, except a boat. We get off a bus at Twelfth Street. For after ten years of steady development on Fourth Avenue, the company not long ago moved its organization and equipment to a new location — 55 Fifth Avenue; a thoroughfare, by the way, just six years older than this business house, Fifth Avenue having celebrated its hundredth anniversary a year or so ago. The district is rich in literary lore (most lovingly traced in Arthur Bartlett Maurice's volume, "Fifth Avenue") and the traditional home of early nineteenth century New York society, chronicled in perpetuity in the pages of Mr. James and of Mrs. Wharton.

Reminiscent red brick mansions in clusters linger about the scene; we enter a tall, quite modern business building, and one of a row of four elevators shoots us up to the third floor. Across a vast acreage of floor space, populous

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with tenanted desks, we follow in the wake of a trim young woman who conducts us to the location of Mr. M. A. Corrigan, a young man who, it develops, has been with the company a matter of some nineteen years. He takes us around to meet Mr. Herbert S. Baker, now president and treasurer of the firm. From the tall front window in this corner we view the imposing façade of the new building of the Macmillan Company, directly across the Avenue. Handiness to leading publishers goes with prompt shipment of the jobber's orders. Also just across the way are the New York offices of the schoolbook house of Ginn and Company; in the building where we are — Longmans, Green and Company and the A. N. Palmer Company have quarters here — the tenants are almost entirely restricted to publishers and insurance companies; four blocks to the south, on Washington Square, is the home of the American Book Company, and in another direction in the immediate neighborhood the alert little establishment of Robert M. McBride and Company.

We ascend to the floor above — this business institution which, as Mr. Baker remarks, handles probably ten per cent of the total output of American books, occupies the second, third, and fourth floors of the building, the whole arrangement laid out for the quickest possible dispatch of an order throughout its progress from the incoming mail sack to the shipping room elevator. About 500,000 volumes are carried in stock, consisting of some 50,000 titles: from one or two copies of some titles to 10,000 of others.

Now instead of feeling that we have a right to some petulance whenever we don't have handed to us instantly in a bookshop any book we may have heard tell of, we should have increased confidence in our bookseller when we perceive something of the technique of book distribution.

"You understand", remarks Mr. Corrigan, "that our customers include not only stores dealing exclusively or almost exclusively in books, but also many stores which handle books as a side line only: gift shops, stationery stores, department stores, and so on. Many of these sell very few books during the year, the bulk of their business with books consisting of the renting of them to their customers at so much a week."

"I am", Mr. Baker adds, "including as publishers with whom we have dealings many individuals, societies, and associations not in the business of publishing who have brought out one or two books in which they have a special interest. Among them would be many authors who publish their own works; most prominent of these latter, perhaps, is Upton Sinclair of Pasadena, California." For example, in one of these groups is a concern which does a very substantial business, world wide, in issuing only one book — and that only once every two years — the firm of A. N. Marquis and Company of Chicago, publishers of "Who's Who in America". (And there are other "Who's Who's" of various sorts occupying divers other concerns.) It's quite an eye opener to observe on these miles of shelves the multitudinous associations of one sort and another which issue books — volumes each in its world holding the Word for somebody. Here we note such a miscellany as publications issued by a Negro publishing house of Washington, D. C.; by a teachers' college; a religious corporation; a woman's institute of Scranton, Pennsylvania; a business book company; books published at Columbia, South Carolina, at Fowler, Indiana;

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books innumerable privately printed; books on subjects ranging from formal gardens and "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" to fire insurance and wills, estates and trusts. And "scarce books" in this business are "scrupulously avoided". "Not in our line at all. New books only."

Every little dealer in the country handling books at retail would be in a nice fix if, every time he had a request for a book which he didn't regularly carry in stock, he had to rummage around and search out the identity of the publisher, then sit down and make out an individual order for that one book. What an impossible amount of bookkeeping this would make, too! Then the order, most likely, would not be filled for weeks. Each order, probably, would have to be accompanied by cash — an economic waste — since the run of booksellers have no credit except here. As it is, he can draw directly upon the wholesaler's vast stock of all publishers' lines as though it were his own. He calls upon the wholesaler, who has the machinery for this all polished up, to locate "difficult" titles; furthermore, innumerable retail dealers handling books in various quantities depend largely on the wholesaler to send them the most popular new books as soon as published.

Every hour, while it is reducing materially the detail and overhead expense of bookselling by combining miscellaneous orders in a single shipment, the wholesale clearing house is solving, too, some humorous dilemma. "Right here", says Mr. Corrigan, "we have two rather interesting orders." One was for a copy of "Dangerous Woman" by Barrington; obviously what was wanted was "The Divine Lady". The other called for two copies of "There and These" by Huxley; presumably what the puzzled customer desired was "Those Barren Leaves". A writer on "Simpkin's" in an English trade journal reports as amusing twisters an order for "Murray's Algebra and Tunics", which the research department interpreted as "Handbook to Algeria and Tunis", while by the same process "Paul in Brighton" was found to be "St. Paul in Britain". Other tangled requests, which you may figure out for yourself, were for "Dick Turpin's Guide to New York" and "Virgil's George Hicks and Phillip Hicks".

A great book jobbing establishment today, like the organization of the Börsenverein, has become an elaborate mechanism difficult to describe adequately in detail. Hand in glove with the largest stores, the book wholesaler is also a big brother to small dealers and new ones. He backs up the advertising of the publishers. He has established relations abroad that enable him to import any foreign books that his customers require. He picks up by messenger and otherwise such American books wanted as he happens not to have on hand. His salesroom gives retailers an opportunity to examine side by side the offerings of competing publishers. His extensive business makes it possible for him often to dispose of a retailer's overstock, or that of a publisher. He supplies posters, circulars, and so on. He issues catalogues that are helpful to the retailer for reference purposes. The Baker and Taylor Company sends out a monthly publication, "The Retail Bookseller", which thousands of its customers depend on for trade information. In short, all unsung in story, everywhere behind the scenes in the romance of bookselling, promoting the dissemination of books, is actively at work the man who calls himself by the unglamourous name of book jobber.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

JAPANESE LOVE STORIES

By Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto

THE other day an editor asked me to write a Japanese love story "in the genuine Japanese way", for his magazine.

"That will be very difficult", I replied. "Indeed, I am afraid it is impossible."

"You surely cannot mean that you do not have love stories in Japan?"

I assured him that there are plenty of love stories — in reality, in books, and on the stage. Human nature is the same on both sides of the world, but Japanese people possess the oriental sensitiveness which comprehends unspoken thought, and therefore words weigh less with them than with people of the West. Their manner of expressing feeling differs from the American way as greatly as the Japanese language differs from English.

Probably many Americans can understand how a bow may cause a heart quiver in Japan as surely as a kiss may thrill a heart in America, but very few can recognize its deep significance in scenes on the stage or in a novel. Centuries of training have made the Japanese an undemonstrative people, but the repression of the appearance of deep feeling deceives no one, even on the stage. The expressiveness of repression is an art in Japan. For this reason our love stories often suggest the feelings of the heart without direct words or action on the part of the hero and heroine. A Japanese reader, because he is familiar with his own people, understands, but it would be extremely difficult to write of an almost wordless scene in a manner that would appeal to an American reader.

Another un-American trait in the Japanese writer of love stories is his ingenuity in bringing his characters to a pause at exactly the point where the reader can take up the tale and finish it by the aid of his own imagination. This is a skill which is much admired.

Today I saw in a Japanese magazine the story of a humble romance. The hero was a farmer youth, an ex-soldier and extremely poor. The heroine was his neighbor, a gentle, simple hearted maiden. They worked in adjoining rice patches, and although they never spoke, it chanced that they occasionally met face to face. The author does not describe their love making, except in this roundabout way: "When walking along the narrow path between the two rice patches, the youth kicked off a small stone with sharp edges." This tells a satisfactory story to a Japanese. It was the path used in common by both youth and maid, and the inference is that the youth removed the stone in order to protect the feet of the maiden; else why say the stone had a ragged edge? But the writer does not insult the imagination of his readers by explaining the motive.

The only incident in the tale which to American readers might be called a love scene, was this: "One late afternoon, about the time when the swishing of washing rice and the rising of smoke above the thatched roofs of the village told that it was the hour for the evening meal, the maiden, her slender shoulders bending under the weight of a bundle of dried branches she had gathered on the mountain, was on her homeward

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Drawing by Tekisui Ishii. *Reprinted from Mrs. Sugimoto's "A Daughter of the Samurai" (Doubleday, Page)*

way. A sudden breeze lifted the narrow, blue and white towel which covered her hair, and sent it fluttering over the rice patch. The youth, returning from his work, looked with pleasure at her ruddy cheeks and modest face. The cheeks reddened still more when he brought the towel and handed it to her, saying: 'Your burden seems too heavy for a maiden but your filial piety penetrates my heart.'"

That is what he *said*. What he meant — and what she understood — was this: "I know that a dutiful daughter like you will make a good wife for me." That is the climax of the story — and the end.

If I should send a tale like that to an American editor, I know it would be returned without even regrets. His readers would find it absurd and tiresome. Americans have imagination, but it is no enjoyment for them to use it in completing an author's unfinished work.

Of course this is a simple tale, with no puzzling situations, but it is a fair sample of a love story written in the "genuine Japanese way". That is why it is next to impossible to reproduce satisfactorily Japanese emotional stories. If one should rewrite entirely, keeping only the author's ideas, and putting on the stage a new set of characters Japanese in appearance but talking and acting like Americans, the plot might be interesting but all the power and beauty of the original would be lost. And in the eyes of a Japanese the story would be hopelessly ruined. Even in translating Japanese books, the tale of pure love is generally avoided.

I believe a Japanese love story can be retold in America only by a person who is strongly in sympathy with the Japanese heart, who is wise in knowl-

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edge of the peculiar mental capacity of his American readers, and whose pen is wonderfully skilful in putting Japanese heart throbs into English words. Of such there have been only a few.

A WREATH FOR DR. JOHNSON

By Mary D. Blankenhorn

LONDON, December 15: The buses in the Strand divide to roll around two lovely little old churches, St. Mary's le Strand and St. Clement Danes. They stand like quaint sentinels while the traffic of the biggest city's busiest street swirls and skirls about them. Behind St. Clement's, like the helmsman on an old ship, is the funny little statue of the church's most famous parishioner and constant communicant, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Today the plump little bronze man in wig and shorts, mouth open, finger up, and book in hand, is freshly wreathed in laurel because of the one hundred and fortieth anniversary of Johnson's death, commemorated by a special service in his old church amid his special disciples.

The Johnson Club owns its Master's old home in Gough Square hidden behind Fleet Street, and accumulates therein relics of the great lexicographer. Forty years ago the club held a centennial service at St. Clement's on the one hundredth anniversary of its great man's death, and, having set a precedent, repeated it this December with a fellow member, J. C. Squire, editor of "The London Mercury", to deliver the memorial address.

Outwardly, St. Clement's is a charming old church. As in the case of so many others, London's rain and soot have made its black and white a challenge to etchers. Within, the Victorians have restored it to a brown, bumpy, gilt chocolate box. It fits the rampant lion and unicorn holding the royal arms over the choir, and the new white bust of Johnson on the gallery rail peeking down through a mauve beribboned wreath with an air of comic ponderosity at the worshipers below.

The memorial service was as intimate and original as the Church of England ever permits, with the scribe of the Johnson Club reading the Lesson from Job XXVIII on what is wisdom and where is the seat of understanding. Three prayers written by Johnson himself were given by the rector, and then Mr. Squire stood up to talk to his fellow members on the excellencies of the great Doctor.

Perhaps because he lacked the white hairs of almost all those who sat below him, young Mr. Squire seemed a bit afraid to lay vigorous hold on his theme. There was nothing Johnsonian in the manner of his speech. Perhaps, too, he wished that Boswell's mantle would fall on him or that he might discover an un-Boswellized angle from which to treat his subject. He spoke of Johnson's piety and charities and Christian virtues, of his conservative views of the constitution of society; and told of his early poverty when he and his friend Savage, too poor to buy a bed, spent the night walking round and round St. James Park and separated in the morning "cold and hungry yet resolved not to desert their country". The editor admitted that the "Life" tended to obscure the value of Johnson's literary work, "yet Boswell could not have written the Life out of any other material". And he reminded us that Johnson's was a peculiar nature which aroused awe and admiration; but, as in the case of Charles Lamb, it was impossible to think of him

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without a smile: one never smiled when thinking of Milton. He roused tender susceptibilities, but while we spoke of "poor Charles Lamb" or even "poor Boswell" no one ever said, "Poor Sam Johnson."

And, with a plea for the preservation of churches like St. Clement's, threatened by the city's onrush, that was all. Mr. Squire probably considered it unnecessary to remind us that all over the world the English speaking peoples owe a greater debt to Johnson, perhaps, than to any other single writer, for having so fixed our language in the mold of his dictionary that change crept into it only maturely and by slow degrees.

It was a pleasant little service, over in half an hour, when all the Johnsonians filed solemnly out into the tiny churchyard almost covered by Johnson's statue and grave, to deposit the wreath and hurry home for tea. No one told us where Boswell lies, but in the Limbo of the Intelligentsia of 1709–1784 one can almost hear him question the great shade as to what he thought of the occasion and what moral he would draw from it.

GRANDFATHER'S HYMN BOOKS

By Sidney Williams

For I in the burial place shall see
Graves shorter far than I —
From death's arrest there's no escape,
Young children, too, must die.

WHEN Yankee children were soothed to sleep with mortuary reminders their elders took religion gloomily. Their hymns were largely lamentations of unworthiness, In church, as elsewhere, they exhibited temperament leading an unfriendly wit to observe that the Puritans banned bear fights not because they gave pain to the bear, but because they afforded pleasure to the spectator.

Yet the Puritans were rebels against prohibition. It is vicariously cheering to remember this as I turn the pages of an old dog eared hymnal. Its tattered title page attests a century's existence. Here are hundreds of hymns; and hardly one related to the comparatively jocund "Songs of Joy and Gladness" which Moody and Sankey popularized.

A large majority are of the "Stop, Look, and Listen" order. One headed "11 P. M." is calculated to curl the hair of the unrighteous:

Stop, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you further go;
How can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command;
Soon 'twill grip your purling breath
And sink you with the damned.

Now for the major objurgation:

And O! the soul where vengeance reigns —
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries,
It boils amidst the burning flames
In endless woes and agonies;
There, swallowed up in blackest night,
Where devils howl and thunders roar
To rage in dread despair and guilt,
'Till thousand, thousand years are o'er.

Small wonder that the Colonial and early nineteenth century church enrolled a rousing majority of the citizenry. Every Sunday — Tuesday and Thursday as well — they were rounded up for mutual reminder. No forgetting the reprobate bound for sulphur springs eternal:

Behold the man three score and ten,
Upon a dying bed;
He's run his race and got no grace
An awful sight indeed.

. . .

Poor man, he lies in sore surprise,
And thus he doth complain;
"No grace I've got and I cannot
Recall my time again.
My glass is run and I'm undone,
No mercy can I find."

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And instantly the man doth die,
And leave no hope behind.

Nor was the aborigine forgotten. One of the compositions in the hymnal before me is an "Indian Hymn". A nonagenarian informs me that in his boyhood it was sung frequently:

In de dark woods, no Indian nigh,
Den me look Heb'n and send up cry,
Upon my knee so low;
But God on high, in shiny place,
See me ta night, wid teary face,
De priest he tell me so.
God send he angel, take um care,
He come heself and hear um prayer,
(If inside heart do pray).
He see me now, he know me here;
He say, "Poor Indian, neber fear,
Me wid you night and day."
So me lub God, wid inside heart;
He fight for me, he take um part,
He save um life before;
God hear poor Indian in de wood,
So me lub him, and dat be good,
Me pray him two times more."

It is known how the children of Israel by process of law have latterly taken Anglo-Saxon surnames. Here practical considerations govern. But piety dictated free use of Jewish names in early New England baptisms. One popular hymn was like a procession of Biblical saints:

There was Joshua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
Who prayed as they journeyed along;
There was Abra'm and Isaac, and Jacob and David,
And Solomon, Stephen and John;
There was Simeon and Anna, and I don't know how many,
Who pray'd and heard God from his throne;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough irons,
Yet glory and praises they sung.
There was old Father Noah and 10,000 more,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Samuel and Hannah, Paul, Silas and Peter,
And David and Jonah will say —
That God by His spirit or an angel doth visit,
Our body and soul as we pray.

These hymns before me run as high as "189 P. M.", which is beyond both daylight saving and standard time. As an exhibit of religious dyspepsia and abasement they are impressive. Yet we recall that the Puritans had a rather famous "Tea Party". And at various times and places they rebelled successfully against prohibition.

HE KNEW HANS ANDERSEN

By E. C. Acheson, Jr.

HE is an old man now, a score of years older than was Hans Andersen when he knew him. But some of the incidents of that evening sixty five years ago still cling to the walls of his memory, perhaps because he has related them so much.

Julius Moldenhawer's father, as custodian of the reading room in the Royal Library in Copenhagen, came into contact with a great many of the men of prominence of Denmark. A friendship with Hans Andersen, starting there, ripened quickly, and Andersen was a frequent caller at the Moldenhawer apartment overlooking the King's Gardens, in an eddy of the busy life of the city.

There, on a winter's night in 1860, was a sound of revelry while the family pushed chairs about to make a diminutive theatre in which the friends of the Moldenhawers and their children might hear the great story teller. A pair of double doors leading into a front room were left open behind the reader's chair, throwing the strange figure of Andersen into relief against the darkness. It was not without cause that some unkind person called him the "poetical orangoutang of Denmark", for he was so homely that little Julius Moldenhawer, peering around the back of a chair, was afraid of him. He was tall, but looked much taller than he really was, and his clothes, although

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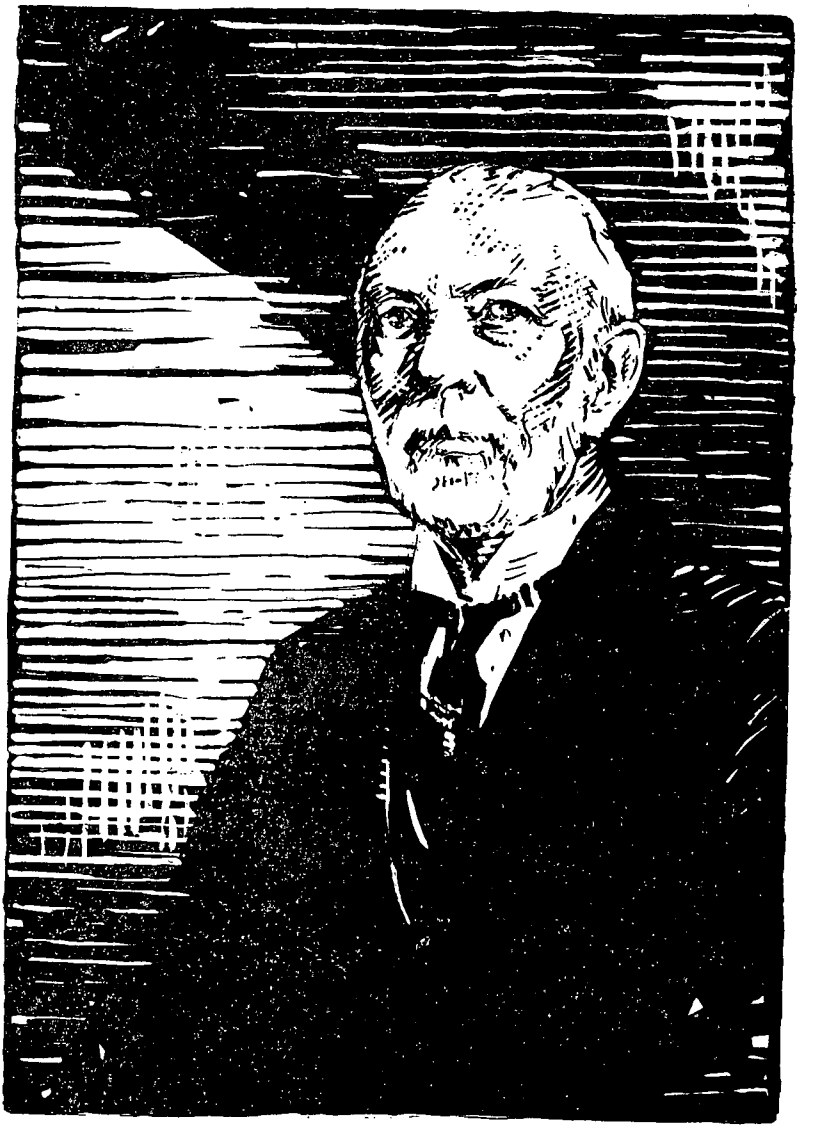

Julius Moldenhawer, as drawn by Margaret Freeman from a photograph

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beautifully cut, would have appeared to better advantage on a less lean figure.

As the reading proceeded, little Moldenhawer got a better view of the author, and his heart melted. He forgot how homely he was, and how funny his great frame appeared in the little chair. There was that far away look in Andersen's eyes that captivated children in the first encounter, and gave him his passport to child-dom wherever he encountered it.

As the stories went on weaving their spell over children and parents alike, some of the more observant saw that the reader had become extremely nervous. He fidgeted about in the chair, rose and paced the floor, and read with a certain hesitancy that was unnatural in him. Suddenly the dim figure of a late guest appeared in the darkness behind the double doors, and the phenomenon was explained. Andersen, like some wild beast, had a great dread of allowing anyone behind him. When the guest was duly seated in the audience, the reading went on as serenely as before. Vain, and at the same time bashful, this great teller of stories had many of the absurd little characteristics that he ridicules so gently in his fairy stories. How well he would have pictured a nervous old fellow who could tolerate no one at his back.

The two stories that were read that night in the Moldenhawer apartment have been translated into English only passably. In one of them, "The Wind Tells of Valdemar Daa and His Daughters", Mr. Moldenhawer says that he can still today get the thrill of that first reading by glancing over the part where the "wind said oooooh". So viciously did Andersen make the wind "oooooh" that night that many little squeals rose involuntarily from the youthful audience. "Rags", the second story read that evening, is a satire on too great an idea of nationality. Mr. Moldenhawer blushingly admits that at that time the satire passed miles over the heads of the audience, and all the children declared that "it was the loveliest story they ever heard".

Mr. Moldenhawer visited his home last year. From his old apartment windows he again overlooked the King's Gardens, where the statue of Hans Christian Andersen stands. He had not seen it for thirty years, and the change struck him forcibly. Formerly the statue stood surrounded by flowers, with water splashing over the base. The myriad sounds of children playing in the Gardens would surge up to where the old man sat, as he sat so many times during his life, telling his stories. Today the statue still remains but the worshipers are gone. The water has been shut off because of lack of patronage, and the gardener forgot to set out the flowers when he found no one coming to see them.

The children who used to climb up and perch themselves at the feet of the great story teller have found more attraction in the movies and other diversions. There sits the old man, without flowers or sparkling water, and without the sound of children's laughter — with nothing save the disinterested gaze of a child passing on the street who glances at the strange but appealing marble face in the King's Gardens.

Mr. Moldenhawer thought at the time that could that man in marble come to life for only an evening — just time enough to write the story of the deserted statue in the deserted garden — the result would truly be his masterpiece.

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

JODHPUR. Standing on the ramparts of the Jodhpur fort—on a level with the highest wheelings of the vultures, whose nests are on the ledges of the precipice beneath the walls—one looks down onto the roofs of the city, hundreds of feet below. And every noise from the streets and houses comes floating up, diminished but incredibly definite and clear, a multitudinous chorus, in which, however, one can distinguish all the separate component sounds — crying and laughter, articulate speech, brayings and bellowings and bleatings, the creak and rumble of wheels, the hoarse hooting of a conch, the pulsing of drums. I have stood on high places above many cities, but never on one from which the separate sounds making up the great counterpoint of a city's roaring could be so clearly heard, so precisely sifted by the listening ear. From the bastions of Jodhpur Fort one hears as the gods must hear from their Olympus — the gods to whom each separate word uttered in the innumerably peopled world below comes up distinct and individual to be recorded in the books of omniscience.

It was late in the afternoon when we drove past the Courts of Justice. The day's business was over and the sweepers were at work, making clean for the morrow. Outside one of the doors of the building stood a row of brimming waste paper baskets, and from these, as from mangers, two or three sacred bulls were slowly and majestically feeding. When the baskets were empty officious hands from within replenished them with a fresh supply of torn and scribbled paper. The bulls browsed on; it was a literary feast.

Watching them at their meal, I understood why it is that Indian bulls are so strangely mild. On a diet of waste paper, it would be difficult for them to be anything but disciples of Gandhi, devotees of non-violence and *ahimsa*. I also understood why it is that Indian cows yield so little milk and, further, why the cattle of either sex are so often afflicted with hiccoughs. Before I came to India, I had never heard a bull hiccoughing. It is a loud and terrifying sound. Hearing behind me that explosive combination of a bellow and a bark, I have often started in alarm, thinking that I was on the point of being attacked. But looking round, I would find that it was only one of the mild, dyspeptic totems of the Hindus, gorged with waste paper and painfully, uncontrollably belching as it walked.

The effects on horses of a certainly insufficient and probably also unnatural diet are different. They do not hiccough — at least I never heard them hiccoughing. But as they trot, the withered and emptily sagging entrails in their bellies give forth, at every step, a strange sound like the leathery creaking of organ bellows. It is a most distressing sound, but one to which all those who drive in Indian tongas must learn to accustom themselves.

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At the time when the question of putting an end to the East India Company's monopoly was under discussion there were several distinguished English administrators who argued that, quite apart from all considerations of commercial interests, it would be highly impolitic to open the country freely to European immigration. So far from strengthening the Company's position, they argued, the influx of Europeans would actually weaken and imperil it. For the inflowing Europeans would be commercial adventurers of no breeding or education. Now the low, when exalted by circumstances, are generally tyrannous and the uneducated are incapable of seeing beyond the circle of their own native prejudices. In India circumstances conspire to exalt every member of the ruling race, really to some extent as well as in his own estimation. Nor is there any country in which it is more necessary to respect and make allowances for unfamiliar prejudices. Wittingly, by deliberate insult, unwittingly, by failing to allow for foreign prejudices, the low and uneducated may exasperate a subject people to whom the dominion of rulers no less foreign and in essentials no less rapacious and oppressive, but courteous and in small matters tolerant, seems comparatively unobjectionable. Open India to free European immigration and you admit into the land the potential causes of racial hatred and political unrest.

It was this that the defenders of the Company's monopoly argued, generations ago. The case was decided against them — inevitably. It was impossible to keep India a closed country. But the supporters of lost causes are not necessarily fools. The opponents of free immigration exaggerated its dangers. But the briefest visit to India is enough to convince one that there was much truth in what they said.

At the Jodhpur Dak Bungalow, to which, the Guest House being full, we had been relegated, I was reminded, as I had often been reminded before, of their warnings. The reminder was more forcible than usual, since the person who reminded me was more frightfully typical of the class it was desired to exclude than anyone I had hitherto met. He was ill bred and totally uncultured; prosperous, having evidently come up in the world, and in consequence bumptious and hectoring with all the vulgar insolence of the low man exalted and anxious to remind other people and himself of his newly acquired importance. Toward his fellow Europeans the man's inferiority complex expressed itself in boastings; but where the Indians were concerned it found vent, toward the poor, in bullying, toward those who looked rich enough to be able to claim the protection of the law, in insult and rudeness. Uneducated, the manifest descendant of pork butchers and publicans, he felt himself immeasurably superior to every inhabitant of the peninsula, from the Rajput prince to the pundit and the Europeanized doctor of science. He was a white man — "one of the whitest men unhung".

In the course of some thousands of miles of traveling in upper India, involving many halts at station restaurants and Dak Bungalows, it was our misfortune to meet a good many men of this type. The Jodhpur specimen was certainly the worst, but all were bad. And all belonged to the lower orders of the unofficial, trading community.

The official class in India is composed of men of decent family, decently brought up and, as education goes, well

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educated. They are consequently tolerant and well behaved. For the educated man is capable of looking at things from other points of view than his own. And one who has been brought up in the ruling classes of society is generally courteous, not because he does not feel himself superior to other people, but precisely because his sense of superiority is so great that he feels he owes it to his inferiors to be civil to them, as a slight compensation for their manifest inferiority. In social intercourse it is the acts that count, not the motives behind them. The courtesy of a duke or of a royal personage charms us, and we do not reflect that it is due to a contempt for ourselves far more crushing than that which the parvenu offensively expresses for his menials and tradesmen. The blustering rudeness of the parvenu is an admission of the precariousness of his superiority. The prince is so contemptuously certain of his that he can afford to be civil. But civility, whatever its cause, is always civility; and rudeness angers and hurts us, even when we know it to be the expression of the sense of inferiority. The official may be courteous only because he is inwardly convinced of his enormous superiority to the Indians with whom he comes in contact; but at any rate he is courteous, and courtesy never offends. Indians may regard the official's rule as an injury to the country; but at least he refrains, generally speaking, from adding personal insult. Insult comes mainly from insignificant non-officials and makes more enemies to English rule than official injury.

Most Englishmen who live in India will tell you that they love the Indians. For peasants, for workmen, for sepoys, for servants, they feel nothing but a benevolent and fatherly affection. They greatly admire the orthodox Brahman, who thinks it wrong to cross the seas and whose learning is all Sanskrit, mythology, and a fabulous kind of history. Still greater is their admiration for the Rajput noble, that picturesque survival from the age of chivalry; he rides well, plays a good game of tennis, and is in every respect a *pukka sahib* — that is to say, a sportsman with good manners, a code of morals not vastly different from that current at English public schools, and no intellectual accomplishments or pretensions. The only Indians you find them objecting to as a class are those who have received a western education. The reason is sufficiently obvious. The educated Indian is the Englishman's rival and would be supplanter. To the slavish and illiterate masses the European is manifestly superior. Nor can the pundit, entangled in his orthodoxy and learned only in Sanskrit, the sporting nobleman, learned in nothing, ever challenge a supremacy due to western training. All these the Englishman can afford to love, protectively. But no man loves another who threatens to deprive him of his privileges and powers. The educated Indian is not popular with the Europeans. It is only to be expected.

This dislike of the educated Indian is frequently expressed by the low European in terms of gross or covert insult. No man likes to be insulted, even by those whom he despises. Philosophers will wince at the sarcasms of passing street boys, and the unfavorable comments of critics, infinitely their inferiors, have wounded to the quick the greatest artists. It is not to be wondered at if men, who are neither sages nor geniuses and who, moreover, have been brought up in the humiliating position of members of a subject race,

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should be quick to resent insults. The hatred of the educated middle class — in India, at the present time, largely unemployed and consequently embittered — is a menace to any government. In the creation of this hatred the worst bred and least educated of the Europeans have done more than their fair share.

Ajmere. The little grandson of the Indian house into which a letter of introduction had admitted us, was a child of about eight or nine, beautiful with that pure, grave, sensitive beauty which belongs only to children. In one of his books, I forget which, Benjamin Kidd has made some very judicious reflections on the beauty of children. The beauty of children, he points out, is almost a superhuman beauty. We are like angels when we are children — candid, innocently passionate, disinterestedly intelligent. The angelic qualities of our minds express themselves in our faces. In youth and earliest maturity we are human; the angel dies and we are men. Greek art, it is significant, is preoccupied almost exclusively with youth. As middle age advances, we become less and less human, increasingly simian. Some remain apelike to the end. Some, with the fading of the body's energies and appetites, become for a second time something more than human — one of the Ancients of Mr. Shaw's fable, personified mind.

Pushkar Lake. The holiest waters in India are mantled with a green and brilliant scum. Those who would bathe must break it, as hardy swimmers in our colder countries break the ice, before they can reach the spiritually cleansing liquid. Coming out of the water, bathers leave behind the jagged rifts of blackness in the green; rifts that gradually close, if no more pilgrims come down to bathe, till the green skin of the lake is altogether whole again.

There were but few bathers when we were at Pushkar. The bathing ghats going down in flights of white steps to the water were almost deserted and the hundred temples all but empty. We were able to walk easily and undisturbed along the little stone embankments connecting ghat with ghat. Here and there, on the lowest steps, a half naked man squatted, methodically wetting himself with the scummy water; a woman, always chastely dressed, methodically soaked her clothes. On days of little concourse the bathers do not venture far out into the lake. Death lurks invisible under the green scum, swims noiselessly inshore, snaps, drags down. We saw him basking on a little shrine crowned island a hundred yards from land, monstrous and scaly, grinning even in his sleep — a crocodile. Pushkar is so holy that no life may be taken within its waters or on its banks, not even the man eater's. A dozen pilgrims disappear each year between those enormous jaws. It is considered lucky to be eaten by a crocodile at Pushkar.

Behind the ghats rises a charming architecture of temples and priestly houses and serais for the pilgrims — all white, with little domes against the sky, and balconies flowering out of high blank walls, and windows of lattice work, and tunneled archways giving a glimpse, through shadow, of sunlight beyond. Nothing very old, nothing very grand; but all exceedingly pretty, with a certain look of the Italian Riviera about it. Italian, too, are the innumerable shrines — in little niches, in ornamental sentry boxes of stucco, under domed canopies of stone

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work. Looking into them, I almost expected to see a moldering plaster Crucifixion, an Annunciation in painted terra cotta, a blue robed Madonna with her Child. And it came each time as something of a shock to discover among the sacred shadows of the shrine a rough hewn cow of marble or red sandstone, kneeling reverently before a bisexual phallic symbol and gazing at it with an expression on its ingenuously sculptured face of rapt ecstatic adoration.

Chitor. The fort of Chitor is larger than that of Jodhpur and therefore less spectacular. The Jodhpur fort is perched on the summit of what is almost a crag. The hill on which Chitor is built is probably as high, but it seems much lower, owing to its great length; it is a ridge, not a pinnacle of rock. And the buildings which, at Jodhpur, are crowded into a single imposing pile, are scattered at wide intervals over the space enclosed within the circuit of the walls of Chitor. Jodhpur is wildly picturesque, like something out of a Doré picture book. Examined at close quarters, however, it is not particularly interesting. From a distance, Chitor is less imposing; but climb up to it and you will find it full of magnificent buildings — temples among the finest in upper India, great ruined palaces, towers fantastically carved from base to summit. None of these buildings is much more than five hundred years old; but time has dealt hardly with them. The soft stone of which they are built has crumbled away under the rain and sun and wind. The sharp edges have become blunt, the innumerable sculptures are blurred and defaced. The splendors of Hindu art are only dimly seen, as though through an intervening mist, or with myopic and unspectacled eyes.

Decoration is costly nowadays and money scarce. Making a virtue of economic necessity, we have proclaimed the beauty of unadorned simplicity in art. In architecture, for example, we mistrust all "fussy details" and can admire only the fundamental solid geometry of a building. We like our furniture plain, our silver unchased, our stage scenery flat and conventional. Our tastes will change, no doubt, when our purses grow longer. Meanwhile, simplicity is regarded as an almost necessary quality of good art.

But the facts are against us. The best art has not been always and necessarily the simplest. Profusion of decorative detail need not obscure the main lines of the composition considered as a whole. Those who require a more convincing proof of these statements than can be found at home, should come to India. They will find in the best specimens of Hindu architecture an unparalleled extravagance of decorative details, entirely subordinated to the main architectural design. It would be difficult to find on the walls of the Chitor temples a single blank square foot. But so far from distracting the attention from the architectural composition, the sculpture and the ornament serve to emphasize the characteristic forms and movements of the strange design. If the sculpture at Chitor is unsatisfactory that is due, not to its elaborateness and profusion, but to its poor intrinsic quality. It is all fairly good, but none of it is first rate. The innumerable carvings at Chitor are the product of a vast anonymous labor. No great original artist stands out from among the craftsmen. It is all nameless, unindividual.

A visit to India makes one realize how fortunate, so far at any rate as the arts are concerned, our Europe has been in its religions. The Olympian religion

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of antiquity and, except occasionally, the Christianity which took its place, were both favorable to the production of works of art, and the art which they favored was on the whole a singularly reasonable and decent kind of art. Neither paganism nor Christianity imposed restrictions on what the artist might represent; nor did either demand of him that he should try to represent the unrepresentable. The Olympian deities were men made gods; the Savior of the Christians was God made man. An artist could work to the greater glory of Zeus or of Jesus without ever going beyond the boundaries of real and actual human life.

How different is the state of things in India! Here, one of the two predominant religions forbids absolutely the representation of the human form and even, where Muslim orthodoxy is strict, of any living animal form whatever. It is only occasionally, and then in purely secular art and on the smallest of scales, that this religious injunction is disobeyed. Mohammedan art tends, in consequence, to be dry, empty, barren, and monotonous.

Hinduism, on the other hand, permits the representation of things human, but adds that the human is not enough. It tells the artist that it is his business to express symbolically the superhuman, the spiritual, the pure metaphysical idea. The best is always the enemy of the good, and by trying to improve on the sober human reality the Hindus have evolved a system of art full of metaphysical monsters and grotesques that are none the less extravagant for being symbolical of the highest of "high" philosophies. (Too high, I may add parenthetically, for my taste. Philosophies, like pheasants, can be hung too long. Most of our highest systems have been pendant for at least two thousand years. I am plebeian enough to prefer my spiritual nourishment fresh. But let us return to Hindu art.)

Readers of the Bhagavad Gîta will remember the passage in the Eleventh Discourse, where Krishna reveals himself to Arjuna in a form hitherto unbeheld by mortal eyes:

> With mouths, eyes, arms, breasts multitudinous . . .
> Long-armed, with thighs and feet innumerable,
> Vast-bosomed, set with many fearful teeth . . .

And further: "With many divine ornaments, with many upraised divine weapons, wearing divine necklaces and vestures, anointed with divine unguents, the God all-marvellous, boundless, with face turned every way." And so on. The catalogue of Krishna's members, features, and wardrobe covers several pages of Mrs. Besant's translation of the Gîta. We recognize the necessarily inadequate embodiment of the description in innumerable Indian statues and paintings. And what is the significance of these grotesque and repulsive monsters? Krishna himself explains it. "Here to-day", he says to Arjuna, "behold the whole universe, movable and immovable, standing in one in my body." These many-limbed monsters are symbolic, then, of the cosmos. They are the One made manifest, the All in a nutshell. Hindu artists are trying to express in terms of form what can only be expressed — and not very clearly at that — in words. The Hindus are too much interested in metaphysics and ultimate Reality to make good artists. Art is not the discovery of Reality — whatever Reality may be, and no human being can possibly know. It is the organization of chaotic appearance into an orderly and human universe.

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JOSEPH CONRAD IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS

By G. Jean-Aubry

AMONG those who know and admire the works of the great novelist there is hardly one who has not read that story which may be cited among the most profound and poignant of his narratives — "Heart of Darkness", which first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" of February, March, and April, 1899 and is now included in the volume entitled "Youth and Other Stories". During the many years in which I lived on intimate terms with Joseph Conrad, I frequently heard him recall his impressions of the months spent in the Congo, a sojourn which was the source of inspiration of "Heart of Darkness". In the "Author's Note" prefixed in 1917 to the volume "Youth", he himself says: "'Heart of Darkness' is experience; but it is experience pushed a little (and only very little) beyond the actual facts of the case for the perfectly legitimate, I believe, purpose of bringing it home to the minds and bosoms of the readers." Conrad, indeed, made no secret of the personal nature of the story, but since his death I have been able to collect documents which furnish evidence that the story was authentic to an extent never before suspected. It is not merely curiosity, however legitimate, which prompts me to seek out the actual source of this story; it is rather the conviction that a knowledge of the exact part played by actual events in Conrad's work will help readers to understand and appreciate all that the individual genius of the author has contributed in strength and life to the history of the bare facts, all that he has done to elevate them above his personal experience and shed a human light from out the most sombre of his stories, even as this is.

It will be recalled that in "Heart of Darkness" the story of this African adventure is related by a character who reappears in several of Conrad's books, and to whom he has given the name of Marlow. It is Marlow, too, who relates the stories of "Youth", "Lord Jim", and a great part of "Chance". The character of Marlow has been subjected to a transformation in the course of Conrad's work, and we shall throw light on this fact on another occasion, but for the present it suffices to say that in 1898 — the year in which Conrad wrote "Youth" and "Heart of Darkness" — Marlow was nothing more nor less than a name for the author himself. Evidence to this effect is easily found in the single instance of "Heart of Darkness". At the beginning of his story Marlow says that he had just returned to London after having well nigh traveled all over the Indian Ocean and the China Seas — that he was seeking to obtain the command of a ship, and that with this end in view he was visiting his friends in their offices — that he had waited about, but that "ships did not even look at him". Suddenly it occurred to him to try to obtain the command of one of the

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small steamers navigating on the Congo. He applied to friends who exclaimed "My dear fellow" but did nothing more, with the result that it was finally through feminine influence among his friends on the Continent that he succeeded in obtaining the command of a river steamer.

In May, 1889, Conrad had just returned to London. It was two years since he had been at all in Europe, for he had passed the first half of the year 1887 as a mate on a sailing ship between Amsterdam and Samarang, the second half as second mate on board the S.S. "Vidar" between Singapore and Borneo, and the year 1888 as master of the ship "Otago", between Bangkok, Mauritius, and Australia. The preceding years had been spent in navigating between various English or Scotch ports, and Singapore, Madras, and Samarang, and he had stayed hardly any length of time in Europe since 1883. And from May to September, 1889, Conrad led just such a life as that described by Marlow.

About that time Conrad Korzeniowski, then a young skipper of thirty two years, by nature active and adventurous, showed an unaccustomed tendency to loaf. This disposition may no doubt be traced to a peculiar and secret "revulsion"; it was exactly at that time — September, 1889 — as related by him with so much charm in "A Personal Record" — that Captain Conrad Korzeniowski began to give place to the novelist Joseph Conrad; it was at that time he began to write "Almayer's Folly" in his lodgings in Bessborough Gardens, thus entering on the first stage of his literary career. But it may be noted as a somewhat singular fact that Conrad's début as an author coincided exactly with his first endeavors to obtain the command of a ship on the Congo; and as he himself has said, this goes to prove how little he thought of abandoning the sea, how small was his intention of becoming a professional writer. After having applied without avail to some of his friends in London, he appealed to one of his relatives then living in Brussels. This was Madame Marguerite Poradowska, a French lady still living, who had married a cousin of the Korzeniowskis. This lady made use of her influence, while the firm of Barr, Moring and Company of London, in which Conrad had an intimate friend, Adolf Krieger; G. C. de Baerdemacker, a shipbroker of Ghent; and Walford and Company, shipowners of Antwerp, recommended Captain Korzeniowski to the deputy administrator of the Société Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut-Congo, a company which had been formed a little time previously in Brussels.[1] In 1889 Conrad went to Brussels, saw this administrator, none other than Captain (later General) Albert Thys who played an important part in the history of the Belgian Congo. Thys was favorably impressed by the young captain but could only promise to bear him in mind if a steamer should be available. There was considerable delay, with the result that Conrad found time to go to Polish Ukraine to visit his uncle,

[1] I was fortunate enough to be able to recover in Brussels at the offices of the Société du Haut-Congo the Korzeniowski correspondence, for which I am indebted to the kindness of the Administration. This included — besides four letters in French from Joseph Conrad — letters from Barr, Moring and Company, G. C. de Baerdemacker, Walford and Company, and two very important letters from Mme. Poradowska. These particulars are in accordance with the contents of a collection of eighty letters in Polish addressed to Joseph Conrad by his uncle and guardian Thadee Bobrowski, and a manuscript document from the latter also addressed to his nephew which, with some notes, is a statement of account for tutelage.

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whom he had not seen for more than six years. Thadee Bobrowski was his nearest relative and had been his guardian, and Conrad had continued to correspond with him since the time of his departure from Poland to embark at Marseilles in 1874. On his way to Poland Conrad stopped again in Brussels and visited the Société du Haut-Congo, where the old promises were reiterated but nothing further was done. On his return journey, at the end of April, he made his way to Brussels and learned that the company was prepared to engage him at once and that he would be required to leave without delay for the Congo. The reason for this sudden haste, as indicated by Marlow in "Heart of Darkness", was that the Société du Haut-Congo had just learned that one of its captains had been killed by the natives. The name of this captain was not Fresleven, as stated by Marlow, but Freiesleben: I have discovered mention of the massacre in several private and official Belgian documents of that period. The company took care not to inform Conrad of this distressing occurrence. After signing a contract, therefore, as captain of one of the river boats of the High Congo, Conrad set out with the intention of remaining *three years* in the heart of Africa.

All this leads us to believe that the scenes before his departure from Brussels described by Marlow with such bitter irony in "Heart of Darkness" are reminiscences of actual events: the interview with the administrator, the visit to the doctor, Marlow's farewell to his aunt, the two old women knitting black wool for the administrator, and the compassionate secretary — all of it has the accent of truth.

One thing, in any case, is certain: that on the tenth of May, 1890, Conrad, like Marlow in the story, embarked at a French port (Bordeaux) on board a French vessel ("Ville de Maceio") and "that she called in every blamed port that the French have out there" (Dakar, Conakry — Sierra Leone— Grand Bassam, Kotonou, Libreville, Loango, Banane, and Boma).[2] As in the case of Marlow, too, it was on board another steamer that he made the voyage from Boma to Matadi. Matadi is the "Station" of which Marlow said, "I had to wait ten days — an eternity." In reality, Conrad stayed there a fortnight awaiting the organization of the caravan he was to command for the journey overland from Matadi to Stanley Pool, where he was at last to find the ship destined for him. Matadi was already in 1890 an important station with a European population numbering about 200 persons, but the organization was only provisional and the country did not offer even the interest of picturesque scenery, if we may believe the accounts of travelers who saw it at that period. Conrad could not fail to find his stay there tedious nor to say, as he did in a document which we shall discuss later, "My life amongst the people (white) around here cannot be very comfortable. Intend avoid acquaintance as much as possible. . . . Prominent characteristics of the social life here: people speaking ill of each other."

An event which led to a renewal of activities at this station and went far toward visibly increasing the population was the conclusion, shortly after the visit of Conrad, of negotiations for the construction of a railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool to connect the

[2] These ports of call were indicated to me by the record of the twenty fifth voyage of the "Ville de Maceio", for which I am indebted to the Compagnie des Chargeurs Reunis, Havre.

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two navigable parts of the Congo, interrupted by a succession of thirty two impassable falls. It is then in conformity with truth that Marlow, in "Heart of Darkness", alludes to the construction of a railway in Matadi at the time of his passage. The only way of journeying from Matadi to Stanley Pool at that time was on foot with native carriers. Conrad, then, walked the journey of about two hundred miles from Matadi to Kinchassa between June 28 and August 1, 1890. A diary, in effect, has been found among the papers of the novelist — the only one he ever kept — concerning that part of his journey, and in this there are details: the white companion (Harou) who got ill; the dead body of the Negro with a bullet hole in the forehead; the corpse of a carrier dead in harness; the beating of a far off drum in the night; and finally the meeting with a clerk of the company, who when his journey is almost finished tells him that his steamer is at the bottom of the river — all are to be found in various parts of "Heart of Darkness".

The last is not the least exact: the little steamer "Florida" which had been destined for Conrad had sunk a few days before his arrival in Kinchassa. Contrary to Marlow's account, he did not spend two months in Stanley Pool waiting for his boat to be refloated and repaired, but embarked on the next day — the third of August, 1890 — on the S.S. "Roi des Belges" to go up the river from Stanley Pool to the extreme point of navigation of the Congo — Stanley Falls.

As soon as he arrived at Kinchassa, on Stanley Pool, he made the acquaintance of one whom Marlow calls the Manager and describes in the least flattering terms. In reality, this was the sub manager, Camille Delcommune, who acted temporarily as Manager until the arrival of the Manager himself — Major Parminter, an Englishman, who had previously been the Manager of the Sanford Exploring Expedition. Marlow's description of the appearance of the Manager corresponds exactly with portraits which I have seen of Camille Delcommune in the Belgian reviews of that time. There is, furthermore, no reason to doubt the identity of this character, for, as Marlow says, he went up and down the Congo on board the S.S. "Roi des Belges" in company with Conrad. Here is an extract from the "Mouvement Géographique", a little Belgian weekly interested in Congo questions at that time:

> The steamer "Roi des Belges" of the Société du Haut-Congo left Pool on Aug. 4, having on board the following: M. le Directeur-Adjoint Camille Delcommune, Captain Koch and Captain Conrad, MM. Keyaerts, Rollin and van der Heyden, agents, M. Gossens, Engineer. The steamer was proceeding to the Falls. On the 26th August the boat was at the confluence of the "Oubanghi".[3]

It is difficult to say how far the portrait given by Conrad from the point of view of character corresponds to the character of the real Camille Delcommune, but I can say with a certainty based on the sentiments I have frequently heard expressed by Conrad, that one of the strongest impressions he carried away from the Congo was his antipathy to Camille Delcommune and to him whom in "Heart of Darkness" Marlow calls the "uncle of the Manager" (in reality his brother), Alexandre Delcommune, who was in command of the Kassai expedition, the arrival and departure

[3] No. 13, Nov. 16, 1890. It should be noted that Conrad gave the name Kayerts to one of the characters of another African tale — "An Outpost of Progress".

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of which Conrad describes with bitter irony under the name of the Eldorado Exploring Expedition.

Even in the most casual details the same exactitude prevails: for instance, concerning the young Belgian of aristocratic demeanor who was nonchalantly engaged, according to Marlow, in making bricks. The "Mouvement Géographique" of 1890 indicates the recent establishment of a brick yard in Kinchassa, under the direction of a Belgian named Deligne, who was the prototype of this secondary character.

As to Conrad Korzeniowski's impressions on board the S.S. "Roi des Belges", an idea of these can best be formed from the admirable description of the ascent of the river which constitutes the greater part of "Heart of Darkness". It is certain that the inspiration of the literary man has enriched and fostered the reminiscences of the captain, but Conrad's marvelous visual memory enabled him to transcribe with complete precision, eight years later, all that he had seen in the heart of Africa in 1890.

The accuracy of the smallest details (I cite only a few here) related by Marlow in "Heart of Darkness" and their agreement with facts recorded either on the geographical charts or in the Belgian reviews of the period, could not fail to inspire the wish to discover whether the principal character of the story — he who, with the landscape, shapes its very life and soul — is only an invention of Conrad's imagination or a more or less graphic reproduction of an actual human being.

Granted the support of a true life story on which Conrad has most frequently founded his romantic creations, it may well be supposed that in a tale which he himself has declared to be the outcome of experience, the principal character would not be purely and simply a product of the imagination. The name of the character Kurtz seems to me a most singular fact in this connection. Why should Conrad have chosen a name of German consonance in a place where, according to the statistics of the "Bulletin Officiel de l'Etat du Congo", Germans were extremely rare at that time? There were to be found in the Congo Belgians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans (the latter mostly missionaries), and Scandinavians who were engaged in all kinds of occupations connected with the command, construction, and repair of small vessels navigating the high rivers. The significance of this name is rendered still more evident by the fact that Conrad says in "Heart of Darkness":

> The original Kurtz had been educated partly in England, and, as he was good enough to say himself, — his sympathies were in the right place. His mother was half English, his father was half French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz.

Since these details are of no importance to the story, they would appear to be related with this precision only because they are actual facts. Besides, in the course of a careful study of the works of Conrad, I have observed that when the novelist's characters correspond exactly to persons who have really existed, they retain their real names. In certain cases also, Conrad introduces into his stories a character he has known, who has not indeed played the part attributed to him but who would have been *capable of playing it;* and in this case he retains not only the character and appearance of the person concerned, but also his name. Thus in the course of a conversation I had last year with Captain James Craig — formerly in command of the S.S. "Vidar" on board which, in

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the capacity of second mate, Joseph Conrad met with the protagonists of "Almayer's Folly" — I learned that nearly all the characters and names in the novel were in exact conformity with truth. Furthermore, in "Youth" Conrad has retained in the officers of the S.S. "Judea" the appearance and names — Beard and Mahon — of the officers of the S.S. "Palestine" on board which, in 1881, he had the experience related in "Youth". Thus, too, in the story of the "Typhoon" he has given to the Captain the name and appearance of Captain McWhirr who in 1887 had been his captain on board the "Highland Forest". Captain McWhirr, it is true, did not go through the experience related by Conrad in "Typhoon", but *he would have been capable of acting in the same manner* under similar circumstances. This is true not only of the principal, but also of the more incidental, characters in Conrad's books. Thus in "Youth" he alludes to a shipowner who he says was called Wilmer or Wilcox or something of the kind; the name, in effect, was Wilson. I could give numerous instances of this kind which lead me to believe that if Kurtz was not the name of the actual character it was a near approach to the real name. Investigation of the "Bulletin Officiel de l'Etat du Congo" for the year 1890 provided me with the following information:

> M. Cloetens has taken over the management of the Kinchassa establishment; M. Gosse that of Matadi, M. Engeringh that of Louebo; M. Mitchells that of the Equator, and M. Klein that of the Falls.

Remember that Marlow said he met with Kurtz at Stanley Falls, the extreme point of navigation of the Congo, and note furthermore his ironical remark on the same character: "Kurtz — Kurtz — that means 'short' in German, — don't it? Well, the name was as true as everything in his life — and death. He looked at least seven feet long." We shall find that the name Klein applies equally to this passage and may be used with the same irony as that of Kurtz. Marlow describes the death of Kurtz on board the same steamer that he commanded. I was curious to know if Klein died in the year 1890. Strange to say, the various Belgian reviews which I read attentively make no mention of it. Mortality, it is true, was high in the Congo at that time and it was not considered desirable to draw too much attention to deaths among officials and merchants living in the Belgian colony. It would have damped the ardor of those desiring to civilize that country described by Stanley as the "Dark Continent". Since the newspapers gave me no enlightenment on the subject of Kurtz, I applied to the Société du Haut-Congo and obtained from them the following record:

> Klein, Georges Antoine, French. Engaged as commercial agent. Left for the Congo the 23rd December 1888. Died on the 21st September as a result of dysentery on board the steamer "Roi des Belges" during a voyage in 1890. Interred in Chumbiri (Bolobo).

It would be impossible without actual proof to judge of the resemblance between Kurtz and Klein; but the presence of Klein on board the S.S. "Roi des Belges" and his death on board that vessel correspond exactly with the dates of the only voyage made by Conrad as its captain; he therefore undoubtedly witnessed the facts related by Marlow. Knowing the psychological procedure of Conrad, we may say with certainty that between the characters Klein the real and Kurtz the fictitious there is more connection than the mere resemblances of names and facts.

I have not been able to ascertain

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whether the scene described by Marlow at the end of "Heart of Darkness" — the poignant scene of the visit of the fiancée of Kurtz — is founded on an actual occurrence. But one thing we know with certainty, and that is that at the beginning of 1891, when Joseph Conrad returned to Europe, his state of health was so precarious that he had to spend several weeks in a hospital and had to go to a hydrotherapic establishment in Champel near Geneva for a course of treatment lasting from May 21 to June 14, 1891. For many long months he could not think of returning to sea. He spent part of his time in the hospital and in Champel writing Chapter VIII of "Almayer's Folly", but he also went several times to Brussels. He may have had to settle personal matters with the Société du Haut-Congo; and he several times visited his aunt Madame Poradowska, the unwilling cause of this unfortunate adventure; but the visit described at the end of "Heart of Darkness" as taking place in Brussels is not the less probable.

Conrad's health was permanently injured by his sojourn in the Congo. From 1891 until his death, the life of the great novelist was nothing more than a constant effort to construct his work between attacks of fever and gout, the consequences of the African climate. Correspondence which we hope to publish shortly will show that the life, not less than the work of Conrad, was a splendid example of energy.

If the work of Conrad is colored with a peculiar irony, neither was his life exempt from this. Investigation of documents on the subject of the unfortunate Congo expedition has shown me that if Conrad decided to give up this venture in 1890, it was partly for reasons of health, but also to a great extent because of the Manager Camille Delcommune. It appears from these documents that, in spite of promises made to him in Brussels, Captain Conrad Korzeniowski, once at the Congo, could not obtain the command of the small vessels except as mate. On the journey up the Congo when Conrad acted as mate, the vessel "Roi des Belges" was under the command of a certain Captain Koch, and it was only on account of the illness of the latter that Conrad was charged with the duties of captain on the journey down the river. Once arrived in Kinchassa, in spite of the attacks of dysentery and fever from which he had suffered, Conrad with characteristic tenacity decided to remain. He hoped to obtain command of the "Florida", the little steamer about to go up the Kassai, but Camille Delcommune refused to allow this. Conrad therefore, seeing that the future held no prospect for him, decided in disgust to return to Europe. Whereupon his strength, which had been kept up by sheer force of character, gave way.

The irony of fate is shown in this: if Camille Delcommune had not shown such an inveterate ill will toward Conrad, Conrad would in all probability have set out for Kassai; and *it is more than probable that he would never have returned.* A perusal of the newspapers of the period has revealed to me that most of those whom Conrad met with on the Congo died of fever or dysentery within three years, not excepting Camille Delcommune, of whom Marlow says in "Heart of Darkness" that he was never ill and owed his position to that alone. English literature is indebted to Delcommune not only for "Heart of Darkness" but for the very existence of a splendid writer — at that time only the author, in secret, of the first seven chapters of "Almayer's Folly".

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART VII

The instalments of Mr. Burke's atmospheric novel which have been appearing in THE BOOKMAN *have necessarily been greatly shortened to meet space requirements; but it has been the attempt of the editors to retain as much as is possible of the quality of this unusual and distinctive piece of highly organized prose.*

IN the faded and fusty parlor of "The Sun in Splendour" David Scollard stood at the window, looking out on the freezing dusk of January. From upstairs the sound of Christopher struggling with a Paganini caprice. From the bar the usual murmur, the usual thudding of the engine and ring of coin; the usual squeak from the bore of the High Street telling the saloon customers for the four hundredth time what his father and uncle had died of. Another voice telling a story with an interpolated burden of "Mind you, I haven't an atom of jealousy in my composition, but . . ." Another telling the always unfinished story of how somebody got supplies of bacon and cheese during the war. David looked out on the wan lane that led into Upper Street, and, sensible to its temper, he made a noise that was a mixture of groan and gibe. God, what a place to be stuck in! This High Street . . . Half the size of the cemetery and twice as dead.

As he stared, his eyes became fixed on the window of a cottage opposite, until the window grew and loomed, and put him into a state of trance. His thoughts broke loose and buzzed about the room as though it were a garden and his head were a hive.

Then the bell of the private door gave a metallic spurt, and his heart smiled. This was quartet evening; the one evening when he could possess his soul; and the bell announced the arrival of the short Frumpin and the tall Darkless. It would be the last week-day quartet for some time. Christopher was beginning his musical career next week, and would be free only on Sundays.

The hope of the family was not entering the Academy. He was not going to Europe for study. He was not even deputizing in a great orchestra. At seventeen, the hope of the family was already losing hope. For the sake of the family funds Christopher was starting on Monday as second violin of an orchestra of two violins, piano, and clarinet at the Altissima Cinema in a poor street of Clerkenwell.

As they entered the upstairs parlor, Christopher was sheepishly bundling away a batch of music sheets — the first shy and inarticulate sketches for that London Symphony. His life was now dedicated to music. The bourgeois Pamela had awakened him, and fired him, and he was striving to make something beautiful — for her. She was a typical daughter of the English middle class — beautiful, charming, and as stupid as the average housemaid. To her he poured out his young

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soul, and thought they were making mutual exchange. But she had no soul to pour out. She listened to his hopes and fears with ignorant ardor, and gave him the inane encouragement that her mother distributed. "A London Symphony? Oh! . . . Oo! . . . Wouldn't that be just splendid? I shall love to hear it. Where will it be played? How soon will it be finished?"

He hid the sheets from sight, and took up his fiddle. The three men came to the business of the evening with an air that they never gave to their own businesses. It was their hobby, and being Englishmen they invested their hobby with an almost Chinese ritual. Cases were opened and instruments produced, and the room became a snarl of tuning and a maelstrom of disheveled phrases.

Christopher sat on the sofa, nursing his fiddle, staring at nothing, and chewing his lips. At seventeen he was no taller than at fifteen, but growth was marked in the shoulders and the head. His flat black hair had become a climbing bush. His mouth was set in a droop. His eyes were large and at unaware moments they held anger. By his general bearing he seemed to be about to spring at something and knock it down.

He was seventeen, and the world was beginning to worry him. There was music and there was Pamela Silvernight, and there were his inglorious surroundings and his slithery tumble from hopes of solo to back street cinema. For all these things he was trying to find a common denominator and could not believe that there was none. He was seventeen, and he didn't know where he stood or what he thought about anything. It seemed that he was an encumbrance to himself and to the world. At Pamela's home he had met young fellows like himself, but fellows of education and polish (without the smallest taste in art) and he had envied them. They carried themselves well, and they knew their way about. They took taxis and they lunched out, and taxi drivers and waiters treated them as though they were men. He felt that with a few minor improvements he might be like them, and being like them could easily surpass them; and at the same time he doubted. He saw the pettiness of his surroundings and his education in contrast with theirs; yet, though he did not wholly belong to Islington High Street, it was part of him, and he was not — even spiritually — free of it. They could accept the amenities of life and its gracious decorations and the service of grown men and women as part of everyday; *he* was conscious always of living on sufferance and caught himself considering the feelings of those who served and ministered, and thinking of the price of things. For this he despised himself. It was clearly a mark of meanness to consider the feelings of servants — or even to be aware of them. He could not go to lunch with a fellow pupil of de Florent's, who lived freely and in good style, without wondering what it had cost and being shocked when it was discovered. He could not give an order to a waiter without *asking*.

He could not anywhere be comfortable. When he was at home he was looking toward the cool enchanted houses of Kensington. When he was at Kensington, or in one of young Perrinchief's restaurants, he saw Islington and humble life as morally superior, and gave Kensington a sort of wavering scorn. Glugs, de Florent had called them, and Glugs they were. But when he was back at Islington the scorn faded and bloomed again into desire and

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respect. He began to discover that his quiet manner and gentle voice were impeding him. The quiet artist, conscious always that his achievements, however bright, are still wanting, is a rare figure today.

Christopher's playing was superior in technique and in spirit to the playing of older guests of Mrs. Silvernight; but, because he did not talk of his work, because he did not know the jargon; because he did not preach a Method and a Theory; because he could not carry himself easily in the crowd; because he hid in corners; because always he was aware that Sammons and Catterall could do it better; because, if complimented, he turned the talk to other matters, he was passed over. They did not understand him. He was utterly unlike anything of the artist sort that they knew, and in consequence, he could not be an artist.

He made no effort to meet them half way, but under the influence of his father and Pamela and de Florent and the young Perrinchief he was growing, and beginning to understand how these people expected him to behave. They could not see him, but he could see them and could appraise their thin quality, and ignore it. He liked young Perrinchief, who had taken him socially in tow, but his liking for the fellow himself, and admiration of his worldly air, was mixed with a secret contempt for his soul. Perrinchief had decided on his goal and was making for it with hot feet and fixed eyes. There was music in him, but all the regard he gave it was to discover how to turn it to material account. He preached his gospel to Christopher, who sat and listened with his diffident smile and an occasional non-committal nod or "'M." "No good doing anything else these days, ole man. You just *got* to get the money. Get the money. Then you can tell 'em all to go to hell."

"Yerce. . . . And by the time you got the money by writing dance rubbish, you won't be capable of doing anything *but* rubbish."

"Who says it's going to be rubbish? I grant you there's tons of rubbish put out. But that's only because the fellows who might do decent dance stuff sit around and sneer at it. Didn't Chopin write waltzes and mazurkas? Didn't Schubert and Schumann write popular songs that were sung in restaurants—and Brahms do waltzes that were played in dance halls? Well, then . . . Why don't some of these chaste musicians write decent fox trots for Somers and his Savoy Band instead of sneering at it? What? Just because it's popular. Just because there's money and popularity in it they're afraid it'd hurt their precious little souls. That's what's the matter with *you*. Got the idea that there's something *inartistic* about money."

"No, but . . . I'd rather be an artist on two pounds a week'n get five thousand a year by dustman's work. That's all it is — that Charing Cross Road and Tin Pan Alley stuff. Scavenger's work."

"I wish to God you wouldn't use that word 'artist'. It sounds so damn silly. . . . Scavenger's work — eh? Well, perhaps it is. But scavengers are well paid. Their work's got to be done to keep the streets clean, and people have got to be entertained. They ain't all got such monumental domes as you and I — they want light stuff. And it's perfectly legitimate to supply 'em with it and charge 'em for it. What? Well, then . . . You can hitch your wagon to a star if you like. Seems to me a silly way of getting about — as much use as hitching to the Southern Railway. I'm going

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to pull mine along myself. It's a very little wagon anyway. Still, I think people might like to see it. If you like to dedicate yourself to pure music — and starve — carry on. I *don't* like. Life's got to give me certain things I want, and I'm going to work for 'em and get 'em as quick as I can. See? I don't know what you want out of life but you got to earn a living. You've got nobody behind you, as I have. You —"

"Yerce, but —"

"Shut up. And when will you get rid of that Cockney accent and pronounce words decently? If you're going to be a musician you'll have to smarten up. Musicians must have some social polish. That's another reason why you ought to make money. Get good clothes and the right manner. I'm only advising you for your own good. . . . You're standing on your own and you got to earn a living. Well, then. . . With your abilities there's money. Waiting for you. And you sniff at it. If you're not careful, you'll finish up in a thripny cinema. Then we'll hear what you got to say about money. In ten years I'll listen to you."

That was the insistent advice of Master Perrinchief, and to balance it Christopher had the quiet advice of his father and of de Florent, which was precisely opposed. And when he was listening to one side, it seemed always that the other side was right. Striving to make a decision, he learned only what a futile, helpless creature he was, and how amok were his ideas.

He was living variegated days. One morning he would be having dinner — a handicap, washing day dinner — with his mother, and in the evening he would be with young Perrinchief in the smooth dining room of his club. He would have a bread and cheese lunch at home, and in the afternoon would be in the lounge of the Beau Rivage Restaurant, listening to de Florent's band. Or, after the evening tea at home, which was a slightly reduced copy of the Sunday afternoon teas, he would meet Perrinchief in town, and would be dragged off to Richmond (if it were summer) or to the Imperial or Simpson's (if it were winter) and get home at midnight.

One night he would be in the world where he longed to be; next night he would be working in the upstairs parlor against the noise of a suburban public house bar and the exasperating drumble of its customers. Sometimes he would stand hours at the shilling door of Queen's Hall, and sometimes he would walk in with a five shilling (complimentary) ticket. He sat with Perrinchief in the lounge of the Savoy, and left the Savoy to join Lois's birthday tea party in the back room. He talked with old and regular customers of the "Sun", who had known him as a baby, and at the cloak room of one of Perrinchief's restaurants he was helped into his dowdy overcoat by an old schoolmate.

The boy's main trouble, among minor troubles of this period, was the discovery of himself. Whenever he was most in earnest, some devil prompted him to be facetious, and on trivial occasions prompted him to solemnity. He could never discover which was the real self, and, like all youth, he deeply longed to know, and deeply envied those people, rich or poor, who stood always on both feet, and were satisfied with the sort of mind that had been given to them. That is the little puzzle set regularly for seventeen — Why am I the sort of fellow I am? If only he could be like Perrinchief, secure in his philosophy. Or like Uncle Gore — a forthright fellow. Or like Darkless, letting life slide over him,

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unshaken. Or like anybody who knew what he felt about life, and how to handle it, and could hold his opinions without regard to the other side. He had a habit of noticing these people, not only in the world of achievement but in the smaller worlds: in the streets, in shops and trams and buses. He could see by the way they entered a tram and sat down, that they had a grip on life and a stock of ideas which might be limited but which served their ends. They had clearly "made up their minds" and, though business might worry them, life never would. He wished he could make up his mind: he wished he could even be sure that he had a mind to make up. Butchers, bakers, milkmen, grocers, clerks — they went about their world without doubts or dismays. It seemed to him that all of them had found, without knowing it, the secret thing that de Florent had told him to keep his eyes on. He was not tormented by foolish yearnings or despairs; he had a practical turn, and could see life as clearly as Perrinchief. What he envied in these others was something more material — a sort of poise, arising, not from thought or belief, but from consciousness of having a little place in their little world.

He was recalled from his maundering by the jagged voice of Frumpin. "Come on, now — let's make a start. Shan't get anything done." And Darkless — "Yaiss, let's make a start." And David — "Come on, there. Wake up!"

They muddled through Tschaikowsky, and at the finish they looked at each other, conscious of failure but without shame. Frumpin barked: "Bit woolly — eh? Mmmm. Still . . ." He spoke as though they had a lifetime before them for the perfecting of their endeavors. "What about the Brahms, eh? The A minor. Haven't done that for a long time."

"Righto. Fish it out, Chris."

Christopher dived into a mass of tattered sheets. They sat idle with their instruments, plucking strings. Little talk passed at these affairs. They were gathered with one purpose, and the spirit of their meetings was the spirit that belongs to but seldom visits the prayer meeting.

They went through the Brahms. They went through Mozart's Number Eight Trio — Frumpin's and David's strings, with Christopher a lame performer at the piano. As they played, lumbering feet gathered under the window and grotesque voices came to them mimicking the instruments and parodying the phrases. The louts of Islington were hearing something of beauty, and beneath their louthood they were conscious of its presence. They did not ignore it; it moved them; and they used the only expression of unrest that they knew. They whistled. They chi-iked. They cat-called. They cried ugly comments in falsetto. And the men upstairs moved steadily through the delicate fire of Mozart, warmed by it and unconscious of the chilly cruelties outside it. They played until a few minutes before ten, when Scollard said, "Well . . ." The others said, "Well . . ." and "Ha!" They rose and straightened themselves.

"Little drink and a snack?"

"Ah. Good idea."

"Well, let's pack up. When the house's cleared we'll go down."

As the bar emptied the street below became for a space louder and fuller. The louts had given place to the departing customers of the "Sun", and for five minutes there was the clamor of the final argument and the lingering farewell. Then fading footsteps and silence. In the lower parlor supper

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was laid for four — bread, butter, cheese, celery, tomatoes — an austere meal fitting to the evening's devotion. William the barman came from the bar.

"Everything all right, William?"

William nodded and passed through to the kitchen. His arm touched Christopher's shoulder. Christopher drew back — a physical movement that repeated the shiver of the mind that came with mere thought of William. Scollard at the door looked at his guests with a question mark in his eye.

Frumpin answered it. "Eh? Oh, beer for me. Ha! Beer. Yes."

"Oh — er — I'll take some of that lager we had the other night."

"Right. Chris — cider?"

"Thanks, Dad."

Even at the table these men, united in devotion, found talk difficult. They were less fluent than a refectory party. The grocer gave a bass cough. "Heard the Leners this season?"

"No. Couldn't get away. This damned house keeps you set."

"'M. 'M. Ha!"

The accountant minced some syllables. "Ai went. Mahvelous. Mahvelous combination. Something almost — almost psychic in their understanding. Two hours of sheer joy." His lean face expressed monastic rapture.

David growled. "Heard Casals last week."

"'M. Ha! Good?"

David lifted eyebrows and jerked head. "Why ask?" The movement and the growl by which another would have conveyed jealousy was his form of unspeakable tribute.

When the meal was done Frumpin looked at Darkless. "Well — better be toddling on."

"Yaiss. I suppose so."

They collected instruments and coats in miniature turmoil, and within one minute the door had closed upon them. David returned from the door to the parlor. He came with the right leg forward and changed his position so that he entered on the left leg. He sat down with a bump and a grunt. For some minutes he and Christopher sat in silence. Both were wandering. Through Christopher's mind ran the words "thripny cinema". That's what Perrinchief had said. A thripny cinema; and now he was there and looked like being fixed there. At "The Sun in Splendour" he was conscious of living in an atmosphere of failure and forlorn makeshift, and the atmosphere was corroding him. The piercing beauty of Pamela Silvernight had moved him to attempt things, but he was in the wrong setting for hearty attempt. He foresaw the futility of it. All around him were petty endeavor and enterprise that consciously faltered. What was the good? What could he ever mean to the marvelous Pamela? Why was he fermenting his mind with thought of her? Life was scrubby; he was scrubby and his future was scrubby. Better to give it up and settle in the obscurity where he belonged.

David spoke. "Well . . . what you do today?"

"Oh, just the usual."

David filled a pipe with the demeanor of sacrament. He lit it. When it was in order he began his evening rigmarole which was neither nearer to nor further from talking than most men get. Christopher liked these meanderings. He loved his father, and often he saw some distant time when he and this aloof, likable man would be regularly together and would have long and real talks. Mother was "all right"; you could talk to her, and she liked listening; but you could not discuss. She had an instinctive dislike of

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argument; she held that it was "rude to argue". But with Dad you could argue your head off.

His father was growling. "Well, that job's not much but it may lead to something. Join the Union and the Orchestral Society, and you may pick up things here and there. Perhaps de Florent might take you into his band."

"He won't jus' yet. Says I'm too individual for orchestra."

"H'm. Well . . . see how you go on. Not what I wanted for you, of course. Not what you wanted, either. But . . ."

He lifted the silver tankard. Christopher took a stick of celery and gnawed it. From outside came the drone of late trams and buses and the bleak clink of a church clock. "Huh! Wonder why eleven o'clock always makes men talk about Life. And talk such damn rot mostly. Like me. What a game. Always feel that life ought to be clear and cool and flowing on — and it's all a damned mess and muddle and babble. A cobwebby workshop. Beginning again every day at the old fumble-fumble, and your ideas being jerked about until you stop wondering why you go on and just Go On. You'll find that out soon. You'll see what a game it is." He spoke as if he were about to produce life as an exhibit for his son. "What a lot of copybook drivel I talk when I get started. Martin Tupper. . . . What's that?"

"What?"

"Thought I heard a noise. Feet moving about."

"Didn't hear anything."

"Rat, I suppose. . . . Well, just take a stroll up the street. Get a breath of air. Coming?"

He switched off the light, and Christopher went to the private passage and opened the street door. They stepped out without hats into the shell of night. In a sky of violet silk one star blazed. The whisper of their steps was an explosion. The breath of London seemed to be suspended in a profound reverie. The passing of a breeze made a roll of drums. David spoke, and because of the night spoke softly. "There's that noise I heard before. Sort of muttering." They moved sleepily to the corner. And then stood still.

From the hushed and holy darkness of the alley floated the voices of girls. One of the voices both knew; the other David knew that he had heard before.

"Ruth! Ruth, darling!"

"My little white girl!"

Mrs. Scollard was a vigilant guardian and kept Lois Deeming closely under her eye. But there are moments in all vigilance when the eye wavers, and the ward will use those moments more fully than the free whose hours are their own. Before the split between the Gores and the Scollards, notes had passed often from Mrs. Gore to her sister; notes beseeching advice; and the notes were delivered by Ruth and taken in by Lois. Ruth was what Mrs. Scollard called a Sensible Girl. There was no nonsense about her. So when Ruth suggested that Lois might take a walk with her on her free afternoons, Mrs. Scollard agreed. By her infirmity Lois could not be let out for other than brief errands to the shops; and a good walk would be pleasant for her and would relieve Mrs. Scollard of the labor of accompanying and watching her. In spite of the break between the families she had seen no reason for revoking permission for these walks between her sister's maid and her niece, and they had continued. They got on well together and the companionship of Ruth seemed for Lois a needed mental tonic. Her talk was sprinkled with Ruth and the splendor of Ruth, and

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what Ruth said, and the kindness of Ruth. The inarticulate soul burst forth into showers of love directed upon Ruth, and Ruth had filled herself with it and had commanded more.

But as David and Christopher stood at that corner, Ruth, the cold, self sufficient domestic, became a cloud of unhallowed images.

There they stood, the one hard and bright, the other with a mind of muslin. They were leaning against the wall. Their arms were about each other. Their faces were hidden on each other's shoulders. Ruth's voice came like floating smoke. "Little white flower. You're too beautiful for men's love. Our love is sweeter than that. Don't let him touch you."

"If he does I'll kill him. I'll kill him."

"No, little darling. No. Just tell me. I'll stop him."

Ruth, too, had had her dreams. She, too, had her secret lamp. For long she had cherished the imagined satisfaction of such an affair. For long she had known yearnings that she dared not disclose for fear of shame and ridicule, and now those yearnings were fulfilled. In the surrender of this child-woman's heart and in her ownership of it she had reached her desired haven.

As Christopher saw and heard he suddenly sickened. He knew vaguely, from common talk, of such matters; but they were shadows of another world. Now, at actual sight of this widdershins love making, he wanted to run. But before he could run there was a new noise. A noise, at first, it seemed, of coughing; then words came out of the cough. "Y-y-you . . . l-l-let 'er ik-ik-ik-ik-go."

Then the cold dominance of Ruth's voice that carried a sense of blazing eyes. "Go away. You poor pig — go away. You've no business out here. Get indoors. Unless you want me to . . ."

"You d-d-irty . . . I know yeh. . . . If it 'adn't bin for you I c-c-c-could 'ave . . ."

A little elfin laugh from Lois. "Send him away, Ruth. He's not right in his head. Send him away. If you don't I'll . . ."

There were mutters. There was a gasp. There was an oath. There was a stifled cry from Ruth, and they saw Ruth suddenly shoot away from Lois. They saw her go skating across the alley. They heard a cry from Lois — "Ruth! Ruth!" that dwindled into a noise, and they heard staggers and sibilances, and a husky voice. "I'll have yeh. I will. I will. I gotcha now." And then a flash of steel and a sharper cry and the sound of a body falling.

Before the body had reached the ground they were there. The darkness of the alley was yet clear enough to show three disordered figures — Ruth and Lois, with hands groping toward each other; and on the pavement, William the barman, bleeding from the neck.

David looked at the three of them. He looked at the pavement and at the wall. He looked at the world about him. He looked up at the violet shell of sky. He seemed about to do something picturesque. All he did was to say — "Good God, this place seems fairly set for trouble." Then he came back to the business, and was aware of windows and doors opening, and of voices, fearful or querulous, demanding to know what It was. He gave three commands. "Open the door, Chris. Ruth — you go home. Straight home. Quick. Lois — go indoors with Chris." He bent over William and examined his wound. William stirred. He dragged him up. He helped him to the private door and into the parlor.

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In the parlor the light was on and Mrs. Scollard was there in dressing gown. Her face was set, prepared for all fears and sorrows. "What is it?"

"Nothing much. William playing the goat."

She looked at David, and saw that he had the matter in hand. She looked at Lois. She looked at William. At sight of his neck she went out. She came back with water and bandages. William, without invitation, sat down on the sofa, holding his neck. He had the demeanor of one who, pursuing a normal course, has been painfully surprised. His face was chalk white against which the crimson ran starkly. Lois, arms hanging, as easy as though she had just come in to clear the table, looked at him. "Serve him right. I'm glad I did it. Hope it hurts. Wait till Ruth gets hold of him." She laughed with the light note of a wind bell.

Mrs. Scollard turned to David. "Any danger, you think?"

"No. Only a flesh wound. May do him good. Bit jagged, though. Lois — what you do it with?"

Lois laughed. "Scissors!"

Mrs. Scollard began to bathe the victim. As he lifted his head his eyes met David's. His eyes held fear and plea and guilt. He looked as men look when they see a blow coming. When the bathing and the bandaging were done, David spoke. "You poor wretch. You poor tormented misery. So this is the devil you've been living with so long. I knew there was something eating you. You poor creature." The crumpled loathsome thing on the sofa dropped its eyes; then collapsed into a sobbing organism. Mrs. Scollard made another survey of the room as though asking questions of it. She wanted to attend to Lois and to attend to William and to get the story from David, and she could not give her mind to one matter for thought of the others. At last she moved from her stooping position over William. "I think that'll do. The alum's stopped the bleeding. Keep your head in one position. And go straight to bed."

William got up. David stopped him. "You asked for it — and you got it. You go tomorrow — and nothing's said. Understand?"

"Y-y-yessir. G-g-g-ood night, sir." He lurched past Lois; made a sudden dart from her as she moved a foot; and staggered out. He still wore the look of surprise.

Mrs. Scollard went to Lois. "Lois, darling. Go to *my* room. Stay with me tonight." To David: "You can shakedown with Chris for tonight." Then, "Oh, dear. . . . Seems one thing after another. And what was it, after all?"

David explained in bald words.

"Oh, that's it, is it? I always thought there was something about that Ruth. . . . Something . . . you know. I suppose I'll have to tell Julia. I don't know . . . Things seem to be going all wrong lately. I'll have to look after Lois now. She'll be having one of her turns after this. If she's going to do things like this — go on, Lois; upstairs, dear — we'll have to see about getting her into a . . ." The end of the recital was lost in the darkness of the staircase.

Christopher and his father stood at corners of the room. It seemed that a fog had descended, and that neither could see his way to the deliberate action of moving. At last David shook himself and went to the door. With his hand on it he paused and turned.

"Let's see. We *were* playing Mozart tonight, weren't we?"

(To be continued.)

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LOOKING BACKWARD

By Joseph Lewis French

I KNEW a man once — I had known him for several years — he was at one time editor of "The International Studio" — who one day in the course of general conversation was suddenly inspired to inform me that as a little boy he had sat upon Thackeray's knee. I had always entertained a high opinion of this man as a man, and a considerable respect for his talents; but with this revelation he was instantly translated in my own private purview to a higher plane. I thenceforth thought of him always with a kind of reverence, as an individual somehow apart from the common, and I held this feeling about him up to the day of his death. It made each one of our meetings thereafter a little more memorable, and his death, which occurred only four years ago, something more than a personal loss. For how many men were still living who had sat in childhood upon that great knee or could even recall Thackeray distinctly? It is thus as the great figures fade out of contemporary life that we come to worship their manes; and to treasure every scrap of anecdote and reminiscence regarding them. And this is so in comparative degree only, regarding the lesser ones. The man who knows and remembers the shining lights of yesterday carries a treasure in his bosom richer than the gold of Ophir, and of a value that grows with the years.

I remember calling on Edmund Clarence Stedman nearly twenty years ago with a commission from Bob Davis of "Munsey's" to get the story of the old bohemian circle that used to gather in Pfaff's cellar saloon at the corner of Bleecker Street and Broadway in the Fifties and Sixties. That was the beginning of a concrete bohemian New York — our first real "circle" — and Bob Davis wanted the story badly and offered what even in these times would be regarded a liberal price for it. Of all that brilliant group which included — had it been only half a dozen years earlier it might have included Poe himself — Fitz James O'Brien, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Walt Whitman, George Arnold, Henry A. Clapp, the dean of drama critics of his day, and William Winter who was just beginning his career, only Stedman, William Winter, and old Tom Connery, longtime of the New York "Herald" staff, survived. Connery was believed to be alive still at nearly eighty somewhere in New York but could not be located. Winter had withdrawn into himself on Staten Island, and only Stedman was available. The banker-poet-critic, then living quietly in a very modest home on Sixty Seventh Street — alas! the thankless muse, whom he had too strictly meditated — received me with frank cordiality at the top of the stair opening on his study, but when I stated my mission his countenance changed at once. "That crowd!" he exclaimed. "I don't want my name mentioned in any such connection." That was that, but the dean of American letters asked me in to his sanctum and for two hours held me with the most brilliant and delightful talk I had ever heard.

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The incident was forgotten and I came away with the conviction that here was out and out the most distinguished man I had met in all my life. And that conviction persists to this day. Distinction clothed Stedman like a garment. It was in his face — he was one of the handsomest men of his time — in his look, in the gestures of his long tapering hands, in the brilliant effortless way in which he poured forth his sentences. There is a story of Dr. Holmes once sitting in a circle with Emerson, Whipple, Motley, and I think Longfellow. The talk reached a rapt plane, whereat Holmes suddenly held up a finger: "Gentlemen, we are talking print; this is worth ten dollars a page!" — a good rate for those days. Stedman's talk on that occasion was "print", even when he lapsed into purely personal details, as when he remarked sadly that he had not been able to afford a trip to Europe in eighteen years — think of the men he knew over there! I sat entranced and forgot that I had come as a reporter. As I have said, the incident was utterly forgotten. This is the only occasion on which I ever met Stedman, who was then an old man.

To return to the "Pfaff Circle" as it was called, its members certainly were, in the light of respectable present day literary gatherings, a lot of sad dogs. Dependent wholly on their writings, they were almost equally dependent on each other, and be it said they never belied their faith. With Fitz James O'Brien, the most brilliant member of the group, it was always a case of a feast or a famine. It is related of him that he used to borrow in turn the latch keys of more fortunate colleagues who had regular work at the time on the morning papers, so that he should be sure of a lodging for the night in periods when he had none. Yet O'Brien was writing "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wonder Smith" and was one of the most brilliant contributors to "Harper's" and "The Atlantic" of both prose and verse in those days. The circle had a large round table directly under the sidewalk of Broadway, and the beer flowed free and O'Brien smoked his famous big meerschaum, and song and jest filled the air. It was the American "Mermaid" or Ben Jonson's "Apollo". We have had imitations of it, but we shall probably never know its like again. Old Charley (Charles G.) Hurd, for twenty six years the literary editor of the Boston "Transcript", was a member of it in his youthful days, and every Friday evening in his last years he used to retire religiously and alone to Pfaff's basement saloon at the corner of Washington and Franklin Streets, and there do homage in drafts of honest beer to old memories. I have more than once joined him at this function. The local "Pfaff" was no direct relation of his great original, but the name was enough. These nightly meetings at the close of the day's, or night's, labor — for Pfaff's never shut its doors — were not all devoted to Gambrinus and Momus. Like the patrons of the "Mermaid", the men brought in their latest work, which was read and discussed as in the days of the mighty men of Elizabeth. Many of Aldrich's exquisite early effusions, poems of a delicacy, as Hawthorne afterward remarked, that he "scarcely dared to breathe on", were first heard across that table. Here came George Arnold, fresh from a short recuperative sojourn in the country — and the men of the pen used to need it in those days: "All brave fellows, and stiff drinkers", as Rabelais says — to read his "September", as fresh and beautiful today as when it was written, one of the

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immortal gems of American literature. Those were the old red-shirt, open-collar, hairy-throated days of Whitman, his best free-and-easy, let-the-world-go-hang period; he was a picturesque contribution to the general *mise en scène* and heartily welcomed, although it is stated that he was at this time rather reticent in his talk. Sometimes the circle included a woman or two, a kinsprit, and there is a record of a night when Ada Clare, the actress, the toast of Broadway, danced on the table and was duly elected "Queen of Bohemia".

This was our own "Vie de Bohème", the true Murger period. But with the death of O'Brien, a gallant fighting Irishman, at the beginning of the Civil War, and the translation of Aldrich and Clapp to Boston, it was gradually broken up. "Where are the men of the morning gone?"

With the wealth that the Civil War brought to what had already become a potential rival of Boston as a literary centre, the establishment of "Scribner's" and other first class magazines, and the growth of the publishing industry in general, New York was gradually settling down to quieter ways; and its "Bohemians" began to grow "respectable". Other coteries of various types were formed; for who is more gregarious than your literary man and your artist? Oliver Wendell Holmes once spoke of their social meetings — but he was speaking of Boston — as "Mutual Admiration Societies". And so indeed they got to be in degree even in New York, and so they persist to this day. But Pfaff's was gone, and Pfaff's remains — an immortal, an ineffable tradition!

One such brilliant group included Brander Matthews, then writing under the pen name of "Arthur Penn" and fresh from college — I wonder if the old gentleman can recall the first lines of a poem of his which I found in my own number of "Puck" in the year 1875 and which I at least shall never forget:

> We are of those made glad when cabmen call
> Saying "Coupé? Ride over Sir, to-night?"
> Deem we some grace least known to us all
> Makes us seem swells unto the vulgar sight.

This is all I can recall, alas! but the last line — he was describing his brothers in toil:

> The Day and (K)night companions of the pen!

There is a fine echoing pathos in this which denotes truly enough the path to Parnassus in those days.

This group included, besides our eminent grammarian, H. C. Bunner, R. K. Munkittrick (ineffable jester!), B. B. Valentine, A. E. Lancaster, Julian Magnus; and Joseph Keppler, C. J. Taylor, and F. Opper among the artists. These were the members of the staff that made "Puck" famous, and they lunched daily together in a great and glittering beer hall across from the Puck Building on Houston Street. It was a rare sight for a youngster to see them there. I myself, then in my callow teens, living in Rochester, New York, had tried a few jokes on "Puck" which went very well; and had once — O memorable day! — received a four page letter written in his own beautiful script from H. C. Bunner regarding a literary topic upon which I had stirred his soul, apparently to the depths. The matter was this: I, a boy of fifteen, had been reading about Beau Brummell and was struck with the adaptability of this glittering figure to the stage. So I wrote Bunner asking if he knew of any efforts. He replied, giving me full information which included only the short piece by Blanchard Jerrold in "French's Stand-

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ard Drama"; but adding earnestly at the close that if I had "any dramaturgical intentions I might find another Richmond in the field", meaning himself. I have often wondered if Bunner ever attempted the topic. It was in the air indubitably, for only four or five years afterward Clyde Fitch burst upon the town with his "Beau Brummell".

When I came down to New York full of ambition in the summer of 1881 it was but natural that the first man I called on should be Bunner. "Puck" was then in an old building way downtown. I shall never forget him as he came downstairs to meet me that hot day in midsummer. If ever a man looked like work — and overwork — it was he. Thin to emaciation almost (in his shirt sleeves), pale, bald, hollow eyed, he glared kindly at me through great spectacles and asked my mission. I propounded at once the GREAT QUESTION: how should a tyro begin a literary career in New York? His answer was concrete of common sense: "Write about anything! Write about anything you are interested in." The rest was up to providence. We have correspondence courses that teach even fiction today, but I don't think the best of them has ever exceeded this golden maxim. Bunner himself was a shining example. He lived his creed to the limit. The most brilliant literary journalist of his day, he produced in his short life an amount of really superlative work that seems incredible. He was during his long connection with "Puck" the very soul of the periodical, and he gave it an international reputation. I remember the late William James once remarking to me in Cambridge that his brother Henry sent him "Punch" regularly but that he really preferred "Puck". Bunner not only wrote the weekly editorials for "Puck" but contributed a large proportion of the special features, poems, skits, short stories, in endless profusion. And he kept all this up for fifteen years, and in addition produced novels and volumes of verse that are a part of American literature. I shall always wonder if he ever tried "Beau Brummell", in which event he might quite probably have beaten Clyde Fitch at his own game and acquired that fortune which would have prolonged his life. It is melancholy to reflect that so remarkable a man might have been alive today; he would be no older than his early colleague Brander Matthews who is still going strong, and who I know laments him as much as I do. The man was made for literature — what marvelous verses he has written — but sheer devotion to the duty of the hour killed him. He is the most shining example in this particular genre that the history of American letters can produce.

The melancholy figure of Bunner recalls the equally melancholy presentment, as to the outward man, of Eugene Field. Tall, pale, emaciated in face and figure, and prematurely bald — the gods were not good to Field in the matter of looks. Yet he married one of the handsomest young women I have ever seen. I shall not forget seeing them together in a stage box at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago in 1885, on the night of a première. What a contrast — and yet what a pair! Field was fully conscious of his lack of personal beauty, but it never bothered him in the least. He simply turned it into fun. He had a small compartment to himself partitioned off from the big writing room up five flights of stairs on the "Daily News", and here his first act of the day was to take off his coat, vest, and trousers and solemnly array himself in a black and white stripe

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convict suit which his friend the warden of the State Penitentiary at Joliet had sent him at his request. It was a perfectly good convict suit and very comfortable to work in. Field wore it simply as a joke on himself. He always declared that he looked like a convict, and he wanted to dress like the character, at least during office hours. "Sharps and Flats", which became internationally famous, was turned out in this costume for several years. And Field always wrote on blue paper — the sheets were large note size and his handwriting was very small and beautiful — in red ink. In the whole history of the trade of writing this figure is probably unique. And all his eccentricities were perpetrated in a spirit of pure humor.

By the spring of 1893 Eugene Field had achieved a definite mark as a man of letters. His verses and his stories published by the Scribners had brought him nation wide fame. But so far as his "mug" was concerned he still shrank from publicity, and the features of the author of "Little Boy Blue" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales" were unknown to the general public. I was working on the "Figaro" then, a Chicago weekly of humor and gossip, when my editor called me in one day and asked me to try and get a photograph of Eugene Field. He warned me that it would be very difficult, perhaps impossible, since the only man who could supply it would be Field himself. But the paper must have it. I went over to the "Daily News" and was told that it was the humorist's lunch hour, but that I should very likely just about then find him browsing among the old books under the stairway in McClurg's bookstore, one of his favorite haunts. As I approached I recognized the gaunt figure of Field bending over the rows of books. It was the time of all times to catch him in a propitious mood, and the event proved the omen. Straightening up as I came over to him and extending a hand in his slow kindly fashion, he inquired what I wanted. I held out the card of the "Figaro" with my own name on the corner of it. A slow smile spread over his face as he held the card out from him, studying my name. "French! French!" he repeated. "I owe a great deal to that name. What can I do for you?" I told him as easily as I could that I very much wanted his picture for the "Figaro". "Well, well!" The effort cost him a struggle but the sentiment of the moment was too powerful. "You shall have it!" And the "Figaro" published the following week what, so far as I know, was the first picture printed of Eugene Field. After that ordeal he was not so reluctant and his face became generally known. This was the whole of my interview with Field, but I learned afterward that as a child of two years he had been sent east to the care of an aunt, Mary French, in Massachusetts and that he grew up under her. Thus was the debt acknowledged and finally paid for a name's sake. Field has had his personal detractors, yet I do not think anything more fully reveals the true character of the man than this experience which is here set down for the first time in print.

To revert to the exquisite *manes* of Edgar Saltus might seem like declining (as himself, the genius of paradox, might have said) from the humorous to the sublime. I knew him only in the later years. In his youth he was a mystery. Haunting the clubs, the social and literary circles, for he had entrance anywhere, he was more or less of a social problem. Prim mamas used to shake their side curls at him: "That clever Saltus! Be careful,

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Mabel." And he wandered up and down, from the gilded homes of the aristocrats to — what! It was whispered in Mayfair, "the lower haunts of the Bowery". He bore himself always like a knight with his lance couched in rest not to conserve but to capture the first maiden; a cynic; a philosopher; a mystic perhaps. But always and everywhere the ineffable Saltus. A life, I have always thought, lived to the full, its object being first life, and then some expression — literature in his case. This I believe was Saltus, and when I met him in his decline, handsome still with that distinctive handsomeness that all the years could not quite steal from him, I was not particularly surprised that the author of the "Philosophy of Disenchantment" croaked a frankly pessimistic note about everything.

"Quoth the Raven nevermore!" This philosophy of disenchantment I think somehow was his own. I tried him as a mystic once thereafter; just before he died — he was always interested in the unseen — I propounded a proposition of personal experience, my own, out of the dark realms. He listened naively yet eagerly, but shook his head. "It's not provable", he said. And so he declined a few months after into the shades, knowing yet unknowing, perhaps our most genuine artist in letters of them all.

POPPIES AND POINSETTIAS

By Claude McKay

POINSETTIAS in the high Jamaica hills,
Red leaf and green above the yellow soil,
And the unending drone of bees that fills
The air with music mingling with the toil

Of half nude peasants wielding pick and hoe,
Chantying at their labor in the sun:
"Sing Sally-O-Gal-O! sing Sally-O!
Work's more than man, but work must needs be done!"

I thought that no imaginable red
Could pour so pure, so magical a potion,
So lovely and so rich a hue could shed,
To hold the heart in tremulous emotion;

But in the soil of song and warm desires,
I have seen poppies, poppies, rioting —
Burning across the fields like prairie fires!
I have seen poppies in Provence in spring!

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CORSICAN VOCERI

By Helen Nutting

With Woodcuts by Anne Merriman Peck

IN Corsica, a country easily reached by boat from Marseilles or Livorno, or by aeroplane from Nice, very old customs persist. True, Corsicans come by thousands to live on the Continent, going back to spend their holidays in the villages. Still, in the mountains where deep ravines separate people, where one small cluster of houses faces another across a chasm so immense that the roar of a torrent is lost far below, a primitive spirit survives. Among the old survivals is that of the *vocero*, a lament made at funerals by women with the gift of improvisation.

Death in Corsica is a great presence. Everywhere in the maqui, a strong growth which corresponds to our chaparral, are tombs of the rich, beside the road or high on the hills, two storied and domed, with pillars and portico, backed by cypresses, grave dignified houses for the family dead. The graves of the humble stray beyond the precincts of the churchyard to nestle at the corner of a road, or in groups on olive shaded slopes.

The vendetta and the bandit have not disappeared, death at times strikes swiftly; and some of the *voceri* are appeals for vengeance. It is said that this feature distinguishes them from the death songs of Greece and Rome and Spain, to which they bear a great resemblance. These only bewailed the dead; the Corsican laments are made to excite the passions of the living as well. Where death has come by violence, the *voceratrice* sometimes displays a pagan fierceness worthy of a savage, and it is easy to understand her influence. She will cry:

> True, death
> Is common to all,
> But in this death
> There is something special!

Sometimes she outdoes the men in her desire for reprisals, and taunts them into action:

> If I do not see his vendetta,
> Better I had not been baptized!
>
> . . .
>
> What do you wait for
> O Chec' Anton,
> Tear out the entrails
> Of the Riciottu and Mascarone!
>
> . . .
>
> Why wait, Juvan Pè?
> Put on your Trojan arms!
>
> . . .
>
> O Dummè my cousin!
> Arm yourself, make them afraid;
> They have boasted in the Piazza,
> They have said that you were old,
> And to the menace of a woman
> They give no heed!

On the other hand, for a natural death the *voceri* are often full of naive and even beautiful imagery.

A number of *voceri* have been handed down orally, since their composers could not write, being unlearned in everything but the fundamentals of life, birth and death, love and hate, and the hard struggle for food. From

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their mountains the Corsicans have looked upon the plain of waters separating them from the mainland of Italy, from which came rulers and foes; or westward toward Spain; or south to the land of the Saracens — all enemies. For Corsica was the Cinderella of the Mediterranean, her coasts were always raided and her people despoiled. They have had a store of hate to harden their hearts. The crowning insult is implied in this cry:

Did you take me for a Turkish woman,
Come from Barbary!

The *voceratrice* often sweeps into the lament with a force which makes it live, as in the three following examples:

When I was weaving
I heard a great noise,
The sound of a gun
That entered my heart,
As if someone cried, "Run!
Your brother is dead."

. . .

I would that my voice
Were strong as the thunder,
That it might cross
The defiles of Vizzavona
To make known to all
The great deed of Gallonu.

. . .

I left the Calanches
At four in the morning,
I went with a torch
To search all the gardens,
To hunt for my father;
But they had done him to death!

A Corsican woman told me that the effect of these *voceri* on her was so powerful that for many years she had not attended funerals. The last she had seen was of a young girl, laid out on a table, surrounded by wailing women. What affected her most was the direct address, as if the dead could hear and answer. "*Je n'aime pas ça, je pleure, je pleure*", she exclaimed.

This woman's aunt is a *voceratrice*, the last in that neighborhood. Death has taken her husband and seven children. Now she follows Death about, upbraids him, accuses God and the Saints; says if her loved ones were good people in heaven they would not be cruel. She keeps their fine clothes in a closet, takes them out, dainty chemises and ribbons, begs the dead to come back and put them on. And in spite of this she is very much alive, visits the rich and entertains them at table with her tales, takes a keen interest in politics, rides down from her hill village to her vineyards in the plains, and all along the way people beg her to come in and talk with them and have coffee. When young she was a coquette, wore a skirt with three flounces which rustled when she walked, and a black ribbon floating round her neck. She remembers this, but lives now with the memory of her dead and thoughts of death.

These are the old funeral rites of Corsica: A dead man is laid on a table or bier, wearing the gown of his order, his face exposed, his chin bound up with kerchief or ribbon, feet and hands carefully placed together. The mourners assembled, the family recite a rosary and then begin to move around the bier in a rhythmic dance called the Caracolu —

Make the great circle
And the great Caracolu.

They pause, balance, and go on, chanting and uttering piercing cries, tears streaming.

Then the *voceratrice* steps forward and begins her lament, interrupted now and then by cries of "*Dih! dih! dih!*" The brotherhoods come in from neighboring villages carrying lighted tapers, wearing long white gowns and peaked hoods with eyeholes; they lift the bier and carry the dead man to his grave. The mystery of death, the drama of separation and grief, are heightened by this ceremonial, the smoking tapers, and the shrouded men looking like links between living and dead. Some-

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"The voceratrice goes before, chanting"

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times the *voceratrice* goes before, still chanting, and addressing people by the way.

A young girl is laid before the doorstep of her home, dressed in her best with rouge on her face, surrounded by her girl friends; she is implored to rise, to speak to them. In the "Death of Maria" we have this scene described:

Come, let me get past,
Close to my daughter.
I seem to see her
Laid out on a table
And they have tied
Her chin with a kerchief.

Do you not see
Your companions around you
Sad and despairing!
Speak to them once
And give consolation!

A young friend says:

Oh, Maria, tell me
What is your sickness?
Where did you find
Death, oh dear one?

There is a fragment from the lament on the death of a young man, sorrowful and gentle:

They who shall most bewail you
Shall be your five dear sisters;
They are flowering in San Patru,
They are like five stars clustered;
Look upon them this morning,
Their hearts are black with mourning.

The line "to search all the gardens" would not be understood by one who had not seen the Corsican hills. The gardens are often widely separated patches stolen from the maqui and planted with citrons, figs, and vines, corn and vegetables, far from a man's house or village. So that a search through the gardens might take hours of climbing.

Reference is often made to the *faldetta;* it is a full pleated skirt, very long in the back and split at the sides, so that in time of mourning the train can be lifted and drawn over the head like a hood.

The waxen funeral tapers are called *cola,* and a line in an old song says, "*La noce sera la cola*", that is, the wedding candles shall light the funeral bier.

If the Corsican of today seems gentle and supine, accustomed to a life of ease through contact with the Continent, there is yet an atavism holding him strongly to the traditions and emotions of his fathers. I once heard a celebrated Corsican guitarist play the *Lamento.* It began with a deep solemn chord, four times repeated with long pauses between; there followed a delicate passage of high notes like a sighing in the air; again the four deep chords, and again the soft passage as of voices whispering under the ceiling. From this introduction it swept into music full of passion and solemnity.

VOCERO OF A ZUCHARELLI

For the Murder of Her Father

I LEFT the Calanches
At four in the morning;
I went with a torch
To search all the gardens,
To hunt for my father;
But they had done him to death!

[*She meets a person hunting for a corpse.*]

Climb up further,
There is Matteo;
This one is my father,
It is I must weep for him.

Up, take this hammer,
This apron and trowel!
Will you not go, Father,
To work at San Marcellu?
They have felled my father
And wounded my brother.

Go, find my scissors,
Bring them here quickly,
I will cut off my hair
To stop up these wounds;
With my father's blood
I have covered my fingers.

With your blood, oh Father,
I will stain me a cloth,
I will wear it round my neck
When tempted to laugh.

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I climbed by the Calanches,
I went by Santa Croce,
Always calling, Father!
Let me hear a voice answer!
They have crucified him
Like Christ on the cross.

VOCERO OF A SISTER

I WOULD that my voice
Were strong as the thunder,
That it might cross
The defiles of Vizzavona
To make known to all
The great deed of Gallonu.

All from Incu of Mazza
Banded together
With the barbarian race
Of soldiers and bandits,
Early in the morning
They suddenly departed;

To the sound of the pipe,
Of the Cialambetro
All united,
Wolves against lambs,
When they came to the mountain
They cut your throat.

When the news was brought
I went to the window
Asking, "What news?"
"Dead is thy brother,
Of him in the mountain
They have made a killing."

Useless thine arquebus,
Useless thy gun,
Useless thy dagger,
Useless thine incantations,
Useless thy prayers
Holy and sincere.

Seeing you wounded
My grief welled up,
Why not reply to me?
Had you no heart for it?
Cani, heart of thy sister,
Thy color is changed.

You of the great shoulders,
You of the slim waist,
Like you is none other,
You, like a flowering branch;
Cani, heart of thy sister,
They bereft you of life.

In the land of Mazza
I will plant a black thorn,
So that none of our race
May ever pass through it,
For not one, two or three,
But seven were against one.

At the foot of this young chestnut
I will set up my bed,
Because here, my brother,
They fired into your breast:
I will leave off my skirts,
Arm with gun and stiletto,

I will strap on the carcera,
I will buckle on pistol;
Cani, heart of thy sister,
I will make your vendetta.

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THE LONDONER

The Spring Publishing Season a Good One — "The Cantab" and the Public Prosecutor — Authors and Libel Actions — Authors and Charity — Anthony Trollope's Son — Lord Oxford and the Classics — What Prisoners Read

LONDON, *May* 1, 1926.

I THINK there can be no doubt that the spring publishing season has been among the most interesting within my memory. This is a handsome admission, but when one contemplates three books alone, any one of which would have sufficed to give distinction to the season, the fact will stand clear. I refer to "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House", "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh", and the "Pepys Correspondence". The first named has had in England the best press of any book I can recall. It has been enthusiastically acclaimed as the finest book about the wartime period, the only dissentients being the papers owned by Lord Rothermere. The second, a rare book, has established a man whose reputation was never quite appreciated by those familiar only with his literary essays (I recall listening, for example, to the effort made by the late T. J. Cobden-Sanderson to read aloud the essay on Wordsworth, and the impatience with which all the hearers begged that some other book might be substituted), who were also unfamiliar with the little book which he wrote on "England and the War". Raleigh was evidently a very much abler man than his essays on Wordsworth, Stevenson, and Style allowed one to perceive. His letters reveal the man of whom his friends and pupils spoke with such admiration. As for the Pepys book, I do not know what to say of it. That it was not another volume of the incomparable Diary is true; but it furnished material of tremendous value for the rectification of all false ideas regarding Pepys. False ideas regarding Pepys have been decreasing in volume for some years, owing to the valuable work of the more recent English and American scholars in the seventeenth century field; but there are still some who look upon him as merely a sensual trifler, vain and contemptible. The recent "ballad opera" called "Mr. Pepys", which has attracted many people to the theatre in the last few weeks, is an example of injustice altogether too common. It struck me as an unpardonably feeble production until the last act, which was brightened by an ingenious puppet show; and it remained throughout a caricature the more unjust because it was not in itself amusing. Had Clifford Bax really understood Pepys, he might have made of him something more than a watery Macheath, because the life and character of Pepys would afford material for a magnificent play by any modern Shakespeare. Indeed, how any man of intelligence, who had read the Diary attentively, and who had made the smallest excursion into the contemporary social history, could allow himself to furnish so insipid a text to a play which was not even witty, passes my comprehension. I know that there exists a poor little curtain raiser about Doctor

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Johnson, in which the most memorable incident is the spitting out by Johnson of some food he does not fancy; but this does not seem to be a good model to follow. After seeing "Mr. Pepys" (I mean the "ballad opera" of that name, and not Dr. Tanner's charming volume with the same title), it is essential that one should turn again to the Diary itself, or to the Pepys Correspondence — for preference, the latter.

These volumes, as I say, would in themselves make the season a notable one; but there have been other features which would support the claim even if the three books to which I have drawn attention had been reserved for seasons barren of good books. We have had, for example, John Masefield's new novel, which I have not yet read. There have been new novels by C. E. Montague, Donn Byrne, Compton Mackenzie, Lord Dunsany, and others. A larger number of American books have been published, I surmise, than have ever previously been seen in any one English publishing season, from "Thunder on the Left" to "The Venetian Glass Nephew". And the general standard of non-fiction has been extremely high. That is, I have been able to read our critical journals (not for the sake of their appraisements, but for the advertisements and news of new books) with the confidence that if I had the time I should find unlimited entertainment everywhere. This seems to me to be a fact worth remarking, since it is generally the case that one reads title after title with a sinking heart, and with the words "Nothing for me" forming dolefully in one's mind. If we can have a spring season so interesting, what may not the autumn hold? I observe, too, that the "best sellers" are "best selling" better than ever before. Gilbert Frankau (who has left for America in order to tell the Americans how prosperous England is) has had his biggest success here with a work called "Masterson". He has been closely followed by Major Geoffrey Moss with "Whipped Cream", a successor to "Sweet Pepper". And it would appear, from reviews, since I have not read the books themselves, that there have been several most promising first novels. J. C. Squire has committed himself to the statement that "Lord George Sanger's '70 Years a Showman' is as exciting as any novel". And one novel has been withdrawn from circulation at the urgent request of the Public Prosecutor, which seems to show that it must have been more exciting than most novels, and perhaps more exciting than even a volume of reminiscences. So it will be evident to my readers (such of them as have not been upon the spot, to see the facts for themselves) that we have had something which may with truth be called a season.

* * * *

The suppression, or rather the enforced withdrawal, of "The Cantab", has several aspects. The passages in the book which were given as the cause of the police action were certainly very objectionable. They described with peculiar emotion the sexual relations or the conversation preceding the sexual relations of two uninteresting young people. But I fancy that what gave the greatest offense was the fact that the book contained unkind portraits of living people, and that it gave a most unpleasant picture of life at Cambridge University. The sexual passages were incidental only: there can have been no suggestion that the book was pornographic as a whole. Therefore I regret the prosecution, without questioning whether it was or

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was not in the public interest. I regret all prosecutions of authors, because I feel that any fear which restrains a writer from setting down what seems to him to be the truth must in the long run be bad for creative literature. At present we have in England a particularly active Home Secretary (may I say that to me he appears a perfect busybody?) whose belief in the freedom of the individual is tenuous. He is clearly a sincere man, and I must suppose him to be able; but I regret to see that he has under consideration new regulations for the Dramatic Censorship, and he has been receiving deputations from various anti vice societies in a spirit which I regard as altogether too encouraging for the comfort of authors who love truth. And although I am not myself a libertine or a libertarian, I object to the censoring of my fellow writers on principle, just as I object to legislative interference with private morals. The less we have of such interference the better.

* * * *

Lord Gorell has lately failed to carry through the House of Lords a bill for the protection of authors against those who bring libel actions because their names have been accidentally given to fictitious characters. At one time this kind of libel action was a distinct danger, but I fancy the danger has now ceased to be very acute. George Moore, however, was a severe sufferer, because a man using as a pseudonym the name "Lewis Seymour" claimed to have been injured by a republication of Mr. Moore's novel about another person of the same name; and other writers from time to time have had annoying trouble. There was, I believe, a novel published during the period of the epidemic of such cases in which all the characters bore the names of well known writers. The object of this book was to ridicule the whole business, and it may have done its share in checking the disease. A check even more powerful was the fact that judges discouraged the wretches who saw a chance of making money by such means. However, the introduction of Lord Gorell's bill, and its rejection, have stimulated London underwriters to devise a form of insurance against claims taken upon such grounds. The idea, according to the account in the London "Times", is

> to indemnify a novelist or playwright to the extent of 90 per cent. of the legal costs he may incur in successfully defending any law suit brought as the result of his using the name of a living person, or the reproduction of any plot, scene, or incident, from the published or unpublished works of any other person.
>
> There is a provision in the terms of the policy that no claim shall be paid unless the verdict is entirely in favour of the assured. The underwriters also protect themselves by a provision that the policy shall be rendered void if the assured makes any claim knowing it to be "false or fraudulent as regards amount or otherwise". A provision that the assured shall bear himself 10 per cent. of each claim is a further safeguard that misuse shall not be made of the indemnity.
>
> The premium is to be an annual one and is to be dependent on the varying circumstances, such as the standing of the author or playwright and, in the case of the former, on the extent of the circulation of his works. The idea seems to be a development of the system of insurance, long in existence, for the protection of newspapers against libels innocently published.

I do not really see why such insurance should be necessary, because common sense would prevent reputable solicitors from undertaking frivolous cases; but I believe that the real danger is of the commencement of an action which can or cannot be sustained, the acquittal of the author, and the disappearance or insolvency of the claimant. In such cases the author, although innocent, has to pay the charges incurred in defending the action. It is this that is

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the really vexatious part of the business, since otherwise the book against which a charge was brought might enjoy quite a fair amount of free advertisement. To vary a common saying, the Author Pays. . . .

* * * *

The author, poor creature, does seem to pay on most occasions. A. A. Milne was not long ago complaining of the meagre fees offered by the British Broadcasting Company to authors whose works they want to broadcast; and this complaint is one which all who write any sort of books or plays will endorse. The fees are extremely ridiculous, ranging from half a guinea per 100 lines of a poem, to a couple of guineas for a whole act of a play. For some reason the author is considered fair game by all charitable institutions and semi charitable institutions, individuals with time upon their hands, individuals anxious to gain credit by means of the activities of others, etc. What the claims made upon authors of great notoriety may be I do not know; but even in my own case they are intolerable. Hardly a day passes without my receiving an appeal for help from some organization or some individual. On one day it is a former journalist who has had a poisoned hand for months, whose scrofulous wife is just on the point of having a fifth baby, and so on. On another it is an ingenuous young woman from the western states of America who wants my favorite recipe (especially if I happen to cook the dish myself), and hopes by means of contributions from myself and a hundred or two others to pay her college fees. On a third day I receive an understamped letter from Belgium, upon which I have to pay good money, and find that it contains a request for an autograph. Bazaars are daily, and all would be so greatly improved by a copy of one of my works, autographed, for the book stall. I am to buy the book, write in it, post it, and receive a further circular of thanks. Nobody wants to pay me or give me anything for writing books. All think that since I write books I must have thousands of pounds to spend upon helping others. I wish I had. It is a fond wish of mine that some millionaire will one day recognize my love of ease and will make me a present of forty thousand pounds. But I do not write around to millionaires. I have only once suggested to one of them that he should give me twenty thousand pounds, and he refused upon the grounds that it would not be good for me or for the world that read my books. But there has recently come — for all this time I have been leading up to something more than the casual complaints of the disgruntled — an appeal which I must admit has torn my heart. Of all people in the world who are entitled to our help and sympathy I suppose the blind and the deaf make the most eager claim. They at least can be helped, and should be helped, because while there are institutions which take care of the sick and the diseased, to whose funds we all more or less automatically contribute, the blind and the deaf are by way of being individuals in their deprivation, and they have personal claims upon our sympathy. Any one of us might be blind or deaf, and we can very easily picture what would be our own sensations in face of such permanent disablement. As one who has exceptionally good eyesight, but who was half deafened in childhood by illness, I am particularly sensitive to claims made on behalf of either of these two classes. The provision of reading matter for

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the blind I regard as one of the most urgent charities in existence. But a short time ago I received an appeal, as I have said, which tore my heart and my mind. It was from a lady who said that the great Library for the Blind was badly in need of a second copy of one of my own books, which would cost eight pounds to manufacture, and would I contribute this amount, or some amount toward this cost. Now it is true that I am proud that any of my books should be thought likely to console blind persons, but I think there are many books in existence which would console and entertain the blind more than any one of my own. I did in fact make that observation in sending the eight pounds asked for, and I further said that I thought the appeal should not have been made to me. It is very well to appeal to rich men for money, and if I were a rich man I would gladly contribute large sums to all such good works. But when one is a comparatively poor author, whose life is given up to the writing of books, should the writing of the books not be one's contribution to such charities? To bazaars, for example? To the collectors of autographs, who do not even send stamps or international postage coupons for reply? All such claimants think of themselves as unique: they do not realize that, collectively, they form a crowd. The author is to give and give, and is to find time for correspondence (I did actually receive in the last year no fewer than five communications from strangers in several parts of the world who proposed that I should enter into regular correspondence with them because they happened to like my books or my articles or my face), for the provision of information concerning himself and others, visits from strangers, and so on, and at the same time to pay his taxes, his servants, his bills, and write books in such odd moments as are left of his days. Well does a writer upon this subject in the London "Daily Mirror" say that "the B.B.C. are following a familiar precedent which insists that an artist or a writer ought to work for nothing, or for very little, if the 'cause' is good — for instance, if the 'little ones' like to listen to him over the wireless, or if the interests of charities, or of patriotism, or of virtue demand concessions from him. . . . Do not literary men have to live? Yes, but (the view is) they ought to live only out of work done in the intervals of working for charity."

* * * *

The thought that writers must live is one which is abhorrent to the amateur. I am reminded of this very forcibly by the recent death, at the age of eighty, of the eldest son of Anthony Trollope. It was this son who was responsible for the publication of Trollope's autobiography, which instantly killed the reputation of Anthony Trollope, already in a decline through Trollope's overproduction. That autobiography, which offended only through truthfulness, was received by the writers of independent means with great indignation; and I think it has ever since given such writers a stick with which to beat the professionals. As I have made clear in these pages before now, I do not think there is any disgrace involved in the commercial success of one's writings, and certainly it was not disgraceful that Trollope should have had commercial success. What confounded all the dilettanti (and what, I must confess, confounds me at this moment) was the evidence that Trollope wrote with a watch upon his desk, and wrote

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so many words in so many minutes. I see nothing disgraceful in doing this; but I must express my awe in face of the fact that with such a method Trollope maintained so high a level of execution. Anybody can write 250 words in a quarter of an hour. I think Sir Philip Gibbs once told me that as a war correspondent he attained a speed of 2,000 words an hour. But the regularity, day after day, of 250 words every quarter of an hour, when invention, characterization, and even imagination are involved, is superhuman. I am amazed, not by the industry, but by the gift. Others have seen in such regularity a prostitution. They hanker after artistry, which is a sort of veneer. They have compared Trollope's method with the method of Flaubert. Well, for me they may have Flaubert. I have never been able to read a novel by Flaubert, although I have read with delight the four volumes of his correspondence. On the other hand, I have the last year or two read — at times with boredom, but on the whole with great respect and admiration — more than a dozen of Trollope's very long stories. The thought that these were all written at a level rate of composition, with the object of making money, has never once obtruded itself. And now Trollope's son, who must have experienced distress at the consequence of his action in publishing the autobiography, and must have watched with arch hilarity (if he had any of his father's humor) the gradual rehabilitation of Trollope and his ascension to the rank of a lesser classic, is dead; and we await Michael Sadleir's official biography, and Mr. Walpole's volume in the English Men of Letters Series, with the assurance that both writers are above being shocked at the indiscretions of the autobiography. By the way, I must mention here a curious experience of my own. During my recent travels in Europe I met a very quaint little English old maid, a great Trollopian. One day I saw her carrying John Galsworthy's "The Country House". I asked if she liked it. "Yes", she said. "I like it. But it's very slow after *Trollope!*"

* * * *

Lord Oxford within the past fortnight has been making some literary pronouncements which, because Lord Oxford has been a great and famous political figure, have attracted considerable attention. A great literary figure Lord Oxford has never been. He has not been a literary figure in the sense that Lord Rosebery or Lord Bryce or Lord Balfour or even Mr. Churchill has been a literary figure. But he has announced to the Classical Association of Scotland that men "could not know English or use English unless they had some adequate knowledge" of both Greek and Latin. And, within a few days, he has presented the Hawthornden Prize to the author of "Juno and the Paycock", who is an entirely uneducated dock laborer without knowledge of either Greek or Latin, and he has not hesitated to describe "Juno and the Paycock" as a "great play", and as the greatest play written for many years. I am reminded that of one who is regarded as the greatest writer so far produced by the English genius it was said by another classical scholar that he had "small Latin and less Greek". Perhaps Lord Oxford is a Baconian? I shall never believe it. And so long as those who have had no classical training continue to produce great plays, which I take to be in the domain of great literature, I shall believe that it is an exaggeration to say that men cannot know English or use English unless

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they have some adequate knowledge of both Greek and Latin. It must be borne in mind that English is a living language, and that the knowledge of dead languages is no guarantee of proficiency in the use of words. It has been my fortune to scan the writing of several men who write English as a dead language, whose knowledge of grammatical rules is exact and painstaking, and whose sentences are deplorable exhibitions of the way in which English should not be written. I am not a bigot in this matter, and I wish that circumstances had allowed me the privilege of a classical education. But since few of the more noted among modern writers have had a classical education I am content to feel that a classical education does not make a good writer, and that the lack of it does not stultify the imagination. I would rather have been Shakespeare, whose Latin seems to go no further than that of elementary textbooks, than Ben Jonson. I would rather have been Dickens, who was no pedant, than (let us say) Landor. Or Keats, who got his classics out of Lemprière, than the most expert imitator of the antique. Nay, ignorant as I am even of the rudiments of English grammar, I would rather write as I do than write as I have seen some classical scholars write. At least what I say is intelligible to most of those who read it; and this is more than can be claimed upon behalf of the writing of most of those I have met who reduce English to a translation of the dead tongues. Ah, say the classicists, if you could enjoy the mystic superiority that I possess! But where, may I ask, is this superiority demonstrated? The classicists ignore the impertinent inquiry, and reiterate their claim to mystic superiority. What snobs they are! What educational snobs!

I have been reading with interest an article contributed to the "Manchester Guardian" by one who has spent some time in prison and who gives details of prison reading. After explaining the great hunger for books among those who are cut off from the ordinary life of human beings, and telling how it is possible to obtain the run of the prison library, the writer goes on to say that "in fiction the great and pressing demand is for books of intense human interest. . . . The works of Charles Dickens are always eagerly read, but Sir Walter Scott remains on the shelves in dusty retirement. Charles Reade and the Hocking brothers, together with Lord Lytton, Alexandre Dumas, Zane Grey and Ethel M. Dell are great favorites. A man who asks for H. G. Wells, George Gissing, Arnold Bennett, or G. K. Chesterton is a rarity. Among the younger men, Edgar Wallace, A. G. Hales, and Sax Rohmer are ever popular." Is not that a strange list? It seems remarkable that Dickens should continue to hold his place. It is quite as remarkable that other nineteenth century writers, such as Wilkie Collins or Thackeray, Hardy or Clark Russell, George Eliot or R. L. Stevenson, should not be so much as mentioned. I grant that it would always be easy to find omissions from any list of favorites; but "Lord Lytton, Alexandre Dumas, Zane Grey and Ethel M. Dell"! I can understand numbers two and three — and even the first three; but the fourth! The mention of Miss Dell is interesting in view of the fact that all the clever young ones have supposed Miss Dell to appeal only to spinsters who love passion in books because they can get no personal experience of it. The proof of the contrary is here.

SIMON PURE

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MAKING WORDS A WEAPON

A Talk with Gilbert Frankau

By Harold C. Burr

WHEN a best seller speaks it behooves literature to listen. Gilbert Frankau, the visiting English novelist, thinks that the oddly assorted twain have more in common than is generally supposed. He writes the first and discourses upon the second, although, in his own words, he is the world's worst novel reader.

He has been in this country lecturing, making friends, visiting our factories, law courts and prisons, speaking into the microphone, autographing books, attending the Chapman hanging, and looking to his literary fences generally. His American publishers have just brought out his new book, "Masterson".

Frankau does not pussyfoot. "The word is a weapon and should be kept sharp", is an epigram of his coinage. At the time of his arrival he was in the midst of an acrimonious debate by cable with George Bernard Shaw, and the youthful gladiator of the Anti-Socialists seemed to enjoy the combat of words hugely.

His talent is hereditary. For "Frank Danby", author of "Pigs in Clover", a best seller itself twenty years ago, was the pen name of his mother. When that good lady was dying she sent for the family solicitor and begged him always to look out for Gilbert, because he would never be able to earn two hundred pounds a year. But after spending a half hour with him you get the impression that his feet are solidly on the ground.

This British gentleman's speech is suave and punctiliously polite. He has a likable sort of accent and is careful of his idioms when conversing with an American. On the centre table of his hotel suite the roving eye of the interviewer saw a copy of that little book America has taken to its heart — "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". But do English gentlemen? However, matters of more import were afoot, and his day was all mapped out on a time schedule.

He has no patience with the platitude that good work in letters goes unrewarded financially. Moreover, it never was so. "That's all bosh", confidently declared the man whose eight books have sold half a million copies in England alone, "about the poor novelist. No great author ever starved in a garret. Disraeli earned ten thousand pounds — a lot of money when he lived. Homer was a best seller in his day and so was Virgil."

"But some writers boast that they write for the few and not for the many", mildly interpolated his interlocutor.

Frankau scotched that too. "Literature or any other art can't be the property of the few. The author's job is to please the generality of people. Authorship is not so much a function of the brain as it is of the heart. And the heart is a universal organ. I don't write for the professor but for his pupils."

"Then anything else is just a gesture?"

"Meredith is the only case I know

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who was sincere in that attitude." The tanned and kindly features wrinkled into a smile of remembrance behind the vapor from his black cigarette holder. "You know the story of the prizefight assignment he did for Swinburne. Swinburne was enthusiastic when he read it, said it was marvelous, that it would sweep the Empire. But Meredith immediately grew incensed at that prophecy and insisted upon doing the whole thing over again. He wasn't going to have the vulgar multitude pawing over what he'd written if he could help it."

Captain Frankau, who saw hot action at Loos, Ypres, and at the Somme, is still a young man. "I've been amazed and gratified", he said, "at the encouragement, the recognition, given to the young man here in America. At home you must become a legend before you get anywhere. The fledgling gets nothing but brickbats. Thomas Hardy's vogue is traceable to his longevity." But there was a twinkle in the Frankau eye as he said it.

Then came the inevitable question: "How do our novelists compare with yours on the other side?"

"Very well. You have just as good novelists as we have, certainly, but I'd say not as many. That is due to living conditions, don't you think so? Your writers simply don't bother to smooth the rough edges. My own novels I rewrite six times before I'm satisfied. The syndicate story I did for the American newspapers on the Chapman affair took me an hour and three quarters and was only eight hundred words. Your reporters finished long before I did and spoofed me terrifically."

When the remark was made that the Great American Novel could never be done, he quickly disagreed. "It can", he contradicted with animation. "But it will be polyglot. I should like to do it myself", wistfully. Frankau was not boastful. Even when he talks of his own substantial success his manner is modestly apologetic. He seems to have a fear of being misunderstood in that quarter.

"Have you a favorite American author?"

"I like Edith Wharton the best. And James Branch Cabell, although he is not strictly a novelist but a satirist." He grew vague at the mention of Sherwood Anderson, but brightened at Booth Tarkington's name. "He wrote 'Penrod', didn't he? Penrod was adorable. Tarkington put a lot of America into that boy. I liked 'So Big' also. There was a best seller that was basically literature."

"Do you believe the two terms are interchangeable?"

"Why not? Why shouldn't a best seller be as well done as a worst seller? My theory of the novel is that it should primarily be a story, and comprehensible; that it should uplift. I believe in simplicity of style and plot — with this reservation: modern life and thought are more complex today than they were formerly. Don't forget that."

"Still, you are out of sympathy with the freak literature that is appearing so frequently?"

"Absolutely! But I'm not arguing for the so called 'clean book'. Virtue and vice must both be painted but vice *as vice*. Psychology is all very well, yet it should be kept in its place. After all, it's merely part of the story, not the whole of it. It's in every worthwhile book of fiction. If you want to be a May Sinclair, why not write a treatise and be done with it! You see", he concluded whimsically, "I'm an old fashioned author."

"Are we to infer from that that you consider the old books the best?"

"I'm not posterity. And posterity

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alone must be the judge" — with the decision of caution. "The novel of the future may be depicted on the screen. It may be Cosmo Hamilton's radio novel. Who knows?"

Perhaps Frankau will best be remembered as a novelist, but his second book was in verse, and some of his war poems have been praised. "But verse, so to speak, is undemocratic", he says. "The novel is the universal medium. And it ought to be long. A good novel is rarely short. That is the secret of Dickens's surviving popularity."

It is on publication day that an author sweats great drops of blood. "Like as not he walks the streets, wanting to run up to perfectly strange people, shouting that they must buy his book. It's knowing he can't recall a word in it, I expect. You know he's lived with it for such a long while, hated it, loved it, thought it dull, thrilling. He's dreamed about it, even prayed for it. And of course judged it. I've been through it all more than once."

"But isn't he too close to sit in judgment? He can't get perspective."

"A writer who can't sit in judgment on his own work is as useless as a cook who doesn't taste her own sauces."

Rudyard Kipling has written the best short stories. Nor does Frankau support the contention that Kipling should have stopped writing ten years ago. "Did you read his 'The Irish Guards in the Great War'?" confidently. "That is the greatest story of a regiment ever written." Fannie Hurst's short stories seem to have second place in his affections.

But Frankau is not always so enthusiastic about his contemporaries. If there is one he dislikes professionally more than another it is H. G. Wells. "Wells is the worst overrated literary man of all ages", he damns him sweepingly. "He started off as a fine story teller and ends the muddled political thinker! Success destroyed him. Neither Wells nor Shaw is really a representative Englishman. Americans ought to realize that. Galsworthy? Ah, there is a great novelist! And the same is true of Arnold Bennett." A friend from home had just told him a good story on Shaw. "It seems one of your American girls had been interviewing the Irish playwright and hadn't got a very scintillating story. 'Oh yes, I knew he was a vegetarian', she said disdainfully in retailing her experiences, 'by the banana skins on the rug!'" It tickled Frankau.

At this juncture the conversation grew still more personal. "Can a critic make or break a book, Captain Frankau?"

Frankau remained calm, disconcertingly so. "They have no effect on book sales in England. I will say that American reviewers — and now we are speaking of fiction — are much better. That may be because they are not so overworked. A British critic handles from a hundred to a hundred and fifty books a week. Personally, I've always been treated extraordinarily well by them on both sides of the water — except when we clashed politically. But then isn't the public the last word? You, as a reviewer yourself, won't mind my saying that? I have a slogan that fits. A bad book succeeds sometimes, a good book always."

That same public to which he hitches his star won't let him alone, but he philosophically accepts it as part of his job. It is safe to wager he was not his own man during twenty four whole hours of his long stay in America. He is the new type of author — the novelist-business man, frankly combining bookselling with book writing ability.

If you doubt that this is hard work, ask Gilbert Frankau. He knows!

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THE NEW YORKER

Another All Star Cast—Plays from the Year 950—The Genius of Werfel—Some Tendencies of the Theatre—When the Sun Went Out—About Town—Three Artists

ONE theory has been pretty well exploded this year — that is that the plays of yesteryear are better than those of today. A good deal of money has been spent and a number of able actors hired to prove this theory to an apathetic public. What has been proved is that the plays which moved our parents to tears and laughter are cut from pretty poor material and shabbily put together. All due allowance is made for difference in manners and customs; we realize that subjects are now discussed on the stage which formerly would hardly be whispered in the smoking room of the Gilsey House, for example; but in spite of this allowance the balance inclines sharply in favor of the modern play, poor as it often is. The trouble, we think, is essentially one of honesty. Problems were examined sentimentally then through the medium of rose colored spectacles, or they were not examined at all. One example will suffice:

The plot of "The Two Orphans" is almost too well known to bear repeating, but briefly it concerns two sisters who are lost in Paris. One is abducted; the other who is blind is befriended by an old woman of the slums who makes her beg for a living. The damsel who has been abducted finds a protector in a wealthy nobleman who sets her up in a neat little apartment, for the Paris of that day, all with the purest of intentions, and eventually leads her to the altar, a blushing bride. The other unfortunate also finds an admirer in the person of a cripple boy, and the noble speeches which they exchange are enough to curdle your blood. But the cripple has a brother, Jacques, described as an outlaw — a big husky he-man who breaks every law known to God and man. The blind girl interests him for her success as a beggar, but — although the girl is pretty — does his interest go beyond that? No, no. Perish the thought. Those were the days of sexless villains. Even in the underworld of Paris maidenhood was not defiled. This is the play in which Kate Claxton, acting for some forty odd years, caused more tears to flow than were shed at any other drama of the day, not excluding "East Lynne". Even when read with the most serious intentions, the lines sound like burlesque today.

The revival of it is being given with an all star cast which, beginning with Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, is almost as venerable as the play itself. Our opinion is that the older they come the better they act. As the cast approaches comparative youth it becomes poorer. Fay Bainter and Mary Nash are the two orphans, and young as they are, they still seem somewhat mature for the seventeen year old sisters. We regarded their performances with deep suspicion. Miss Bainter would starve in a week if she had to sing for her living in the streets of New York, and we defy anybody to abduct Miss Nash in any city in the world without trouble. She and Helen Westley are the Loud Speakers of the stage.

One joyous incident occurred in the

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midst of the gushing speeches, when the snow storm machinery worked too well and let about a ton of paper fall on José Ruben who was playing the cripple. But this was the only bright moment, and we left convinced that "the older generation" took life in pretty small doses, and cautiously at that.

Having just finished writing these statements, we are disturbed to remember that we saw also this month a play called "The Half-Caste" which has more sawdust to it than you can find in all four acts of "The Two Orphans". The play is described as "a story of love and sacrifice in a land of forgotten men", and is one of those South Sea horrors with which the populace is wont to amuse itself. The plot is absolutely too silly to be repeated. The love is furnished at rather gaudy intervals throughout the play, and the sacrifice comes at the end when the discarded heroine inserts a dagger beneath her fifth rib. The half-caste is played by a powerful woman named Veronica whose one contribution to art is a muscle dance which she performs whenever the text gives her the least excuse. Immediately upon seeing it we placed "The Half-Caste" at the top of our private score of the world's worst plays. Our only reason for letting these remarks about "The Two Orphans" stand is that nobody is going to revive "The Half-Caste" twenty five years from now.

A revival of three of the oldest plays of the Christian era was given by the Lawren Theatre Studio, one of those organizations where eager amateurs gather to amuse themselves with the shadow of the stage. These three plays were written by a German nun named Roswitha in, if our faulty memory doesn't fail us, the year 950 or thereabouts. Roswitha in her playwriting activity was concerned with only one subject — the preservation of female virtue, to put it delicately. Doubtless she was writing with religious intent, but the result a thousand years later is entirely pathological. What this nun shut away from the world in her convent in the Hartz Mountains thought about and how she pictured carnal mankind, would gladden the heart of any psychologist intent on proving his theories. We found the plays curiously vital, doubtless because Roswitha was dealing in eternal verities and had absolutely no concern with the trappings of her age or any other. We still line up on one side or another for the conflict of virtue and vice.

As important an opening as any which we have attended this year, and a play which we believe has the same living qualities as those of Ibsen, is "Schweiger" by Franz Werfel who wrote "Goat Song". We were very dubious about this latter. It seemed to us that both critic and producer had combined in an effort to give it a significance which was far from the playwright's intention. But in "Schweiger" we have no doubt of the significance. Werfel is not merely writing to amuse; he is not even particularly concerned with this generation, since it is evident that only a tiny proportion of it can understand entirely what he is talking about. Frankly we did not. Unlike "Ghosts", in which Ibsen set out to destroy conventionalized marriage, Werfel is not so much attacking a state as an idea. He drives home again and again with each character his belief that those things which men fight and die over — this creed, that social movement — are utterly unimportant, conditions which in fifty years will be "dated". In his association of sane men and madmen on the same

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plane, Werfel probes into darker and more dangerous strata, but of this despairing, defeatist note we can say nothing, not understanding. The play is extremely unpleasant. But Ben-Ami as Schweiger acted brilliantly, and Ann Harding as Anna his wife was completely lovely.

There has been a change lately in the intention of the theatre which perhaps is apparent only to one who has seen practically everything produced. It is just possible that this change is not a conscious thing on the part of playwrights, that they are moved to write the plays they do from some obscure impulse which does not have its origin in their finite wills. However that may be, it is evident that more and more plays are being written, and — more significant still — produced, not so much for the sake of an evening's entertainment as to clarify in some respect the problem of living and perhaps of dying. There is a growing tendency to face questions which in other days were avoided with shudders or taken for granted, according to the theological or medical formulæ then in vogue. The following plays of this season might be listed as coming generally under this heading: "Adam Solitaire", "Goat Song", "Schweiger", "The Great God Brown", "The Moon is a Gong", "Nirvana", and "Bride of the Lamb". Some of them are pretty murky, some were instantaneous failures, some unprecedented successes. If you believe, as we do, that the playwright guides the public taste rather than is led by it, then these plays form an interesting symposium of what the drama of the next few years will be.

The latest recruit to these ranks is "Glory Hallelujah", a play which had its unearthly counterpart here several years ago in "Outward Bound". In that play, you will remember, a group of dead people speculated on their immediate future while crossing the River Styx or whatever that dark body may be. In "Glory Hallelujah" a group of living people speculate on their future a few days hence when they expect to be annihilated by a comet passing between the earth and the sun. It is a better play than "Outward Bound", which offered a sentimental palliative at the end to the

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Appleton Book of Short Plays" edited by Kenyon Nicholson (Appleton). A varied assortment suitable for amateurs, edited with helpful production notes.

"Drama in Education" by Grace Sloan Overton (Century). A useful volume for those who use or wish to use the stage in various educational fields.

"The Plough and the Stars" by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan). "Juno and the Paycock" won the Hawthornden Prize. This new drama has a like quality and is easier reading.

"The Dybbuk" by S. Ansky, translated by Henry G. Alsberg and Winifred Katzin (Boni, Liveright). This remarkable religious drama translated with skill and beauty.

"The Jealous Wife" by George Colman (Oxford). An eighteenth century drama with certain modern tendencies.

"America Triumphant" by Constance D'Arcy Mackay (Appleton). A short and effective pageant by a past mistress of pageantry.

"Confessions of an Actor" by John Barrymore (Bobbs-Merrill). America's matinée idol chats well.

"Aren't We All?" by Frederick Lonsdale; "The Goose Hangs High" by Lewis Beach; "Mrs. Partridge Presents" by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne; "Ralph Roister Doister" by Nicholas Udall; "Ladies and Hussars" by Alexander Fredro; "The Boy Who Discovered Easter" by Elizabeth McFadden; "The Belle of Philadelphia Town" by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short (French). Broadway successes and others in inexpensive editions.

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startled playgoers. In this new piece there is no sentimentalism at all. The wretched group of people who have congregated in a shabby Bowery hotel to face the end give way to every extreme of horror and despair. Most of them console themselves with whisky to warm their bodies and numb their brains, since they are to freeze to death, and tales of lust and license are repeated of the city. Professional comforters give about the poorest consolation we have ever heard through the radio. Even the hero who teaches the drab little chambermaid that dying may perhaps be a more glorious adventure than living, cracks at the end. The comet does not blot out the earth of course, but the sun, shining again, looks down on tragedy. The drab little wanton, unable to endure living after her vision of heaven, has shot herself. The last act is perhaps the most inconclusive to us in as dramatic an evening as we have had in a long time; but it gives June Walker, who plays the girl, an opportunity for some splendid acting. We praised her with some reserve after her appearance in "The Glass Slipper", but now we are all in favor of making her birthday a national holiday. They don't come any better on the American stage today.

The Theatre Guild presented as its fifth production a curious play from the Russian of Nicolas Evreinoff called "The Chief Thing", and described as "a comedy for some — a drama for others". Its novelty lies in the fact that two endings are submitted to the audience, which is thus permitted either comedy or tragedy or, if one's digestion is good, both. There is nothing particularly important about the play, which was evidently designed for a pleasant evening; but the sets are delightfully Russian, not unlike the restaurants which are always springing up under the patronage of a prince or general, and a notable cast including Estelle Winwood, McKay Morris, and Dwight Frye romp happily through the piece.

The Neighborhood Playhouse is giving three lyric dramas for its new contribution — one Burmese, one Chinese, and the third an adaptation of Joseph Haydn's "Der Apotheker". They are as admirably staged and as skilfully acted as the bills in this little theatre always are, but for all the perfection of an art which expresses itself in meticulous detail we found the three a bit dull. Possibly this effect is due to the music. In the oriental numbers it sounded to our untrained ear like so much repetition that we grew drowsy in spite of the gifted Albert Carroll who is excellent as a mime; and we admit that we don't like Haydn's sugary score. Five minutes of lollipops and valentines is about all that we can bear.

Stimulated by the success of "The Dybbuk", but unable to continue with it owing to unfilled engagements, the Neighborhood Playhouse has solved the problem by becoming a repertory theatre in order to give the Ansky play three times a week. It is a good reason for changing the organization.

There is nothing else of any great note this month. A pleasant musical show called "The Girl Friend" slipped into town and settled down at the Vanderbilt, apparently for a stay. It is tuneful enough and funny enough and pretty enough to serve its purpose, which is to reclaim Eva Puck and Sam White from vaudeville. It might be mentioned that the astute Shuberts got in on the revival wave with an edition of "Pinafore", bigger and better than ever before, and that a well known crew sings the familiar

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music from the most mammoth ship that we have ever seen on the stage. Sir Henry Irving's famous play "The Bells" was taken out of storage and produced with Rollo Lloyd in the stellar rôle. We think he did unbelievably well with a part that runs mostly to soliloquy. If the old play were brushed up a little we think it would last for many a day. We suggest that in the great hanging scene Mathias electrocute himself with a storage battery and that his confession be wrung from him by a psychiatrist rather than the mesmerist. But we do not recommend a cloud of soft coal smoke to take the place of the snow storm. Realism can go too far, and anyway it is the best snow storm we have ever seen on any stage.

We had the privilege of seeing and hearing the work of three artists all of whom seem to us admirable in their different ways and worthy of mention. At the Keppel Galleries there has been an exhibition of etchings and drawings by Kerr Eby. There is an extraordinarily wide range of subjects — English rural scenes, French towns, stretches of sea, bits from the Sahara Desert, and some war scenes which stirred our pulse, so vivid were they and so true. Mr. Eby's gift is uncompromising. A merely pretty picture has no interest for him. Evidently he seeks the soul behind the mask. We believe that his work ranks with the greatest of living etchers — Muirhead Bone, Cameron, and M'Bey.

Henri Deering gave a piano recital at Æolian Hall — a musical outpouring from Chopin to Debussy. The house stood to recall him with salvos of applause. We had heard him in Paris a year ago and were interested to find more feeling in a work which musicians have both praised and deplored for having almost too much facility and too little emotion.

The third artist who interested us is Angna Enters, who presented a series of compositions in dance form. There was a "Moyen Age", a "Colombine", a "Dance of Death", all the usual subjects selected for a bill of this sort, but performed in an unusual manner. Miss Enters is not essentially a dancer. We felt in fact that at times she was rather awkward on her feet, and that she did not handle her body with the absolutely sure poise that is essential to great dancing. But this is of small moment. The figures which she executed were designed with a sharp intelligence, and she has one of the most expressive faces we have ever seen. To watch her is to know not only what she is doing, but what she thinks as well.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

TRANSATLANTIC STORIES — *Dial.* A collection of very modern short stories by some capable authors. Introduction by Ford Madox Ford.

THE PIPER'S FEE — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Mr. Adams's mill city of Ruylands disturbed by development of an exceptional young lady.

JUVE IN THE DOCK — Marcel Allain — *McKay.* Fantomas, the elusive criminal, again outwits the law and enhances his fame as "The Lord of Terror".

ONE TREE — A. M. Allen — *Little, Brown.* With great detail a little parish in rural England is studied and its peculiarities revealed.

MISS TIVERTON GOES OUT — Anonymous — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Spiritual blossoming of a sensitive young girl of parvenu origin, not to mention Miss Tiverton's cat.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* A romance admirably concocted to the taste of Miss Bailey's enthusiastic public.

GLORIOUS APOLLO — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Byron gestures and Lady Byron endures in a golden panoplied romance.

JACOB'S WELL — Pierre Benoit — *International.* A fictional presentation of the Zionist ideal, falsified by sentimentality.

DEMIGODS — John Biggs, Jr. — *Scribner.* The heroic stature of the hero, who forsakes the soil that is his heritage, is vouched for by the author but hardly proved.

THE LEADING LADY — Geraldine Bonner — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A mystery story slightly more mysterious than usual.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES — C. Nina Boyle — *Seltzer.* Dual personality nearly wrecks several lives in an enthralling tale.

GLITTER — Katharine Brush — *Minton, Balch.* An attractive collegian at his wild oat sowing with exceeding fervor.

IT'S NOT DONE — William C. Bullitt — *Harper.* Proving at rather greater length than necessary the evils of a marriage of convenience.

HANGMAN'S HOUSE — Donn Byrne — *Century.* A tale which would be typically Irish except that the heroine adds riches to beauty and nobility. (*See page 481.*)

* THE SILVER STALLION — James Branch Cabell — *McBride.* The story of Manuel the Redeemer's rise from hero to god, beautifully, subtly, and wisely told. (*See page 482.*)

THE PRIDE OF THE TOWN — Dorothy Walworth Carman — *Harper.* Another artist struggles with his Philistine environment; Mrs. Carman's gaiety of touch is more apparent than the gravity of her theme.

* THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* Age studied. Youth contrasted with beauty and precision.

MAN ALONE — George Agnew Chamberlain — *Putnam.* Grim, unlovely characters are analyzed with admirable skill in this tale built around the glass factories of Jersey.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS — Homer Croy — *Harper.* Mr. Croy abandons the sociological novel for pure farce in these tribulations of an Oklahoma oil millionaire and his family on the hunt for social position in Paris.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A middle aged man begins over again at the bottom and succeeds.

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY — Ethel M. Dell — *Putnam.* A curate and a mystery and Miss Dell's unflagging sentiment.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER — John Dos Passos — *Harper.* New York as it appears to a nervous young man.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* How young boys get through life to Sing Sing.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Fair Helen goes home after the wars, and fun for the neighbors begins.

THE HIGH ADVENTURE — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* Mr. Farnol's highway in a charming variation.

SOLDIERS' PAY — William Faulkner — *Boni, Liveright.* Mud and profanity from the trenches soil a very good story that is further handicapped by an irritating staccato style.

O GENTEEL LADY! — Esther Forbes — *Houghton Mifflin.* A quiet historical romance which takes stock of old Boston.

MASTERSON — Gilbert Frankau — *Harper.* An English gentleman of the old school becomes enamored of one of the most exotic representatives of the new age in a rather heavy, social minded novel.

TREASURE ROYAL — William Garrett — *Appleton.* Lost since Bannockburn, a part of King Jamie's hoard is recovered in the face of organized thieves by a plucky hero.

* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* A complicated love story made simple by fine handling.

* UNCHANGING QUEST — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A novel with a background of chaotic Europe masterly in detail.

GLASS HOUSES — Eleanor Gizycka — *Minton, Balch.* Social Washington with a dash of western sincerity.

CUCKOO — Douglas Goldring — *McBride.* A frank but on the whole pointless record of the amours of a group of upper middle class Britishers.

HEATHER HERETICS — Marshall N. Goold — *Houghton Mifflin.* A modern little minister defeats some very dour and Scottish fundamentalists and wins Morag McAllister, the precentor's lass.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Mr. Grey says farewell to the poor Indian.

HOME TALENT — Louise Closser Hale — *Holt.* Engaging story of the stage by one who knows whereof she speaks and how to speak it.

SIMONETTA PERKINS — L. P. Hartley — *Putnam.* A near-lurid episode in the life of a chaste daughter of Boston, artfully told.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. COLLIN — Frank Heller — *Crowell.* Some of these new chapters in the life of a most entertaining international crook are quite creditable to him.

ALISON VAIL — Elizabeth Newport Hepburn — *Holt.* Another sweet young thing, and the moderately rocky road of her love affairs to a happy ending.

ADVENTURE'S BEST STORIES, 1926 — Arthur Sullivant Hoffman — *Doran.* A treat for all lovers of adventure yarns.

THE SHOALS OF HONOUR — Elisabeth Sanxay Holding — *Dutton.* The story of a wastrel redeemed, told with some good characterization and a minimum of sentimentality.

THE ORDER OF THE OCTOPUS — Sydney Horler — *Doran.* A new Oppenheim comes on the scene with a rapid tale of international intrigue.

* APPASSIONATA — Fannie Hurst — *Knopf.* The religious mania of a young girl given with unusual detail and power.

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE — A. S. M. Hutchinson — *Little, Brown.* A vast public has found this propaganda novel admirable.

THE QUESTION MARK — M. Jaeger — *Macmillan.* In the economically perfect world of the future X is the human equation, and Miss Jaeger's statement of the problem is intelligent and stimulating.

THREE KINGDOMS — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* Can a woman rule her three kingdoms or must she choose?

THE VIADUCT MURDER — Ronald A. Knox — *Simon, Schuster.* There's more sport and humor than usual, even in as good a mystery story as this is.

HILL-BILLY — Rose Wilder Lane — *Harper.* A romance of the Ozark hill folk, interesting for the vividness and variety of its background.

THE LOVE NEST — Ring Lardner — *Scribner.* More Lardner masterpieces. They are inimitable.

PROUD REVELRY — Amber Lee — *Seltzer.* Anthony revels, but finds other things at the last.

CUBWOOD — W. R. Sunderland Lewis — *A. and C. Boni.* The author becomes a small boy to tell the story of two small boys' reaction to a weird mystery.

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GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* Some secrets of how to live without working explained with rare zest and humor.

THE THREE STUDENTS — Haldane Macfall — *Knopf.* The wisdom and virtues of Omar Khayyam celebrated in a story of battles and murders and poisoned apples and favorites of the harem. (*See page 481.*)

BITTERN POINT — Virginia MacFadyen — *A. and C. Boni.* Frankenstein up to date and a good pirate yarn are strangely welded into one tale.

* ODTAA — John Masefield — *Macmillan.* Adventure and high flung love in exotic climes. (*See page 476.*)

THE FINAL COUNT — H. C. McNeile — *Doran.* Bull-Dog Drummond again in a thrilling long narrative.

INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS — Alice Duer Miller — *Dodd, Mead.* Shrewd tales of life — modern and captivating.

* ROUGH JUSTICE — C. E. Montague — *Doubleday, Page.* A magnificent spiritual novel of a young man before, in, and after the war.

HEARTS OF HICKORY — John Trotwood Moore — *Cokesbury.* Old fashioned romance through which General Jackson hickory-sticks his way.

* THUNDER ON THE LEFT — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* Ironic fantasy cannot entirely conceal Mr. Morley's sentiment and fondness for story telling.

WHIPPED CREAM — Geoffrey Moss — *Doran.* A modern sex theme skilfully handled.

THE CRIME AT VANDERLYNDEN'S — R. H. Mottram — *Dial.* Red tape in the war offers a fair target that is here riddled with barbed shafts.

THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST — Dhan Gopal Mukerji — *Dutton.* If this startlingly absorbing tale is not a true story it might very easily be so.

* THE SACRED TREE — Lady Murasaki — *Houghton Mifflin.* The second part of the exquisite ancient "Tale of Genji".

* PIG IRON — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* A realistic masterpiece in which a successful hero is shown to have lost his soul.

THE BLACK FLEMINGS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Gabrielle of Wastewater Hall is a heroine whose struggles through a cloud of deception are worth watching.

WEST OF DODGE — George W. Ogden — *Dodd, Mead.* Kansas in the early days of railroad building is the scene of a cheerful story full of quiet humor.

* THE GOLDEN BEAST — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* A trick story — magnificent trick, too — his best in years.

* WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* The farm novel of the year to attain recognition and a wide public.

THE SLEEPING CAT — Isabel Ostrander — *McBride.* Down almost to the last chapter there is no hint of the solution of this mystery.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* A story which details the selfishness of men and the extreme patience of women.

* THE FOURTH QUEEN — Isabel Paterson — *Boni, Liveright.* The dashing Elizabeth furnishes bite for a tale of simple loves and elaborate intrigues. (*See page 477.*)

THE LITTLE LESS — Aishie Pharall — *Appleton.* Too insistent subtlety detracts from a clever study of a woman's soul.

TURBOTT WOLFE — William Plomer — *Harcourt, Brace.* The theme of miscegenation in Africa is treated with sardonic aloofness.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* Life in a hive is not so different from life as we know it — or as Mrs. Porter knew it.

THE BAT — Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood — *Doran.* One of the greatest mystery stories ever penned.

WILD HEART — Isabelle Sandy — *Houghton Mifflin.* A simple, convincing narrative of passion and tragedy in an Italian village.

PLUPY, BEANY AND PEWT: CONTRACTERS — Henry A. Shute — *Dorrance.* Luckily for that well known little rascal, Plupy Shute, his wits are clearer and his excuses better than his spelling.

JUSTICE WALK — Constance Smedley — *Dial.* A charmingly fantastic picture of some most attractive personalities.

WHAT IS TO BE — J. C. Snaith — *Appleton.* Love, intrigue, fighting in another imaginary kingdom — with an unexpected outcome.

URKEY ISLAND — Wilbur Daniel Steele — *Harcourt, Brace.* Eight strong stories of a village off the New England coast, where men are dangerous.

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THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN — Millicent Sutherland — *Putnam.* Seldom does a title characterize a book so fitly — even the reader feels included.

* WOMEN — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Club women, mothers, daughters, now satirized, now admired.

TREASURE — Albert Payson Terhune — *Harper.* A wonderful collie crowds out of the spotlight the hunt for the buried treasure.

RIDERS OF THE WIND — Elswyth Thane — *Stokes.* A lady dares a Kiplingesque tale and succeeds.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* Another post-war analysis of the troubled loves of a troubled generation.

MR. BOTTLEBY DOES SOMETHING — E. Temple Thurston — *Doran.* Charm and humor mark this amiable love story.

THE BLIND GODDESS — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* What the law sometimes does and does not do — a lawyer's romance.

THE STRANGE COUNTESS — Edgar Wallace — *Small, Maynard.* London's C. I. D. cannot often have a more exciting case.

SECRET HARBOR — Stewart Edward White — *Doubleday, Page.* Threaded all through this real adventure story is the mysterious psychic force of X. Anaxagoras, Healer of Souls.

FLIGHT — Walter White — *Knopf.* The story of a Creole girl who "goes white".

* THE CABALA — Thornton Niven Wilder — *A. and C. Boni.* Roman society painted with genius in a first novel by a brilliant young American. Triple star! (*See page 478.*)

SPORT OF THE GODS — Grove Wilson — *Frank-Maurice.* That most welcome of newcomers — an engrossing mystery story told from a fresh angle.

COVER CHARGE — Cornell Woolrich — *Boni, Liveright.* The author has achieved the tempo and flavor exactly suited to his feverish impression of the neurotic night life of New York.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* An adventure mystery that leaped from its class and has stayed many months in the best seller lists.

THE DOUBLE THIRTEEN — Anthony Wynne — *Lippincott.* This clever detective story ranks also as a very readable novel.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Captain Fracasse" by Théophile Gautier. Reissue of a great French story in translation (Appleton).

2. "Selected Letters of Samuel Johnson." Excerpts from this remarkable letter writer's correspondence (Oxford).

3. "Justice" by John Galsworthy. John Galsworthy's greatest play, which any student of his work should read.

4. "Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman. Old and new editions alike to amaze and delight for first reading or enthusiastic return.

5. "Sard Harker" by John Masefield. One of the great modern adventure stories, which should be read in connection with his new "Odtaa" reviewed below.

Irwin Edman

THE essays of Irwin Edman are too well known to readers of these pages to demand lengthy comment from me as his new book, "Richard Kane Looks at Life" (Houghton Mifflin), is published. In a sense, it is the autobiography of a young and yet acknowledged philosopher. It purports to be the author's contact with one Richard Kane, a young man seeking to find himself and a motivation for his life. It is the most important message of its kind to young thinking America, and to all those who are interested in youth anywhere, that has yet been published. Furthermore, it is a message to anyone who is seeking mental adjustment in these troublesome times of stirred moral and ethical belief. As Richard Kane considers marriage, education, looks for God, we are constantly aware of the personality of Mr. Edman, calm, thoughtful, balancing, back of him. It is a rare achievement, not only to be able to think so clearly, but to present so well a system of thought. In his preface, Mr. Edman says in part:

> I thought it would be interesting and possibly illuminating to take one of these youths with candor and simplicity, through the characteristic spiritual adventures which a sensitive son of the middle class is likely to have in college, and, partly because of college, afterward. In so doing, I thought I might incidentally be presenting a picture of the strivings and possible salvation of that part of the younger generation whose future is, perhaps, more important than that of its more advertised brothers. These contemporary young men, because they are at once honest and imaginative, may contribute not a little in the next quarter of a century to the humanization and enrichment of American life. Their presence, in increasing numbers, is itself a contribution.

More Americana

THE rapidity with which good books about America and Americans appear, marks this as a period of fine self conscious rapture concerning ourselves and our past. It is an amusing step from Mark Sullivan to the polished Thomas Beer. His "The Mauve Decade" (Knopf) is by far his most brilliant performance. Its pages sparkle with wit and with a keen sense of the opposing value of events to the historian — or perhaps we might call him the histographer. From Emerson and Bronson Alcott to Roosevelt he presents a scene glowing with personalities and constantly illuminated by the biting power of his satirical intent, softened here and there with colorful enthusiasm. Politics, art, letters, drama, move him only as facets, for it is really of the period that he is writing; and it is the period which emerges, of

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color pale but never pale in delineation. Anecdotal, but never jerky, his exquisite style remains unpolluted to the final paragraph. The volume is a masterpiece in its way, and luxurious going for the man who would pick up facts and be constantly entertained, as well as for the lover of good writing. Mr. Beer's admiration for the ill fated Harry Thurston Peck, one of the early editors of THE BOOKMAN, is naturally received in these pages with warmth:

> He stands, then, in the muddle of the '90's as the superior American who wanted to be mundane, definitely sophisticated in the better sense, and who honestly strove to be liberal. Liberal he was, up to the point of admitting that a novelist might display the animal called man in the impartial mood of Huxley discussing crayfish. He could not attain a final position: ideas shocked him. Guy Wetmore Carryl's verbal epigram, "It takes two to make one seduction", distressed the apologist of Zola, so that he is remembered scolding the poet in a corner for half an hour. The urbane gentleman might become on any cross draught of emotion the lad in Wallingford, Connecticut, who cried over Longfellow's poems. The moralistic training had been too thorough. An idea was not, at the last, black ink on white paper, a thing to be dismissed with raillery. His demolition of Nordau took on the terms of an emotional flurry, sound as it was in its main contentions. He could perceive the social parable in Stephen Crane's "The Monster" where other critics, silly as the folk of Whilomville, saw only a "horrible" story, and he prophesied long glory for George Douglas when "The House with the Green Shutters" was issued in 1900. Douglas was already dead, but the professor did not know that, praising the boy's "resolute grip of situations that would be infinitely grotesque in the hands of a weaker writer". And yet it shocked him to hear young Carryl say that it needed two bodies to make one seduction! The obvious, to the end, could palsy this fine intelligence, even after he had come out as analytic champion of "Nana" and "Sappho" and had slung ice water on the range of English fiction, likening his adored Thackeray to a cynical old grandfather, calling the modern English novel a "bungling blotch of pruderies and false psychology" in a private letter of 1905 and at the same time issuing praises of Trollope, Tennyson and Longfellow. A hypocrite? No, he was an American.

Historical in a Sense

JOHN MASEFIELD'S novels have a peculiar quality which is of so strong a savor that his public must be always peculiarly his own. Readers who liked "Sard Harker" will enjoy in equal measure "Odtaa" (Macmillan), for it is in its essentials the same type of book, its setting is the same for the most part. Always Masefield will write of the same theme, too: a combination of the quest of adventure and that of the ideal woman never to be attained. "Odtaa", in point of time, precedes "Sard Harker", and Don Manuel, the gallant figure, appears in both stories. In America, Stephen Benét has much of the Masefield quality, and likewise his peculiarities. The Masefield, the Benét, hero is a figure on which to drape the adventure. We never quite feel him as a person. Hi of "Odtaa" is a brave and personable youth, who worships the immaculate Carlotta, having seen her only once, and who remarks "Golly!" charmingly at each new climax. Joseph Hergesheimer, too, follows somewhat the same formula; a fascinating comparison for those interested in such pastimes would be a reading of "Odtaa" in conjunction with a reading or rereading of "Spanish Bayonet" and, say, "The Bright Shawl". In all three books, a revolution of sorts progresses and involves the fate of a bright youth brought from parts foreign to the setting of the novel, whose passions and faith are mingled with the politics and damsels of the region. This type of romantic novel is favorite with me. It is therefore with no hesitation that I recommend it, only prefacing such recommendation with the knowledge that there are many folk who prefer uncompromising realism even in their high flown romance. "Odtaa" is

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Masefield's best novel, in my opinion. There were flights of poetic fancy in "Sard Harker" which are not equaled here; but the drama of "Odtaa" does not so often verge upon melodrama as it did in the earlier volume. The great pages of "Odtaa", as in "Sard Harker", are those in which the hero struggles alone with the forces of nature to attain his goal. The weakest point is, as always with Masefield, dialogue. At points of emotional excitement, his characters are given to speaking as though they were on the lecture platform or in the schoolroom. Perhaps never before has the great poet so definitely given us his picture of the ideal feminine. It is contained in one long paragraph of which I quote a part:

> He had not thought of women; until that moment he had never bothered his head about them. He had considered them as a race apart, with ways of their own which, on the whole, he resented. From time to time he had met a girl who had been a jolly good sport. Rosa was rather a good sport; anyhow, they were the exceptions. The rest were in a world of their own, with nerves and standards of their own, which he disliked but respected. Now suddenly there stood before him a woman who realized all his dreams of what a woman should be. Yet she was not like any other woman. She was as little like a woman as a humming-bird is like a bird. She was a small, perfect spiritual shape glowing like a humming-bird. He had once heard somebody say that "you only get perfection in small things"; he had thought the man an ass at the time, but he remembered it now. This woman was perfect. Her hair was of a most deep, dark brown, very abundant, but caught close to her head by a narrow fillet of gold. This gave her something the look of a boy, enough, perhaps, to establish a sympathy with a boy like Hi. The eyes were darker than the hair. They shone as though the brain behind them were one glow of light. They were not only kind, good eyes, but very merry. The eyebrows were remarkable.

Isabel Paterson's "The Fourth Queen" (Boni, Liveright) is a striking advance over "The Singing Season". She has escaped from the mass of detail which, while it was part of the slow, lovely charm of her Spanish venture, still obscured the progress of the story. In her new novel, she sprinkles around the coldly brilliant Elizabeth a group of sniggering and intriguing courtiers and their maids, captures a bold heroine with the good name of More, and a hero with the swaggering cognomen John Philip Sidney Montagu. These ingredients are not new, nor is the plot which she uses as background for the sting of Elizabeth's tongue; yet Mrs. Paterson's sense of dialogue and her brilliant method of painting in character and period color make this story veritable and amusing. The first chapter struck me as slow, but after that is past, there are few dull moments in a revel of Elizabethan gaiety and shrewdness. No period is quite so well ordered for a woman's intrigue and a man's bravery, and Mrs. Paterson has written of both with excellent bravado.

Whitman Sentimentalized

THE title of this review is not a criticism of Whitman's new biographer, nor of Christopher Morley, who writes a foreword to "Two Prefaces" by Walt Whitman (Doubleday, Page). Whitman, himself a sentimentalist, has never been better presented than in the mellow, easily read, friendly chapters of "The Magnificent Idler" (Doubleday, Page), in which Cameron Rogers pictures a genial egotist, a warm friend, a puzzled and groping soul. Mr. Morley says of the two prefaces, that to the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass", and to "November Boughs", 1888, that "they are as important in American literature as the Gettysburg speech in American history". Be that as it may, they make

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intensely interesting reading and study.

Turn from them to "The Magnificent Idler", and read a story as glowing as "Ariel" — although on the surface there seems little in common between the mad Shelley and the grey poet, except, to be sure, the divine madness which motivated them both. Shelley's was a spirit which craved loneliness on lofty plains; Whitman longed for a warmth of companionship which he demanded of life and found. Mr. Rogers has been unusually clever in his suppressions and elaborations. He has kept the humanity of Whitman always to the fore. His sentiment becomes an art, second in its place only to that of poetry. Hundreds of poignant touches are to be found in the length of the narrative. One of the nicest is a short picture of Whitman the school teacher:

> One day a small boy, speechless with excitement, arrived, holding in his arms like an interesting woolly baby, a woodchuck captured while in an absent-minded revery on a stone wall. Walt became as excited as the small boy and took the woodchuck tenderly and placed it, bedded down with grass, in the wooden box that served as the classroom wastepaper basket. The woodchuck, slightly bewildered or perhaps uncertain as to its road home, remained there stoically calm, observing now Walt and now the class with a bright but unforgiving eye. Later Walt saw it to its door, guided by the small boy who wished nevertheless to retain some proprietory interest, but Walt pointed out that this might not be since the woodchuck itself thought nothing of it.

Bitter, Brilliant, Imaginative

IF you like the unusual book, if you enjoy reading Henry James, or yet again Aldous Huxley, I recommend heartily and with no hesitation whatsoever "The Cabala" by Thornton Niven Wilder (A. and C. Boni). It is his first published book. To read it is to discover a talent so authentic and so startling that you will wonder how it happens that it could have reached obvious maturity without having been presented to you before. The answer is that Mr. Wilder has been experimenting for years, and, until the publication of this volume, has chosen to store his manuscripts in the well known trunk. The fruit of this experimentation justifies the waiting. A style pungent and jeweled, an imagination bizarre and yet restrained, a sense for the odd in characterization, mark him as high in the ranks of the young writing men of today. Yes, he is from Yale, a contemporary of the younger Benét. He has chosen the social oddities of Rome in which to set his satiric fantasy. A young American of Puritan ancestry finds himself the confidant of a group of powerful aristocrats, some of them slightly insane. He indulges them and himself in their pleasantries and plots. He listens to their epigrams and recounts them. He becomes a party to their final madness, or perhaps he escapes it. I leave you to judge of that. The general theme of the story is that some people are born too intelligent to remain of the common herd. Yet, believe me, Mr. Wilder does not hold this theme in serious esteem. He is too keenly aware of the real humor of life and its stark tragedy for that. Like Aldous Huxley, he is not above the use of the O. Henry tricks. He writes in the modern manner, but is thoroughly aware of the technique of old. I am amazed as I put down this book and several others on my desk, at the wealth of good writing which is coming from America this summer season, and I should like you to allow me the privilege of underlining the *good writing*.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

BLUES

By Sigmund Spaeth

WITH the sincere and serious interest now shown in America's new folk music, it was inevitable that we should soon have a book of "Blues". This colorful word has become almost as common as "jazz" itself, and with as little understanding of its origins and real meaning.

W. C. Handy is the chief creator of this fascinating collection, although such composers as John Alden Carpenter, George Gershwin, and Jerome Kern are also represented, along with much traditional material from the treasure house of the American Negro. E. A. Niles, in an apparently authoritative introduction, goes into the detailed history of "Blues", and that arch caricaturist, Covarrubias, supplies fitting pictorial aids to the spirited movement of the whole book. (You can positively hear the music to which his "high yaller gal" is licking her ecstatic fingers.) But the true interest, for the casual reader as well as the musical specialist, lies in the songs themselves. Here we have the whole gamut of melancholy emotion, poignantly expressed in syncopated rhythm, crooning melody, and a harmony obsessed with the minor seventh. We follow the development of a naive secular tune, "Got no mo' Home dan a Dog", through every phase of ultramarine embellishment, until its crude outlines have become quite obliterated in the sophisticated fog of jazzmania.

Such forgotten ancestors as the "Memphis" and "St. Louis" blues are revived for comparison with the futuristic effects of Mr. Carpenter's "Krazy Kat" ballet and Mr. Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F, which emphasizes in a quotation from its slow movement the possibilities of jazz as an expression of pure beauty. (The muted trumpet in this passage, incidentally, echoes, whether consciously or unconsciously, the Rain-soaked "Wabash Blues", so dear to the heart of Sadie Thompson.)

The technique of "blue music" goes far beyond the mere suggestion of a melancholy mood. It is true that this penseroso spirit provides the perpetual undercurrent, expressing sadness over everything from ordinary homesickness to the loss of a Harlem sweetheart or a lingering desire for Florida real estate. But in most cases the words are actually less important than the notes. There is more to this music than syncopated rhythms and the unexpected introduction of minor intervals. The element of decoration is as important to its scheme as it was to the piano music of Chopin. (That Polish genius, by the way, finished one of his preludes with a distinctly "blue" chord, containing the characteristic minor seventh.)

"Blue notes" have been accidentally struck by pianists through all the ages, when they happened to miss the key at which they were aiming and had to slide to it from the one alongside. Reputable composers have made use of such effects, in the guise of "grace notes", as Beethoven, for example, did in his charming little "Turkish March", from the incidental music to "The Ruins of Athens". (The same master deliberately "jazzed" the great choral melody in his Ninth Symphony, when

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he turned it over, in a broken rhythm, to bassoons and brass, with the accompaniment of a "tinkling cymbal".) To the composer of "blues", these excess notes are the ideal material for an expression of nonchalance which curiously pervades even the most pessimistic of musical utterances. There may be some kinship here to such folk music as that of the Russians, or the Hungarian gipsies, who leap from the depths of despair to a reckless hilarity without warning or apparent reason. In the more elaborate arrangements of the modern jazz bands, the primitive "blue notes" often emerge as dazzling cadenzas for individual instruments.

Without proceeding further in the direction of technical analysis, it may be added that the Handy collection of "Blues" provides a variety of amusement and edification for the reader or the performer, with no great demands, in general, upon his musical sense or ability. (A decided exception is the bit of "Katnip Blues" from Mr. Carpenter's ballet, based on the familiar comic strip of Herriman, which is difficult enough to satisfy any concert artist.) Some of the songs are frankly absurd, in thought and expression. Others are naively sentimental, and occasionally the intention (and perhaps the result) may be taken quite seriously.

Two of the outstanding characteristics of the world's folk music are to be found in these "Blues", namely the spirit of improvisation and that curious neutrality of mode which leaves the hearer frequently uncertain whether the singer is in major or minor key. These two features are beautifully illustrated in the opening pages of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", which, with the possible exception of his own piano concerto, represents thus far the peak of this individual type of composition.

If only for the sake of such climaxes, an edition of "Blues" would be worthwhile. But aside from any consideration of æsthetic values, such a collection is justified by the popular interest of the American public. There is obviously no claim to completeness, nor

From "Blues"

does the scholarship of musician or historian parade itself too ostentatiously. "Blues" merely tries to answer some of the questions that people are asking about the American music of the day, and if its aim is the satisfaction of the general reader and listener, it has surely succeeded. Its publishers contributed significantly to the riches of this generation of book and music lovers in their recent "Mellows", which added the street cries of the Negro to the spirituals by which he was already known. In "Blues" they have contributed still further to the understanding of a secular music which may well exercise a permanent influence upon the art of civilized America.

Blues. An Anthology of Jazz Music from the Early Negro Folk Blues to Modern Music. Selected by W. C. Handy, with an introduction by E. A. Niles, and illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. A. and C. Boni.

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TALES OF ROMANCE

By Frances Newman

ACCORDING to Mr. Cabell's careful chronology, a little boy called Jurgen wandered away from home on an evening in the September of the year 1239, and saw Manuel the Redeemer soar upward into the glowing clouds of sunset after he had made some pleasant predictions concerning the future of Poictesme. According to the Encyclopædia Britannica, Omar Khayyam died in the year 1123; and according to Haldane Macfall, he died in a rose garden, to the sound of the fluttering wings of the bird of time, and of the voice and the lute of his lost Saki. Mr. Cabell and Mr. Macfall, therefore, have the proper hundreds of years and the proper thousands of miles between themselves and their tales. According to Mr. Byrne, Lord Glenmalure did not go to eternal punishment until shortly after Queen Victoria went to eternal bliss. And, also according to Mr. Byrne, Miss Connaught O'Brien and Dermot the McDermot did not enter upon their earthly bliss until some years after Lord Glenmalure — popularly called Jimmy the Hangman — had made the mistake of marrying his daughter to a blackleg named John D'Arcy, and then dying and leaving her with a husband who was capable of shooting the horse which had deprived him of ten thousand pounds by winning a race. Even with the most favorable mathematics, therefore, the ending of "Hangman's House" cannot be placed a quarter of a century ago, and Ireland, of course, is the country which bounds America on the east. But Ireland is one of those happy countries whose citizens see their daily history unfold through a haze as romantic as the haze through which they see Tristan and Iseult and Cuchulain and Deirdre and Queen Maeve, and "Hangman's House" is a far more romantic tale than Mr. Macfall made of Omar's life and death, and a more romantic tale than Mr. Cabell ever intended to make of Manuel's rise from hero to god.

Except for the astonishing and probably unique peculiarity of a heroine with a great deal of money, Mr. Byrne's tale is not very different from most of the Irish novels recorded in Baker's "Guide to Fiction". I prefer "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis" myself, since the Duchess lived in the happy days when an Irish writer could still enjoy his incomparable wit and his incomparable sense of humor without having to remember that he was a Celt, an offspring of Cathleen Ni Houlihan — in brief, the Duchess lived before the Celtic revival made Irish writers tediously conscious of their Irishness.

But there are some hundreds of thousands of readers who do not know the Duchess or Mesdames Somerville and Ross, and some thousands of them are sure to admire Mr. Byrne's noble heroine and his noble hero and his devoted peasants and his handsome descriptions of the Irish land and the Irish sea. Some of them will even admire the tale of Dan Hoyser into which one of Mr. Byrne's bards transformed the story of Tannhäuser — and perhaps without being reminded of the tales to which Milt Gross's Nize Baby eats its farina. But except for one piece of information, I should have no clue to the possible readers of "The Three Students". One of the students was Omar Khayyam himself, and the other two were Nizam-ul-Mulk and Hassan ibn Sabbah, with whom, according to Mr. Macfall and also according to history, Omar Khayyam swore an oath that they would share whatever goods and honors they might come by.

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Nizam-ul-Mulk became Grand Vizier of all Persia and Hassan Sabbah became Grand Master of the white robed Assassins. Everyone knows what Omar Khayyam became — when their voices slip down an octave and their upper lips become downy, all young gentlemen give up Rudyard Kipling and Robert Service and walk quickly to the nearest bookshop or the nearest public library and find a copy of "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. These young gentlemen will be the readers of "The Three Students", and they will not wonder why Mr. Macfall felt that he must say "thee" and "thou" and "hard by the white-walled orchard" and "these pampered menials" — simply because Omar was born in Persia and died there in 1123. "The Three Students" is heavy going for a reader who was never a boy of seventeen, and if it were a play and I were a dramatic critic, I should probably never have seen the third act.

If "Hangman's House" had not quoted Manuel the Redeemer's motto, "*Mundus vult decipi*", it would have nothing in common with "The Silver Stallion". But in spite of its weighty prose, "The Three Students" shares "The Silver Stallion's" preoccupation with the shortness of the way the bird of time has to flutter. Both of them remember that everything changes, that nothing remains, that life and learning and beauty and houses and gardens are lent to men, not given. And both of them are profoundly dissatisfied with theology's explanations of man's destiny beyond the grave. "The Silver Stallion" speaks of beautiful queens and brave princes, of sigils and other high magics, of knights and gods and heroes. But it is a far more realistic tale than "An American Tragedy", just as "Candide", which spoke of Eldorado and the Spanish Main and the daughter of a pope who put out to sea in a galley that glittered like the high altar of Saint Peter's, was a far more realistic tale than any of the tales Châteaubriand wrote about plain red Indians.

"Figures of Earth", as all the intelligentsia are obliged to remember, ended with the ascension of Manuel the Redeemer into heaven. "The Silver Stallion" begins with the first session the nine lords of the Order of the Silver Stallion held after that ascension — which was also the last session — and the tale tells the adventures which met each of those nine lords as he went about the world spreading the cult of Manuel. It is, I feel sure, Mr. Cabell's idea of the rise and the spreading of a religion, any religion, and no one need try to understand it unless he has read and understood "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth" — not any more than he could understand "Siegfried" unless he knew "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" — not any more than he could understand the Acts of the Apostles without knowing the four Gospels. Mark Pattison said that the understanding of Milton is the reward of a lifetime of scholarship, and the understanding of the magnificent symphony Mr. Cabell has composed around the motifs he has taken from "Beyond Life" and "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth" and "The High Place" and from all the literatures of the world and all the religions, and which is at once subtle and beautiful and clever and tender and wise and learned — that, surely, is the reward of a lifetime of scholarship, and of thinking.

The Silver Stallion. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company.
The Three Students. By Haldane Macfall. Alfred A. Knopf.
Hangman's House. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company.

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POE NEWLY ANALYZED

By Lorine Pruette

THE development of psychology and psychiatry has removed the modern biographer from the necessity either of blaming or of extenuating the life of Poe. Joseph Krutch's study is singularly free of the atmosphere of controversy which marked so many of the earlier biographies; it is quite clear that he is neither horrified nor dazzled by the fantastic behavior of Poe, and his intelligent approach to the subject is a thing to be grateful for.

The horrendous fascination which Poe continues to exercise upon the neurotic, creatively inclined adolescent is difficult to explain to those who have felt nothing of the sort. Mr. Krutch holds that there are many "in whom his voice sets hidden chords in vibration, many whose answering response comes from secret, half unrecognized sources, who become suddenly aware of faint memories of or dimly recognized potentialities for the emotions to which he gives utterance; there are, also, some few like Mallarmé and Baudelaire who seem to hear in his speech the utterance of their own souls, and who arise to proclaim him their spokesman". Poe's appeal is described as one of horror and of logic; to this must be added beauty, tainted and unreal perhaps, but indisputable. These three appeals help to explain the great mass of writings in French devoted to Poe, for it is surely no accident that the country which fathered statistics and supports the Grand Guignol horror plays should have manifested the most enthusiastic response to Poe's genius.

Mr. Krutch's insistence that Poe the man and Poe the artist must be accepted as one consistent whole is a valiant attempt to counteract the naïveté of those who wish to view an artistic production as hanging somewhere between heaven and earth, with no visible roots in the personality of its creator. He says very truly that those who appreciate either the poems or the short stories should cease regretting their author's egotism, bitterness, drinking, or whatever it is of which they individually disapprove; they must take the man with the artist and accept his creations as the natural expression of an abnormal mentality.

This stressing of the orderly sequence of cause and effect must recommend itself to anyone who views life with a semblance of scientific detachment. The sentimentalists may object to the Krutch biography as cold blooded, but for them the reissuing of Mary Newton Stanard's "The Dreamer" provides an opportunity for a warm and scented bath of emotionality. These two books balance each other in somewhat the same fashion that Drinkwater's recent study of Byron is balanced by "Glorious Apollo"; the Drinkwater and the Krutch book belong to the class of intelligent literature, the approach in the one case being that of the historical scholar, in the other of the psychologist. However, there may be many who, while appreciating Mr. Krutch's pursuit of cause and effect, will find themselves unable to accept his initial cause or the theories he builds up around it.

The argument runs somewhat as follows: Edgar Allan Poe was a victim of psychic impotence; his marriage to his twelve year old cousin Virginia was an attempt to protect himself from a realization of his condition; her feeble health and mental incapacity prevented a consummation of their marriage and enabled Poe to build up a guiding fiction in which he could

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rest more or less content; his condition created all his ethereal women, lost Lenores, etc., who wander in a dying condition through his stories and poems; Virginia's death destroyed his protecting fiction; Poe found himself exposed to numerous stimulations and, particularly in his engagement to Mrs. Helen Whitman, was driven into actual insanity by a realization that he was about to assume responsibilities which he was incompetent to meet.

Poe's writings furnish abundant evidence that he drew a genuine satisfaction from the linking of sex and death; the nuptial couch and the funeral bier are described with similar trappings and sometimes used interchangeably; sexual symbols abound while at the same time his works are "clean" in the conventional sense; his sadistic enjoyments of the luxury of torture are also abundantly evidenced, and it is not difficult at all to acknowledge some form of perverted sexuality at the basis of much that he has written. The feeling of inferiority, at least partly due to the effect upon a sensitive nature of Poe's early disappointments in Richmond, and its resultant compensatory thirst for fame and power, are also indicated with some clearness. But such explicit assumptions as Mr. Krutch fundamentally makes require explicit data. Psychic impotence is a thing about which very little is known anyway; the causation of mental disease is another subject of which we are still, with all our studying, lamentably ignorant. Post mortem examinations of that most intangible human creation, personality, are fascinating but dangerous experiments. When adventuring upon such debatable ground the cautious reader will crave at least a few signposts of exact information. It is not Mr. Krutch's fault that this precise information is lacking, but its absence is a serious cause of dissatisfaction, particularly as he so often appears to assume the complete validity of his theory. In his very able exposition he has provided us with a systematic explanation of certain features of Poe's life and writing; he has made what is unquestionably the most satisfying and convincing attempt at analysis of a difficult personality; but if his theory is true we have the problem of causation pushed back only one step nearer the original centre. We shall still want to know why Poe was completely incompetent in his psychosexual life; and first of all we should like some evidence that he really was.

There is no space to point out minor felicities of interpretation, but there can be no question that this "Study in Genius" is a book which everyone interested in Poe will have to read.

Edgar Allan Poe, A Study in Genius. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Alfred A. Knopf.

UNFROCKING THE FATHERS

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

BIOGRAPHY is a blessing or a curse. Frequently in this country it has been a curse. In their dire zeal for making great men, biographers have set up images of canvas and paint, and it is only of late, when some of the paint has been removed, that we have discovered real men and women behind the grotesque semblances. For me the frailties of the fathers and mothers of the country are their redeeming feature. I can understand why biographers hung on the wall those stern, firm lipped portraits, but personally I am glad I have lived to see the fathers unfrocked.

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Of course there are limits. I do not concede the necessity of proving Lincoln illegitimate but I like that very human letter which George Washington wrote Sally Fairfax a month or two before he did the sensible thing and wedded the Widow Custis. It is pleasant to think that irascible old John Adams worried lest his wife's letters fall into the wrong hands and their ardor make him ridiculous. As though Abigail could ever make John as ridiculous as his own airs and aspirations made him! I enjoy the idea of "Johnny Quincy" hiding himself while he partook of forbidden tobacco and equally forbidden "Paradise Lost". I am not as shocked as perhaps I should be that the elegant, petted Alexander Hamilton substituted a check for a visit to his disreputable so called father in the West Indies. Mrs. Bingham's drawing room was undoubtedly a pleasanter place. There is something comforting in the redoubtable Mr. Jefferson's being so shy that he often kept his eyes on the ceiling in conversation. And I especially enjoy the flurry of the revered fathers of the country who formed the first Senate over the title by which they should be addressed! Instead of the dignity and reverence with which one would expect a great government to be founded, there was John Adams, its first vice president, fuming over where he as president of the Senate would be, if the President of the United States should choose to visit the Senate Chamber. Was that one large chair supposed to hold both General Washington, in his elegant brown suit, and "his Rotundity" as the irreverent Republicans dubbed Mr. Adams?

The old manner of biography did not so much whitewash as it devitalized a man. Even now there are a modicum of readers who prefer their great men devitalized! They indignantly deny that George Washington ever drank or swore. How could he when he was sitting for a portrait for posterity? No doubt they would prefer their heroes to knit and suck lollipops! Yet to me it seems that the more you see of the fathers in action, the greater men they become and the more appalling their task. What wonder that sometimes their ruffles and their behavior lost dignity? It was difficult enough to persuade men to stay enlisted long enough to win the war, but it was a vastly bigger task to persuade strong minded citizens of thirteen sovereign states that they needed a central government or that it would be safe to entrust that government with power. Yet there are people who marvel that authors confine themselves to dull history when they might be writing fiction!

These three historical books deal with the same period. Aside from that, they differ as widely as three books could. Experience has taught me to be very wary of books on the order of "They Knew the Washingtons". Some day of course I may refuse to buy a genuine eighteen carat gold brick. These letters of a French soldier might have been written. Perhaps they were. They are at least good fiction. Personally I have my fingers crossed, but the book is harmless unless you object to Washington's swearing on just provocation, and unless you insist that Lafayette could do no wrong. To me the most suspicious element in the book is Washington's swearing, not because I doubt that he could swear, but because it is so apt that, just when the matter is under discussion, a contemporary account of his swearing should be published. But at least the story fosters the idea that our hardy ancestors were hardiest of all as trenchermen.

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"Some American Ladies" is a very different matter. Meade Minnigerode belongs on the side of the angels — or at least of Gamaliel Bradford. He also is interested in human souls. Sometimes he displays a masculine coolness and assurance. He suggests that the lady whom the President of the United States had honored with his name should have felt compensated for many minor disappointments. Probably these ladies' husbands would agree with Mr. Minnigerode. Men have that fatal habit of sticking together even after the lapse of centuries. He impresses upon us that while George Washington may have loved many other ladies and did give his heart to Sally Fairfax for "keeps", the Widow Custis made a good thing out of the marriage nevertheless. Who would ever have remembered that quiet, domestic lady if she had not married General Washington? Abigail Adams is more to Mr. Minnigerode's taste. He believes that her husband's administration might have worn a different color, if the sprightly Abigail could have been with him all the time. She scorned the "mobility" as she called them, but her sense of humor might have tempered her husband's pompousness.

Claude Bowers's "Jefferson and Hamilton" is history as well as biography with a dash of ironic humor to leaven the whole. These are men he paints — giants with compensating frailties — and their battlefield is the ten year struggle to decide whether this should be a democratic country in which we were to live. Two red headed men with able lieutenants waged an homeric battle for a policy. The ladies seldom incline toward the "mobility", and Jefferson had to find solace in the library of the Philosophical Society, while the slim and elegant Hamilton, whose eyes could soften wonderfully when they looked into a lady's, was petted in Mrs. Bingham's drawing room. Mrs. Bingham was the Madame Rolland of the Federalist Party. All the battleground is under survey here — the drawing rooms, the street, the taverns and coffee houses, as well as the chambers of Congress. Nevertheless, the scholar Jefferson who looked and acted like a college professor led the forces of democracy to triumph. In this struggle of giants John Adams played a tragic, a vain, and sometimes a clownish rôle. Out of it emerge the disappointed Hamilton who four years later was to fall beneath the bullet of Aaron Burr, and Jefferson, never more appealing to us than when he put a bust of Hamilton in his home at Monticello, the tribute — though he would have been the last to phrase it so — of one great man to another. In this book both great men have found fitting tribute.

They Knew the Washingtons. Letters from a French soldier with Lafayette and from his family in Virginia. Translated by the Princess Radziwill. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Some American Ladies. By Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Jefferson and Hamilton. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin Company.

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

By Margery Swett

IT is no secret to those who know the precision, balance, and formal arrangement of Alfred Kreymborg's plays that there is a Kreymborg, the classicist, as well as a Kreymborg, the eccentric. No book of his shows both tendencies more clearly and rewardingly than "Scarlet and Mellow" — which includes sonnets and the freest

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of verse, maturity of wisdom and the whimsicality of childhood. It should make him new friends, since he has dropped entirely the endless repetitions that once tried the patience of even his devotees.

It is time to take stock of him seriously — to ask what he gives us that makes us willing to give his verse — which is, comparatively speaking, difficult to read — the concentration usually reserved for puzzles. Not poetic ecstasy, certainly; not beauty of images; but rather a distinguished thought, folded within the loops of an exactly appropriate rhythm. The thought is not always clear — often it is too mystic for clarity of expression — yet one feels it will be there and worth getting at, an idea springing from a gentle and generous understanding of human nature, and from an insight too rare to produce banalities.

By contrast, "Along the Wind" by Chard Powers Smith is limpid verse, telling the pathetic story of a little golden haired wife who died abroad, and raising to her a monument of tears. It is twentieth century grief, spurning the orthodox heaven as being too stupid for the ardent spirit of the beloved, and straining toward a pantheistic interpretation of the universe that will give her back at every hand, or toward a conception of starry spaces that leave room for souls.

My love has gone from earth. The eyes I yearn
To kiss are kissed by stars. Sun, sky and cloud
Adorn her flesh with fires. And when they burn
To white star corpses, she will sweep from the shroud
Of moonlight into the dark, crying onward the proud
Charge of wild horses that will not return.

The memorial has been fittingly erected by loving hands; and the satisfaction will remain whether or not the sonnet sequence finds a place among great memorial poems.

In "January Garden" Melville Cane shows a talent for delicate and original imagery and an ability to catch the subtle moods of nature. However, the poems lack intensity, perhaps because of a certain diffuseness in their form. One feels they do not matter greatly, but reads them with a mild admiration and pleasure.

GUARDIANS

God in his infinite wisdom does not teach
The budding clover to respect its elders
The baby mountain brook to be unselfish,
The sapling birch to love and honor its parents,
The April crescent to be polite to the stars,
The young spring rain to be careful where it spatters.
God never mentions duty to the hillocks,
Or ever says "Don't!" or "Stop!" to infant rainbows,
Or preaches self-control to little lightnings
Or orderliness to adolescent thunders.

Eda Lou Walton's "Dawn Boy" is an unusually fresh and vivid presentation of Blackfoot and Navajo legends and songs. She is too scholarly to call them translations, but Witter Bynner attests to her adequacy both as a poet and a student. She catches the simplicity and naïveté of the primitive imagination in brief free verse, or ragged metrical poems that do not get in the reader's way as would the long repetitions and cries and shouts of the original. The variety and richness of the Indian's poetry will be a surprise to most readers, as will its mysticism and the intrinsic beauty of its ideas and symbols.

Scarlet and Mellow. By Alfred Kreymborg. Boni and Liveright.
Along the Wind. By Chard Powers Smith. Yale University Press.
January Garden. By Melville Cane. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs. By Eda Lou Walton. E. P. Dutton and Company.

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WRITERS ON MURDER

By Edmund Pearson

WHEN Thomas De Quincey finished his famous essay on murder, I am convinced that something like this began to happen. Neighbors gathered round him and said:

"Why, Mr. De Quincey, how did you ever happen to write upon *such* a subject?"

"Aren't you interested in it?" he asked.

"Why — yes!" they all admitted.

"Well, then!" was the answer.

But some of them persisted: "But how did you ever *start* on it?" And others went to Mrs. De Quincey — if there was one, at the time — and solemnly warned her:

"I should think that you'd be afraid that he might try to put some of his theories into practice — at home!"

Still others commented on the strange fact that he did not go about plunged in gloom, nor wear the fearful brow of tragedy. For the two essays on murder, be it said, both belong to the post opium period, when he was quite normal. None of the great murder fanciers, Walter Scott, H. B. Irving, Tennyson, Jowett, Edmund Gosse, William Roughead, Sir John Hall, Professor Churton Collins, Professor Kittredge, has ever been an opium eater nor any other kind of bad citizen. They have been notably cheerful persons. And no writer on murder has ever been *caught* committing a murder, nor even attempting to commit one.

All of them, however, must be aware that their craft is looked upon with deep distrust by some of their fellows. It is a low, degrading, and sensational topic, say some of these — who then turn to read the society page in the Sunday newspapers. It is lacking in artistic interest, is the assertion of others, who have fed so long upon Hungarian drama that they are really convinced that, for some mysterious reason, adultery alone, of all the offenses in the decalogue, is an "artistic" subject.

The writer on murder does not argue; he knows that never could he convince the objectors, and that he has not to convince the others. De Quincey wrote a declaration of independence for him; he no longer has to waste ink in assuring his readers that he is aware that murder is an evil occupation, by no means to be commended to the young. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the historians of trials and the compilers of Newgate Calendars could not mention a murderer without adding some epithet such as "this most Abandon'd Wretch", nor could any writer describe the crime without pausing in every paragraph to drive home his serious warning that he did not mean to suggest homicide as a diversion for the long winter evenings in country houses.

A book on murders with which I am acquainted — it was written by myself, not to be too stealthy about it — was offered by a man as a free loan to two other men, in turn. Both of them were healthy, intelligent citizens, with perfectly clear consciences, but both declined the offer with shudders. They feared degradation and pollution, apparently, if they should read about murder. At nearly the same time, the editor of one of the most respectable of juvenile periodicals found his niece, aged thirteen, reading the same book, but evidently he looked upon the spectacle without disapproval, even with amusement. When he remarked that she had read it before, she replied: "Yes, I know; but it's a peachy book." And the vanity of the author of it was

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so much tickled that the disapproval of the two righteous adult citizens weighed very little.

Murder, like every other subject, is not worth writing about at all unless one does it with care, with as much regard for ascertainable facts as in the case of any other kind of history, and with due avoidance of sentimentalism and cheap sensation. Writing on this subject has usually been done in this country — I do not speak, remember, of the writers of fiction — by harried reporters, or by special writers for the Sunday supplements who plunge into the back files and get whatever they can — rumor as well as proven fact. In the list of books appended hereto, it is noticeable that with the exception of Mr. Burns's "The Saga of Billy the Kid", there is no American writer dealing with an American theme. (And Billy was a western bad man; he is not precisely within the purview of a murder fancier.) Americans appear only as editors. English writers have described, as in the books by Messrs. Kingston, Pearce, and McCluer Stevens, English and French crime, with an occasional excursus into the American field. Netley Lucas's "Crooks: Confessions" has chapters upon the underworld of New York. It is a curious fact that when Francis L. Wellman, a distinguished American lawyer and a fascinating writer, desired, for one of his recent books, an account of the Sickles-Key shooting affair in Washington, he drew upon an *English* writer.

There are British writers upon murder who have the gift of a good style, and the power to satisfy those readers who care for historical accuracy. Chiefly, these are H. B. Irving, now deceased; William Roughead; Judge E. A. Parry; Arthur Machen; Sir John Hall; and Tennyson Jesse. Mr. Machen's articles are not yet collected. Judging by Miss Jesse's first and only book on murder, her work will appeal most strongly to those by whom the name Freud is held in more reverence than it is by me. And when a new book by any of these writers arrives on American shores, or when any new volume of the "Notable British Trials" crosses the ocean, I am sure to be found, early in the morning, waiting outside the bookshop, and cursing the dealer for lingering over his breakfast.

On Murder as a Fine Art. By De Quincey. Brentano's. [Contains the Supplementary paper, and the Postscript on two famous murders.]

The Arts of Cheating, Swindling and Murder. By Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Douglas Jerrold and Thomas De Quincey. The Arnold Company. [Without De Quincey's Postscript on the two murders.]

The Saga of Billy the Kid. By Walter Noble Burns. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Crooks: Confessions. By Netley Lucas. George H. Doran Company.

The Book of the Rogue. Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Boni and Liveright.

The Rogues' Bookshelf. Edited by Ernest Brennecke, Jr. Greenberg. First volume: The Pleasant History of Lazarillo de Tormes, edited with a general introduction to the series by Carl Van Doren.

Famous Judges and Famous Trials. By Charles Kingston. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Famous Crimes and Criminals. By C. L. McCluer Stevens. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Unsolved Murder Mysteries. By Charles E. Pearce. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Overbury Mystery. By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

HENSHAW WARD'S "Evolution for John Doe" gave so generous an amount of aid and comfort where it was most needed, that his "Thobbing" (Bobbs-Merrill) can count on a certain degree of patronage from pleased customers of last season. Whether Mr. Ward's hardly inspired verbal coinage employed in the title will fare well or ill is another matter. Says the author: "Here you will see a display of the remarkable ways in which we all *think* out the *opinion* that pleases us and then *believe* it. The initial letters of the three words form a much-needed verb, to *thob*." Without hoping to rid the world forthwith of thobbery, Mr. Ward points out in an informal and often playful manner "the funny things that the minds of all of us do" in fields so various as religion, morality, science, sociology, philosophy, psychology, education, economics, law, war, and whatnot. One may perhaps select as a key sentence, "The only useful work of reason has been in preparing the eye to see and in assorting what it has seen", and as the moral of the tale the author's belief in progress through science. An example of the way in which Mr. Ward lays about him in unsympathetic and somewhat alien fields is this review of two volumes by Freud: "I simply found myself in contact with a childish mind that mistook stray bits of happenings for a demonstration. I felt no hostility to this child." The work is cast in the form of familiar letters to Clarence Day, Jr., author of "This Simian World".

John Bakeless, in his temperate and scholarly volume, "The Origin of the Next War" (Viking), bases his arguments and conclusions on the facts of past history, seeing in the bygone conflicts of nations distinct portents of future menaces to the world's peace. He points out the accumulated host of significant, partially averted climaxes in international relationships during the quarter of a century preceding the catastrophe of 1914–18. Then, reviewing the frequent outbreaks of hostilities among the lesser nations which, in the last seven years, have threatened once more to plunge the planet into carnage, he forecasts an unsettled, perhaps sanguinary period in the not remote years to come. The author, neither extreme pacifist nor militarist in his views, carefully analyzes the central danger zones where unsolved problems of eternal racial hatreds, the necessity of territorial expansion, the safeguards of national self preservation, are the perpetual sources of armed watchfulness, diplomatic scheming, and smoldering unrest throughout a great portion of the world.

A laudable motive was that which prompted Edward W. Bok to write his latest opus, "Dollars Only" (Scribner). This book, in which he endeavors to show that the moneyed man will get more satisfaction and real happiness out of life by devoting at least part of his time or wealth to civics or charities, may be convincing to some wealthy men who are not satisfied with business alone. Mr. Bok agrees with business men that business rules the world today, but predicts the dethronement of that power. "Dollars Only" is a good

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book for wealthy men who might be waiting for something of this kind to start them off in charitable work, and it may also be a source of pleasure to the impecunious idealist.

The indefatigable Arnold Bennett manages not only to interest himself in almost everything, but to find time to jot down his reactions thereto in "Things That Have Interested Me", of which the third series has now been published (Doran). The few contemporary authors who have a seemingly infinite capacity for stimulating the mind on almost every conceivable subject might readily be counted on the fingers of one hand. But wherever any kind or type of writing is discussed at length, conversation ultimately turns to the prolific Mr. Bennett, whose interest in things in general is prodigious. So well established is he in the minds of the intelligentsia that rising authors eye with jealousy the reported shilling a word he is paid for his efforts. Yet, whatever they pay him, it isn't enough. One who can be so keenly entertaining all of the time, even when rousing antagonistic thoughts in the reader's mind, should be given carte blanche on the bank account of any publisher.

Marcelle Tinayre knows how to reveal the soul, whether that of a Græco-Roman of Hadrian's imperial day (we have in mind her charming, untranslated mythologic fancy, "Le Bouclier d'Alexandre") or of an eighteenth century psychosis. Her "Madame de Pompadour" (Putnam), well rendered into English by Ethel Colburn Mayne, is a "study in temperament". The tall, gilt framed pier glasses of Versailles, by the candlelight of Marcelle Tinayre's luminous prose, reflect King Louis's mistress not only in Court gown but in undress — the frail, witty, ambitious woman who could imagine the Parc aux Cerfs to cheat the importunities of a royal lover whose chronic disease of boredom knew only debauchery's palliative. The author states she is "not an historian" but "a portraitist". And her pastel is tender yet colorful, a far more appealing, sympathetic human document than that which the de Goncourts have given us.

The influence of the weather upon all forms of human life is at best taken for granted by most of us, and the factors which determine it are not clearly understood by one person in fifty. In "The Riddle of the Earth" (Brentano) Appian Way sets forth, in a fairly popular fashion, his theory that the underlying cause of weather is volcanoes, and his conviction that volcanoes are formed by the external deposit of meteors rather than by the internal eruptions of the earth. A meteor or comet is "the male principle that begets, whilst the volcano is the receptive principle, the mother of us all". Half the book considers meteors and comets, or cause; the other half considers volcanoes, or effect. In the course of his demonstration the author enlivens his pages with many passing facts of interest — the relation of comets to plagues, for example, or the phallic worship of comets by the ancients. The author's general theory is but doubtfully convincing, but his book is far more interesting and stimulating than most books of its kind.

The present Lord and Lady Aberdeen collaborate in writing the memories of their long and distinguished lifetimes, "We Twa" (Collins), a work of reminiscence which, considering the exalted station of the authors, is de-

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lightfully simple, modest, and warm hearted. The Laird (he is now close to eighty) has ably served the last three British sovereigns in posts of the highest responsibility, having been for six years Governor General of Canada and twice the Viceroy of Ireland, his second tenure of the latter office being from 1906 to 1915. Lady Aberdeen's public career has been no less illustrious and beneficently active, since it has identified her as a leading figure in the woman suffrage movement, the cause of hygienic and social reform in distressed prewar Ireland, and a host of other progressive, altruistic endeavors.

The selection of the most meritorious verse of the year seems to have become something of a fad of late. "The Best Poems of 1925", selected by Thomas Moult (Harcourt, Brace), is the second compilation of that title which the present reviewer has perused this season; and while it differs from the first in that it contains few if any of the same poems, it resembles it in the small quantity of even moderately good work which it includes. There are, to be sure, a number of appealing lyrics; but there is also the usual percentage of the wooden, the dull, and the sophomoric; and not the least of the offenders are some of the better known writers. Mr. Moult has no doubt chosen to the best of his discretion; but it is difficult to understand why he has devoted one tenth of the book to a limping free verse effort by Leonora Speyer, or why he has included the works of those who confess that "Nothing delicate or fine seems to reach this soul of mine", or why he has displayed his catholicity of taste by varying the banal with the eccentric.

Automatic writing has a sincere and intelligent advocate in Hester Travers Smith, and unlike others who experiment in the same laboratory she admits the possibility of error and invites criticism. In "Oscar Wilde from Purgatory" (Holt) she records nineteen messages which she believes to have come from the spirit of this more sinned against than sinning relic of "the romantic 90's". The body of the book, however, is devoted to a discussion of the messages, their origination, their import, and the general subject of automatic writing. To those who take this occult science seriously, the volume will prove of decided interest. But those who are seeking new light on the life or death of Oscar Wilde will find in these communications very little of importance. When Mrs. Smith wrote the words: "I am publishing your messages", Oscar's reply was seen to be: "Pray spare me. These little moths that flew from out my lips are scarcely worth recording." And that is about what one reader thinks.

"Antiques" by Sarah M. Lockwood (Doubleday, Page) is the perfect guide for the man or woman who has but just discovered Early American, who has seen with envy the raptures of his collecting friends but who has found himself — in all the talk of periods and styles — a bit groggy. The book is made up of alphabetical chapters, in which A stands for the Adam brothers, B for Beds and Bureaus, F for Fakes, and X, fittingly, for the price of antiques. Under these headings the writer traces the development of the various characteristic pieces of American furniture from Puritan days to Victorian. Even the seasoned collector will appreciate these facts in such neat form. The book has an easy, intimate style and is dependably accurate in the main. The author says emphatically that there were no old single beds. We

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remember one in Mount Vernon and another in the Thomas Bailey Aldrich House in Portsmouth. We'll carry both these fakes off in a junk cart the instant the museums see how they were fooled.

Raymond Savage, who during the World War was a captain on Lord Allenby's personal staff, has presented a graceful and informative account of the career of his commander. Mr. Savage's book, "Allenby of Armageddon" (Bobbs-Merrill), begins with the earliest phases of the British general's military life, ultimately concentrating upon his conquest of Jerusalem in the latter part of the war. The campaign and victory, as Lloyd George has pointed out in the preface, was one of the most amazing in history, and it marked, for its leader, the climax of an unusual record of military achievement whose romantic details Mr. Savage has freely imparted. He has written a book that is both proud and valiant without being in any way flamboyantly heroic. Its great worth, however, lies in the fact that each page echoes with finished tones the stoical personality, Allenby, master of soldiers.

Messrs. A. E. Richardson and Harold Donaldson Eberlein in "The English Inn Past and Present" (Lippincott) approach their survey by way of its seriously social and architectural aspects rather than from the anecdotal and descriptive point of view utilized by many writers in this charming field. Starting with the mediæval inn (the Adam and Eve on Duke Street, London, is not so venerable as it sounds), they proceed through the rich Tudor and Stuart material into the eighteenth century and thence to the present day, with special chapters on coaches and old methods of traveling, inn signs, small inns, ale houses, and wayside taverns. The colored frontispiece of "Market Day Outside the Old Red Lion at Greenwich" is but one of a large number of pertinent and beautifully printed illustrations in this handsome volume.

If only for the reason that the author is one of the most skilled of living sonnet writers, David Morton's monograph on "The Sonnet To-day — and Yesterday" (Putnam) would be of interest to the poetry lover. It is only fair to say, however, that this little volume has merits quite unconnected with the author's contribution to sonnet literature; it is written with insight and a discriminating analysis and in places with a touch of poetic beauty, and covers the subject as thoroughly as would be possible within the limited space Mr. Morton has allowed himself. The author's main contention is that the sonnet is becoming more flexible as regards subject matter and less formal in content; and he adduces many apt examples in support of this contention.

Persons with a reasonably clear conscience need not hesitate to submit to graphological examination as endorsed by Robert Saudek in "The Psychology of Handwriting" (Doran). Prospective students are assured that Mr. Saudek's system has nothing to do with the evil eye, is not nearly so embarrassing as psychoanalysis, and that there is every chance that their calligraphy may turn out to prove nobility, generosity, honesty, and other pleasing traits. The author scraps many of the ideas of his predecessors and claims for the new graphology the dignity of a science, whose fundamental principles, methods, and laws he elucidates with an abundance of illustration from the handwriting of famous men.

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Mr. Saudek's suspicion that George Bernard Shaw is harboring an inferiority complex is only one of his stimulating observations. For the lay character reader the volume constitutes a fascinating playground. Experts must welcome it as a notable contribution.

That very small children are not, by nature or resolve, candidates for sainthood like the little Anatole France, is an idea to which Frederick Pierce believes parents, in this day, should adjust themselves — the sooner the better for the generations. For children come into this world with but a raw equipment of instinct and emotion — adult reason and morals must be regularly acquired in the course of adaptation to the environment. In "Understanding Our Children" (Dutton), Mr. Pierce suggests the practice on the part of parents of a better understanding both of childhood and of themselves, and a more candid exposition of the truth about some of the misrepresented aspects of sex, as corrective measures for dealing with abnormality in the young. Get rid of fear, says the author, and abnormalities in turn will disappear; deal gently with the neurotics, for they are important in so far as they furnish us with poets, philosophers, and the greater number of our indispensable dreamers. The volume is an excellent handbook and parents' guide to analytic psychology, in which technical language is happily rendered into the vernacular.

Racine remains to most of us a master craftsman of the classic French drama. As a playwright he is great; but we cannot agree with Mary Duclaux, in "The Life of Racine" (Harper), that with Victor Hugo "he is the greatest of French poets". As a poet Racine allowed himself to be hampered and limited by the liking of his day for verbal pomp and hyper-elegance. Be that as it may, however, this new "Life" makes delightful reading. It is "modern" biography at its best; vital, vivid, and romantic. Instead of a stiff figure in the huge perruque of the *grand siècle*, we have a living human portrait. And the tales of Racine's plays are told in connection with the tale of his life, against a descriptive period background which lends his spacious seventeenth century all the glow and color of actuality.

The times, lives, and works of three eminent figures of Restoration England are brilliantly estimated in Bonamy Dobrée's volume, "Essays in Biography, 1680–1726" (Oxford). Etherege, being the least significant of the trio, is accorded relatively little space, but the pages devoted to him — they tell of the playwright-rake's last years — are by far the most interesting in the book. The study of Vanbrugh suffers from a too brief consideration of him as dramatist and an excessive preoccupation with his trials as the tormented architect of Blenheim Palace in constant embroilment with the Marlboroughs. The Addison essay is distinguished by its impartial and searching analysis of that too saintly man, and by the frequent appearances in it of his great contemporaries, such as Steele, Pope, Gay.

It is a broad field that Dr. Arnold D. Margolin attempts to cover in "The Jews of Eastern Europe" (Seltzer); but on the whole it is a field that he covers adequately and with the assurance born of first hand information. In his chapters on the Russian Revolution and on "Pogroms in the Russian Empire" he writes interestingly and with a large fund of knowledge; and he

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speaks from direct observation in his lengthy account of that ritual-murder trial known as "The Beiliss Case". He is perhaps somewhat cramped when he attempts to deal in forty pages with Jewish life in America; but here again he writes from personal knowledge, and has many pertinent comments to make.

It is not often that a writer is as happy in his posthumous productions as is Arthur Clutton-Brock in the recently published "Essays on Life" (Dutton). Literary remains are usually incunabula or magazine gleanings — or whatnot. But these essays are products of a lively and thoughtful mind at its height of power: they are of a true originality of idea, and of a freedom which would be naïve were it not so polished. And they are most considerably thought provoking. Clutton-Brock's minor obsessions are shown here to be the exact science and purpose of laughter, the separation which should exist between true art and any utilitarian or instructive purpose, and that endless and painful struggle of all philosophers: what is the best and truest religion. But by far the most enjoyable characteristic of the whole is the picture given of Clutton-Brock himself. "Clutton-Brock was a perfect writer of his kind because he was such a splendid human being." That is true, and rarely does a human being so clearly and finely reveal himself as in these essays.

It is pleasant to come upon a new map of the country of poetry, in which the conformations of time have not been distorted and rendered out of all belief. "The Theory of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace) is just such a guide. Drawn by the careful hand of one who is himself both critic and writer of poetry, it conveys to us a beautiful order out of chaos. We have confidence in the ability of Lascelles Abercrombie to explore every magical frontier of poetics, and it is delightful to stop with him and note the beloved landmarks on the way. A book of critical essays on poetry too often fails to satisfy in the matter of quotation. Mr. Abercrombie's book shines here, as in the matter of scope and appreciation. Especially valuable is his excursion into the field of the idea of great poetry. In the first half of the book he has successfully charted the theory of poetry, strengthening and redrawing old boundaries. But in the second half he has shown us with infinite pains that too little explored country of the truly great poets wherein, from Homer on, they shared a common quality of experience.

A love story that actually happened, "My Chinese Marriage" (Duffield) by M. T. F., has had such deserved popularity that it now sees its fourth printing. An American girl describes her love for a Chinese student which led her to marry him and to sympathize so thoroughly with his ideals that she won the complete acceptance of his family. Superficially her migration to the Orient parallels that of Lafcadio Hearn, but from entirely different motives. Hearn had such a love for the exotic that he found his mate in the ancient civilization that appealed to him, but M. T. F. was so enamored of one individual that his land and traditions and culture seemed more normal to her than her own.

G. K. Chesterton has found a subject for biography which appeals to all his literary instincts. His "William Cobbett" (Dodd, Mead) illustrates his thesis that we need less biography and more life in studying our fellow man.

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Mr. Chesterton sees the forests as well as the trees, and although his book is deficient in detail it presents a clear idea of William Cobbett. He is shown as a man who was consistent despite many superficial changes of opinion, and Chesterton solves the riddle of his complicated political career by the neat and typical paradox that "in a sense he quarreled with everybody because he reconciled everything".

The "Selected Poems" of Chaim Nachman Bialik, who is said to be the greatest genius of the new Hebrew renaissance, have been translated from the Hebrew by Maurice Samuel, and from the Yiddish by Helena Frank, and published (New Palestine) on the occasion of Bialik's first visit to America. (He is a Russian who has lived in Palestine since the Soviet government.) It is difficult, peering through the thick glass of the shorter translations with their forced or obvious rhymes—to tell just what was the lyric quality of the originals. But in the longer, unrhymed poems the figure of a major poet emerges — a poet treating large and tragic themes with high imagination and majesty of line. "The Masmid", an account of the severe self discipline of boys studying to be rabbis, is new material to the Gentile.

The fact that the "History of Russia" by S. F. Platonov (Macmillan) was a standard textbook in Russian schools for "more than two decades" is not sufficient to recommend it for use in American colleges. Even the Russian youth was learning history from sources that had not always been approved by the Czar's government. Our youth is virile enough to be able to study history, particularly histories of other countries, without having the facts sifted and made innocuous and anæmic by the joint efforts of an official historian and the Czar's censor.

The editors of "Oxford Poetry, 1925" (Appleton) assure their readers that they have chosen the poems in this slim volume "in meer simplicite, and all for their delight". The poems themselves bear out this method of selection. They are fresh, quick with life, and marked with the unmistakable imprint of lucid thinking and sharp feeling. Without straining for new and bizarre effects, they present a variety of word contours that is without debt to the poets of any other age. Sometimes they are merely the lovely fleeting contours of a youthful mood. At other times they are terrible and perdurant, as in Harold Acton's "Hilarity" and "The Prodigal Son". The volume is mature, though slight, and there is a refreshing absence of the sophomoric attitude of plucking at the skirts of a current literary deity.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Complied by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Once more contemplation of this mirror of the American public's reading tastes gives us a sharply limned reflection of the American scene. The picture is of an entire nation seeking new light on the old truths which in their traditional presentations fail to satisfy a new generation to whom miracles are daily commonplaces and the ancient mysteries no longer mysterious. They are seeking not so much new truths as some means of reconciling the facts of life as they know them with the innate human desire to believe in the unknowable. They are scrutinizing the old generalizations with keenly critical and skeptical eye and eagerly welcoming every new book which holds out the promise of throwing new light on the accepted beliefs of the past, in the hope of finding therein surer guidance for the future. That at least is the only conclusion the present reporter can draw from an attempt to psychoanalyze the collective mind which reads with equal avidity "The Man Nobody Knows", "The Fruit of the Family Tree", "Why We Behave Like Human Beings", and the revealing biographies which make up the rest of the current general list. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
2.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
3.	Thunder on the Left	*Christopher Morley*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Keeper of the Bees	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
6.	One Increasing Purpose	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
7.	An American Tragedy *	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
8.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
9.	The Vanishing American	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
10.	The Professor's House	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
11.	Glorious Apollo	*E. Barrington*	DODD
12.	The Blue Window *	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

GENERAL

1.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
2.	Twenty-five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	Abraham Lincoln *	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
5.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
6.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
7.	Intimate Papers of Colonel House *	*Charles Seymour*	HOUGHTON
8.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
9.	Anatole France Himself	*Jean-Jacques Brousson*	LIPPINCOTT
10.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
11.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
12.	Tolerance *	*Hendrik Willem Van Loon*	LIVERIGHT

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Biographies from Paris — André Maurois's New Volume — Anatole France in Society — Notable French Novels — Jean Cocteau — Goethe and His Cooks

THE Paris book season promises to be unusually rich in biographies. Three volumes recently issued have become the centre of particularly animated discussion, since the authors take, in each instance, a point of view more or less in opposition to the popular idea of the subject.

"Anne de Beaujeu, Reine de France" by an author with the romantic name of Jehanne d'Orlac is a reestimate of the accomplishments of the eldest daughter of Louis XI, whom various contemporary chroniclers (like Brantôme) as well as later historians had been inclined to disparage. Although one cannot readily subscribe to Madame d'Orlac's estimate of Anne as having exercised an influence over her country's destiny comparable with that of Jeanne d'Arc, she nevertheless makes us recognize Anne's abilities as statesman and reconstructs vividly the dramatic elements of her life. The author humanizes the figures of Louis XI, Charles VIII, Louis d'Orléans (later Louis XII), Anne of Brittany, and their companions till we find ourselves taking sides in the interplay of intrigue that went on at the French court and following the alternate success and failure of Anne de Beaujeu with all the interest due the heroine of an historical romance.

Very different is the subject of Lucie Delarue Mardrus's new book, which is devoted to the latest French saint, Thérèse de Lisieux. The author is not a Catholic herself and she treats her heroine from the lay standpoint. The picture Madame Mardrus draws of the little saint who died while still in her early twenties is a singularly appealing one. But there is nothing of the milk and water miss about this young girl who, when little more than a child, appealed to the Pope himself over the heads of her spiritual advisers for permission to enter the convent of the Carmelites. Proud she was, obstinate, yet gifted with a rare sweetness of disposition — her popularity as a saint is easy to understand. Her canonization took place only a year or two ago amid scenes of popular enthusiasm recalling those of mediæval times. It is by insistence on the human qualities of Thérèse as well as on those physical characteristics which made her naturally inclined to mysticism that Madame Mardrus has given offense to the more orthodox admirers of the little Carmelite.

J. and J. Tharaud may always be counted on to write with charm and distinction. Several of their numerous volumes have already been translated into English. Their latest book, "Notre cher Péguy", should prove interesting to foreign readers as the first serious study of a man whose influence was, and still is, singularly potent in certain sections of French intellectual life. Charles Péguy was a mystic, first a mystic Socialist, then a mystic Catholic, equally fervent whatever happened to be his creed at the time. His sincerity and outspokenness, his ability to

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combine a wide humanitarianism with a fiery patriotism, his spiritual independence, made a figure whose importance would have grown as time went on. Unfortunately he was killed almost at the outbreak of the war, but his doctrines survive. Like John Brown, whom he resembled in some respects, Péguy's soul keeps marching on.

Into their study of Péguy the Tharauds introduce descriptions of life in French high school and university circles which will be new even to those who think they know French life well. Many of their reminiscences deal with the Ecole Normale where they and Péguy were fellow students for a time, and the contrast between its atmosphere and that of similar institutions in England or America is entertaining.

* * * *

When André Maurois's little girl has been deprived of dessert she declares she'll go to "Meïpe" (pronounced to rhyme with "shape"), a country "far, far away and just round the corner" where children eat sweets all day long and it is the grown ups who are punished. When we older children suffer disappointments we too escape to Meïpes of our own, Utopias where people and things act in accordance with our wishes, where dreams become realities. Sometimes, to the imaginative, these countries of the mind grow more real than the material world. Flaubert's Madame Bovary, for instance, was a victim of her romantic, sentimental Meïpe.

Maurois's latest volume, entitled "Meïpe ou la Délivrance", presents three variations of this mental tendency. In the first story we see young Goethe living those rather sordid episodes of his youth which his imagination later transformed, "meïped", into the story of "Werther". The second, "Par la Faute de Monsieur de Balzac", describes the contrary process. The action of one of the characters in "La Comédie Humaine" influences a young man at a decisive moment of his career — and ruins that career. The third story tells how the Meïpe of a tragedian, in this instance Mrs. Siddons, expresses itself through her art and proves a real support to her when she is faced with a domestic tragedy.

In these two later stories we have Maurois at his best. An abundance of original idea, a dry humor, a very real sense of the dramatic, and a remarkably agreeable style all contribute to the reader's enjoyment. Particularly in the biography of Mrs. Siddons, compressed into a few thousand words, we have an example of how history may be vivified by a master story teller. Nor should we forget to be grateful to Mademoiselle Maurois for having enriched the French — one is tempted to say, the universal — language with an apt and expressive epithet.

* * * *

Since his death two years ago the public has been shown Anatole France from many angles. Following Brousson's malicious "Anatole France en Pantoufles" we can appreciate the portrait of the novelist drawn by Madame Jeanne Maurice Pocquet in "Le Salon de Madame Armand de Caillavet". The author of this book draws on innumerable hitherto unpublished letters exchanged between France and his Egeria. Her sketch of the creator of Thaïs, Sylvestre Bonnard, and Jerome Coignard, while by no means wholly flattering, is intimate without being undignified, critical but never derogatory. The Anatole France we find in these pages is always human, but remains also a great writer.

The friendship uniting the brilliant

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hostess of No. 3, Avenue Hoche, and the celebrated author was a long and intimate one. It affected France's work in many ways. By nature he was a student, awkward and tonguetied when in society during his early manhood; and it was the social atmosphere surrounding Madame de Caillavet, no less than her persistent encouragement, that enabled France to produce work of the calibre of "Le Lys Rouge" and those volumes of his "Histoire Contemporaine" which many critics consider his best work.

The interest of Madame Pocquet's volume is not by any means confined to what she has to tell us about the author of "L'Ile des Pingouins". She gives us glimpses of Marcel Proust, Charles Maurras, Paul Hervieu, and Robert de Montesquiou, all of whom attended more or less regularly the dinners and receptions of Madame de Caillavet. But perhaps more interesting than those about her was Madame de Caillavet herself. Although Jeanne Pocquet lacks all the artifice of the professional biographer — indeed her book as a whole suffers from faulty composition — she has nevertheless drawn a striking picture of a gifted woman endowed with rare strength of character, high spirited, a devoted if somewhat tyrannical mother, a staunch friend. Madame de Caillavet was supremely fitted to deal on equal terms with the brilliant men she gathered about her, and this record of what went on in her drawing room is a welcome and valuable contribution to the literary history of France.

* * * *

The hopeless pessimism of those in whom their war experience wrecked all idealism, and who seek forgetfulness in violent sexual pleasures, finds an echo in the pages of "Le Mémorial Secret" by Guillaume Gaulène. The author writes with a concentrated bitterness as he evokes the dreary atmosphere that forms the background of the life of a government employee, stationed in a provincial town near the eastern border of France.

The narrative describes the corrupting and disintegrating influence wielded by the leading character, almost in spite of himself, over a weak, sensual girl and the latter's gradual descent to the lowest strata of society. Distinctly unpleasant as it is, the story is redeemed by the author's obvious sincerity and his ability to describe the tortuous processes of his hero's (?) mentality. The minor characters are also well drawn.

* * * *

Americans interested in French politics should read the series of vivid, incisive sketches drawn by Jean Piot, political correspondent of "L'Œuvre", in his volume "Comme je les vois". Piot, like the anonymous English author known as "A Gentleman with a Duster", has an epigrammatic style and an exceptionally complete knowledge of his subject. Unlike that other French polemist Léon Daudet, who bludgeons his adversaries over the head with the cudgel of unrestrained invective, Piot wields a delicately venomous rapier. With it he pricks the self sufficiency of the most stalwart champions "l'autre côté de la barricade". Some of his victims are Raymond Poincaré, Millerand, and Moro-Giaferi. Other men he pillories more or less goodnaturedly include Caillaux, Loucheur, and de Monzie, while he celebrates the merits of Briand, Herriot, and Painlevé with refreshing enthusiasm. The final chapter is a tribute to the late Robert de Jouvenel, written with a restrained warmth of emotion rarely

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found in this type of work. The chapter raises the literary level of the book well above journalism.

* * * *

Notable French novels recently published are Madame Colette's "La Fin de Chéri", a study of the odd male product of the demimonde; Georges Duhamel's "La Pierre d'Horeb", a story of student life in Paris in the early part of the twentieth century; Pierre Benoit's "Alberte"; "La Rose des Ruines" by Victor Margueritte, whose "La Garçonne" had a world wide *succès de scandale;* Léon Daudet's "Le Rêve Eveillé"; Henri Bordeaux's "Les Jeux Dangereux"; and a new novel by the evergreen Gyp, "La Bonne Fortune de Toto".

* * * *

Jean Cocteau is one of the most versatile of the new generation in Paris. Musician (in addition to jazz, he has written a ballet and a symphony), novelist, critic, poet, artist, and playwright, he is indeed a brilliant young man. His new book, "Le Rappel à l'Ordre", brings together a number of his essays on contemporary music, literature, and art which have hitherto been available only in limited editions or in the pages of the periodicals to which the author is an occasional contributor. As always, he reveals a disconcerting mixture of paradox, deliberate intellectual clowning, elliptic dogmatism, and keen observation. Cocteau's subjects include among many other things his own plays "Parade", "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel", "Picasso", and the music of the group known as "les Six", for which he was a self appointed press agent. Cross Chesterton and Mencken, Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde, add the lambent and corrosive wit of a merciless satirist, and you have an idea of the mental fare Cocteau offers his admirers. Cocteau is never so happy as when contradicting a statement he declared ten pages before to be an article of his æsthetic faith. Under the title of "A Call to Order" Faber and Gwyer are to publish in England a translation of these essays by Rollo H. Myers.

* * * *

A very human glimpse of Goethe is provided in an entertaining book published by Berthold of Berlin under the title of "Intermezzi Scandalosi". Goethe's efforts to obtain a well managed household make amusing reading. Cooks appear to have been his *bête noire.* Charlotte Hoyer was a picturesque and characteristic instance of his difficulties. Goethe conscientiously tried to provide her — in accordance with the official regulations of the time — with an accurate estimate of her qualities and defects. "Her cooking is quite tolerable", he wrote, "and she is sometimes obedient, polite, and even pleasant. Her behavior, however, is very inconsistent, and has lately been unendurable. As a rule she does her work just as she chooses and cooks merely to suit her own taste. She is unruly and uncivil, and uses every means to exhaust the patience of those under whose orders she is placed. She is noisy and spiteful and makes the lives of her fellow servants a burden. In addition to other shortcomings she has a habit of listening at the keyhole."

The enraged Charlotte promptly tore the reference to shreds before his eyes. Goethe gathered up the scraps of paper, pieced them together, and conscientiously sent them to the commissioner of police, with a letter in which he solemnly described her as "the most incorrigibly bad tempered person I have ever met". Poor Goethe!

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:

There were some references to me in your excellent review, its February number, and it is certainly not my affair to dispel the illusion they may create; but I should be grateful if you would allow me to qualify a comment of mine on Rebecca West's "The Judge", quoted by my good friend, John Gunther: "Exhilarating failure." He reported me correctly, of course. Yet when so many novels are "brilliant successes", and "masterpieces", and "nothing so good since Tolstoy and Jack London", one should be more careful when discussing such a novel as "The Judge". For what is a "failure"? It depends on the standard we use. It is possible to argue that "Hamlet" is a failure; and yet "Daddy-Long-Legs" is an abounding success. Words have had their values washed out in the hurry of modern literary criticism, with the consequence that a critic will find that a journal in which appears his niggardly praise of something of Conrad's, contains also a long exuberance over another new novel which to him was as tedious as wool flowers. I know of no modern novel which shows the power, scope, and sensitiveness you will find in a great part of "The Judge".

Yours sincerely,

H. M. TOMLINSON.

. . .

TO THE EDITOR:

I find: that I am "one woman in ten", though I never had suspected it until I read Mr. Ford's article in the March BOOKMAN.

If the fact that a woman doesn't care enough about "The Ladies' Home Journal", "The Delineator", "The Woman's Home Companion", and the other woman's periodicals of that class to keep them on her magazine list entitles one to any distinction, then I mean to claim this distinction.

I had never thought that, because I didn't just dote on these papers, someone should go out of his path to publish something to meet my requirements — but have just gone along all my life enjoying "The Atlantic", THE BOOKMAN, "The New Republic", and the other papers my husband likes — not forgetting the good old "Sat. Eve. Post".

However, if the "one in tenner" must have something of her *very own* — I feel you have overlooked "The Woman Citizen". My husband, who reads it much more carefully than I do, assures me that it presents the political news with less bias than any paper he knows of; and has a good financial department which, while it may be written down a little to fit the intelligence of the "one in tenner", is yet sane and reliable. I know that its reviews of the new books and plays are interesting, and that it often contains articles which should be of interest to anyone, even though they may treat mainly of the activities of women. It carries no fiction. In many ways it is quite sufficiently distinguished to satisfy the most discriminating "one in tenner".

Yours very truly,

VIDA CHASE WEBB.

. . .

DEAR SIR:

There was evidently some misunderstanding in the notice sent out regarding my forthcoming book. The profoundest scholars who have given attention to the subject have concluded that Aspasia never was a hetæra. This is not a matter of whitewashing but of logical deduction.

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

. . .

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

Again the Nurses are criticized, this time in the January number of THE BOOKMAN, for ignorance and lack of appreciation of numerous English novelists, including one — Simon Pure.

I wonder just how many Nurses and "Salvation Lassies" Mr. Pure was priviledged to interview before he considered himself an authority on the subject of whether we read or whether we do not read. Possibly a half dozen, or a dozen?

Surely, Mr. Pure was unjust in his hasty conclusion of the "interesting but unpalatable truth", that Nurses are unsophisticated, uneducated, narrow minded readers, or else not readers at all.

Very truly yours,

ALMA HALLENBORG, R. N.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

NEWMAN FLOWER, editor of "Cassell's", has been paying an all too brief visit to this country. He is an urbane gentleman with a vast fund of literary knowledge, a friend of Hardy, Bennett, and most of the other writers of England, an author himself. He is at present working on a life of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Flower, in a press interview, is quoted as having said that what England wants from America these days is not our realism, but rather the wholesome out of door story for which we have been noted in the past. This is not, I think, strictly his viewpoint, but it has a large measure of truth in it; in fact, I am inclined to think that we ourselves will soon again turn strongly to the romantic and the highly sentimental in our fiction. Witness the enthusiasm with which Mr. Ames's production of "Iolanthe" and Mr. Brady's revival of "What Every Woman Knows" have been received. I have not yet seen the Gilbert and Sullivan piece, but can testify that the Barrie revival is a good one, with Helen Hayes and Kenneth MacKenna excellent, and the supporting cast most praiseworthy. At the first night Marc Connelly and the lovely Ruth Gillmore, sister to Margalo, sat back of us. Miss Gillmore sailed next day for Italy, where she is to marry a native of the country and make her home. Edward Davison, the English poet, has honored America by choosing a lady from New York, Natalie Weiner, as his bride. Mr. Davison's book "Harvest of Youth" is proving exceptionally popular for a book of verses, and his lecturing abilities are much in evidence. He is a good example of a young Englishman who has apparently made a most successful attempt to adopt America and has proved himself to be adaptable. Charles Caldwell Dobie of San Francisco is in town. He was encountered at a party for that gentleman Clement Wood, who informed me that he had written a life of Amy Lowell. This is the last word of that project which shall be heard in the pages of this magazine, for Wood was always hostile to Miss Lowell, and it seems unnecessary and ill conceived for an antagonistic critic to indulge himself in a biography such as I suspect this one to be. I must say that I honestly hope it may be born to blush unread, although certainly nothing that can be written about Amy Lowell's great memory can in any way dim it.

When a nice day comes along now and then, one of the pleasantest things to do is to go down to the harbor and sniff the ocean. Take the Staten Island ferry and stand at the prow. The sun and the wind are somehow different on the water, and the sight of the "Leviathan" setting out for Europe is awesome. It is a good hour's ride over and back, after which one may wander through the Aquarium and wonder if the seal would rather be in the circus, clapping his wings or fins, or whatever they are, in appreciation, and tossing a flaming stick into the air. Seals are becoming more and more intelligent. They will soon be writing books and going to college, I fear. Not everyone knows that just north of the Battery is the Armenian and Turkish district where delicious

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candies and pastries can be consumed. It is not unusual to see the head of an old man framed by a window, the old man smoking a hooka like Alice's caterpillar. For an evening's entertainment, go to the Chinese theatre. The "World" every so often in its "Cast and Forecast" prints a list of the foreign theatres in New York. After chow mein, accompanied by innumerable cups of tea, we wandered through Pell and Mott Streets, then up the Bowery, under the L, to the Thalia Theatre. The performances begin at seven and last until twelve thirty. We saw only yellow people in the audience, but at the back of the theatre we did not feel conspicuous. There were Chinese banners hung from the balconies much in the manner of pennants at Carnegie Hall during the intercollegiate glee club contest. A noise like birds cracking their seeds rose around us. It was the audience eating lichi nuts. If you can imagine a space in the centre of the stage, carpeted; a motley orchestra of strange instruments at the extreme back of the stage yet strangely mixed in with the actors; stage properties piled at the left and right; the entrances, two curtains backstage; and the setting, four chairs placed in front of the orchestra, you can picture the Chinese theatre. In competition with the orchestra, for an hour and a half — as long as we stayed — each character sang to the same tune. The actors wore beautiful Chinese robes, and cried a great deal, but very delicately, into their silk handkerchiefs and up their sleeves. It was all very amusing and incomprehensible. One actress who staggered back and forth across the stage gave us the impression that she was ill, but a young lady who knows of things Chinese says she was, in all probability, a bride. A fine fellow in an enormous headdress did a sort of

From "Joan of Arc"

devil dance, ending after each turn in a fondé. This is New York. When the uptown theatres offer nothing refreshing, there are many elevateds to take one to the East Side. The strange inhabitants of Coney Island, I am told, are emerging for the new season and can be seen polishing their brass, painting their façades in reds and yellows, and renovating the dragons. Summer is indeed upon us. If anyone can know such things, the ballyhoos should. Which reminds me that among "Plays That May Have Escaped You" I would place "Liliom". It merits a revival as the play which I have found the most perfect after five years of theatre attendance in New York.

The P. E. N. Club dinner for its patron, John Galsworthy, called forth a rather larger assemblage than usually finds its way to flutter about and endeavor to recapture the lost art of conversation. Contrary to the established custom of this international literary society, a speech was made — but a most graceful and diminutive one — by Mr. Galsworthy himself, in which

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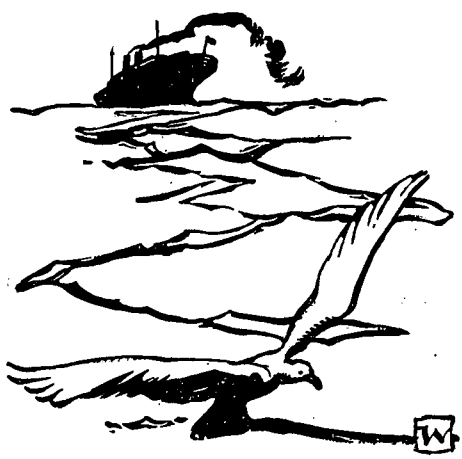
he deplored unfortunate comparisons of American and English writing, and told anecdotes concerning his contacts with American admirers. The new president of the club is Henry Seidel Canby, whose cultural activities as editor, professor, essayist, publisher, lecturer, and whatnot are scarcely equaled by those of Glenn Frank. I have a feeling that they will both be president of the United States one fair day. While Dr. Canby is an old professor of mine and I admire him greatly, I must say that his new book, "Better Writing", seems unusually silly. The answer to that, to be sure, is: You'd better read it and digest it yourself. Maybe. But, while "Better Writing" contains the germ of truth about the processes which go to produce good self expression on paper, it is so hasty, so sketchy, and so rambling that I can scarcely recommend it as a guidebook to success. At the P. E. N. dinner also was Sara Teasdale Filsinger, looking much happier than in a year, and apparently well on the road to health again. She asked me if I knew of a good place where she could go to escape from town, and of course I suggested Vermont. Fannie Hurst and Mrs. Alfred Knopf added color to the scene, while Phyllis Duganne appeared to be several years younger than when she began publishing books at the age of eighteen or something — and that was not so long ago either, come to think of it. Georgina Sime, from Canada, tall and graceful and entirely gracious, had come to town for the occasion — and here also was Henry Bellamann from the south. Mr. and Mrs. William Morrow appeared as charming as ever, in the midst of their new publishing venture, and Ruth Aley, whose graceful fingers have long conducted the destinies of this club, seemed radiant at the prospect of relinquishing them as her husband's term as secretary ends and Frederick Allen of Harper's takes up the pen. Carl Van Doren, late president of the organization, was in fine spirits. I remarked bitterly that a certain famous critic seemed to me to be in his second childhood. "You are wrong", Carl corrected. "It's his first!"

Illustrated books are coming in again with violence. There was a time, as I remember, when decorations in books waned; but now, more and more across this desk pass lovely volumes. "Joan of Arc" by Joseph Delteil, awarded the Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse for 1925, translated now by Malcolm Cowley, is most attractive with its quaint woodcuts. Here too is a fine, sturdy volume, "Vignettes of the Sea" by Felix Riesenberg, charmingly illustrated in black and white, and Ross Santee's graphic western sketches of "Men and Horses", dotted with the drawings which have made his name well known as one of the finest depicters of cowboy life since Remington. Many companionable books there are as summer approaches. Summer seems



From "Vignettes of the Sea"

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to me an admirable time for the perusal of the light essay. Perhaps there are those who prefer their Christopher Morley before a winter fire; but for me, a hammock and a lemonade and this latest volume, "The Romany Stain", with illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan. Sheer delight, too, is in the pages of "Adventures in Green Places", nature essays from southern America by Herbert Ravenel Sass. Here is a man who finds romance in the flight of birds, and adventure in the way the cold passes. A book I most heartily commend to you summer, winter, autumn, spring — any old time if you love the out of doors in its tenderer moods.

A wise little editorial on poetry appeared, curiously enough, in the New York "American":

POETRY BY COMPULSION

Edmund Vance Cooke, poet, decries the compulsory reading of poetry in public schools.

"It has done more to kill the love of rhyme in the youth of today than any other one agency", he says.

Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Shelley, Tennyson and the dentist are put in the same class by the child.

In both cases he is dragged protestingly to meet the gentlemen, "for his own good".

When he grows up, he vows, he will neither have his teeth fixed nor his mind improved.

Unfortunately there are no mental toothaches to impress the need of poetry and he generally sticks to his vow.

Perhaps an opportunity to browse around, reading only the poems desired, would help to arouse an interest in poetry and would get away from the idea of compulsion.

Arousing interest is the most important function of schooling anyway.

The "Daily Press" of Ashland, Wisconsin, annually carries on a book thrill contest. There were 658 entries this year, 658 people who described the particular thrill which some volume had given them. From these, thirty five prize winners were selected. The BOOKMAN prizes, subscriptions both, were awarded to N. B. Dexter, financial secretary, Northland College, and Alfred Swango, also of Northland. I should appreciate hearing from them; in fact, I should appreciate hearing from a lot of people who read the Gossip Shop. What books do you read? What authors are you interested in? I have a large and healthy mail, and some of it is entertaining. A young lady from Nebraska wrote me this week that a friend of hers was born in July, and that since I was born in February she thought we should make an excellent match. She did not, however, send her candidate's picture. Another lady sent in two poems but informed me that she could not give her address since her husband is very jealous and opens all her mail. This, however, is not the sort of communication I am at the moment encouraging. I do like to hear of local literary goings on, of club meetings, of bookshop happenings, of library events. What, for example, does the country at large think of the current trend of the novel? What is the current trend of the novel as seen from a respectable distance — and by a respectable distance I mean far enough away from publishing centres so that local gossip does not tend to tinge the opinion. I lunched this noon with one of the most promising of the literary editors. "It takes me no end of time", he assured me, "to make up my mind what I think of a book when I've finished reading it." That worried me a bit, because it takes me no time at all to make up my mind what I think of a book. If I sit down and try to analyze its success or failure as a piece of work — in detail — that's another matter; but whether or not I've enjoyed it — that's exceedingly

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easy. Whether or not I should have enjoyed it under other circumstances, is a matter which requires more detailed thought. Anyhow, do write me now and then. It helps me to weather the summer and to shape plans for autumn — fairly elaborate plans, by the way. It is my present ambition to double the number of readers of this magazine by a year from now. Perhaps you can help with advice and suggestions. I should appreciate that attention.

An amazing book is the symposium, "My Religion", just published in this country. These articles on the faith of various well known authors called forth a storm of comment when they appeared serially in London. Here are faiths and a lack of faith. Here are the working philosophies of a group of thinking persons. Some of them are unusual in clarity and power, in grip and understanding. I should like to give you something of the quality of this small but highly provocative volume by quoting the opening paragraphs of the essays written by Rebecca West and Henry Arthur Jones.

Miss West:

Provided that there is affection in a family, the father and mother confirm when they are old the miracle they performed when they were young. Then they loved and gave their children life; now they die, and make that gift absolute by taking away the fear of death from their children; for after one has watched a dying person with the clairvoyant eye of affection the idea of death as a triumph of decay passes for ever. One perceives that he is not ceasing to exist but passing into another universe.

The transition may be excruciatingly painful; quite possibly he takes with him no memory of this life; and there is no reason to suppose that the other universe is more careful of its inhabitants than this. But it is at any rate a universe of greater beauty than this. Of that one is made aware by an intuition which tells us constantly throughout life that there are certain actions we perform and emotions we feel which, though they may not be injurious or repellent, and may, indeed, be pleasurable and harmless, are limited to this universe.

Mr. Jones:

I was brought up in the rigorous creed of English Puritanism. I am grateful for it, as I believe that Puritanism offers a firm basis for building up strong, solid and sincere character. I was forced to read and study the Bible constantly, and on this count also I acknowledge an immense debt to Puritanism. Those strange and beautiful and deeply human books have been my classics.

But I am equally grateful that I was able to make an early escape from Puritanism. Till I was twenty I accepted, almost without question, the creed that I had been taught. I had never been what my coreligionists called "converted", for there is no need in my nature for crude and luscious spiritual experience. I kept a hard belief in the cast-iron dogmas that had been hammered into my head all through my childhood.

Yesterday the whole world was complaining of the cold, today they are all busy shedding winter coats, buying spring ones if they can, and complaining of the heat — so it goes, and spring is here and so is the circus. "Better than ever" is really true this season. Barnum and Bailey's in the new Garden seems to me better planned and organized than it has been in years. I was happy to see my old friend Alf Loyal occupying a growing position of importance with his small and large and middle sized dogs. Among the animals my interest naturally centred on the puzzle-famed emu, who was dozing and refused to wake to be presented to the lady who has so often taken his name in vain. Peanuts still hold a large place in the enjoyment of the circus. There is nothing like a peanut-circus jag in the springtime for bringing the conviction that the world and youth are still present in glowing colors. Three constituted our party on this memorable occasion. As a fourth, I should have liked little Miss Rinehart, of whose grandfather's right

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to take her there I am envious. Failing her, I should have chosen Rebecca West; but that lady writes from Antibes that she is finding bathing a joy, except for the small fact that every now and then a couple of destroyers happen along and use, or seem to use, the beach as a target. Then, of course, there are H. 3d and his father. I should like to have had them both — or maybe they are too sophisticated for the circus. Anyway, if you haven't read H. 3d's father's book, you should. "Gandle Follows His Nose" is the title, if you don't happen to know. Now here's one instance in which you can't accuse me of log rolling, for anyone who reads the famous column knows that Heywood hasn't been rolling logs in this direction lately except with intent to maim. I notice that much of the talk about log rolling has simmered down. It was always my claim that there was no very general practice of that game. To be sure, one had enthusiasms, and sometimes those enthusiasms resulted from friendship, or friendship followed the enthusiasm, as the case might be. But in practically all cases enthusiasms are genuinely based on appreciation — which, of course, is as likely to be mistaken as not but is, nevertheless, honest. The other evening a novelist, whom I had apparently embarrassed by a laudatory review, said: "You don't really like my book as well as you think you do. It's just because you like me." Now that hurt my feelings. He forgot that even though I had known him for years, I had not always praised his books. It just so happened that he seemed to me to have gained immeasurably in his latest volume in power and worth.

Another English author will have married an American by the time these pages are printed and before your eyes. Sylvia Thompson, author of "The Hounds of Spring", is to marry Peter Luling, an American art student, on June first. Mr. Luling, who has lived at Eton in England since he was ten years old, met Miss Thompson while she was a student at Oxford. Miss Thompson's career has been meteoric, as is well known. She was discovered by Ellery Sedgwick, editor of "The Atlantic Monthly", and her "The Hounds of Spring", written at the tender age of twenty two, is one of the best selling books of the year. From a story published about her we discover that "her hobbies are needlework and fine sewing; her favorite sports, riding and swimming". Edna Ferber, our own Edna, was so happy when she finished "Show-Boat" that she went out shopping and bought an Ampico, which she said she would buy only on one condition — that it was delivered the same afternoon. This was accomplished. At Miss Ferber's the other day, and several times after, I saw Gene Markey, upon whom the passing years make no visible impression. Even his hat and stick seem perennially young. He was violently engaged in conversation with Roland Young the other noon. I couldn't hear what they were talking about because I became so fascinated in trying to discover whether Mr. Young had a purple tulip or an orchid in his buttonhole. At any rate it was some sort of flower that no one but an actor could possibly dare to wear — in his buttonhole, at any rate. Here, too, was Owen Johnson, looking exceeding fit. Christian Brinton, at work on the Philadelphia Exhibit, and full of pleasant anecdotes of pleasant people, says that Mr. Johnson is the friendliest man alive, and I can well believe it, for I have a special warmth of feeling for Owen Johnson.

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Fun Shop Calls on Muses,
Scarcely Anybody Loses,
Judges Give the Winning Prize,
Taking Time to Analyze.
Purses Bring Out Verses,
Writers Heed the Call of Spring,
And Their Busy Lyres Ring.

This is not the prize winning poem in the Fun Shop humorous verse contest, but the announcement of its outcome as reported by a clever young lady, Elizabeth Custer, in the New York "Telegram". George S. Chappell, whose prize winning poem follows, won first and fourth prizes; Arthur S. Lippman of Brooklyn, for his "I've Got the Want to Do My Christmas Shopping Early but Haven't Got the Money Blues", rated second prize; and Wallace M. Bayliss of Bridgeport, Connecticut, under the pseudonym "C. N. Barlow", won third prize for "The Half Has Only Been Told", a limerick about King Solomon.

SANTA CLAUS MAKES A DEMAND

By Santa Himself

The time has come for my yearly ride
Over the country, far and wide,
Sliding down chimneys, bringing joys
To wild-eyed kiddies, both girls and boys.
My kit is packed and my reindeer team,
Well fed and peppy, is full of steam;
I've sorted the letters that kiddies write
And had my beard cleaned snowy white,
And ordered a nice fresh fall of snow.
In short, I'm ready and rarin' to go!

But one thing bothers me: WHAT to do
With the terrible, modern chimney flue!
Why, they build 'em, nowadays, so small
That I can't get into the things at all.
And worse than that, a lot of 'em lead
NOT into a fireplace, . . . no, indeed! . . .
But into a boiler! Then, by cripes,
I'm expected to crawl up through the pipes,
Like an eel or a leetle alligator,
Dragging my pack through a radiator!

I think, in the future, there ought to be
Provision made for a man like me,
Which might be part of the Building Laws:
"Special Chimneys for Santa Claus."

It is not very seasonal to publish a peom about Santa Claus just now. This Christmas atmosphere, however, is the result of that section of the contest which ended the last of December. Chappell, Lippman, and Bayliss won other prizes also, and the prizes which they did not walk off with were awarded to G. T. Evans, New Haven, Connecticut; Lee Shippley, Del Mar, California; Mary Carolyn Davies; Elizabeth Dimick, Oklahoma City,

George S. Chappell

Oklahoma; Eugene A. Franke, Detroit, Michigan; Esse B. Hamot, Pasadena, California; Frank L. Bradley, New Orleans, Louisiana; Paul Cook, Mobile, Alabama; and Mollie Anderson Haley, Ozone Park, Long Island.

The rhyming reporter interviewed Mr. Chappell with the following result:

When I'm interviewed I never
Think of anything that's clever.
Grabbing vainly at suggestions,
I can only answer questions —
Why the press should want my history
Is to me a darksome mystery.
Still, although my past is checkered,
I've at least no prison record —
So I sit here, dumb but willing,
Details of my story spilling,

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Age and weight and coloration
And my daily occupation,
Hoping, by these hurried verses,
For the interviewer's mercies,
While I murmur, "What a pity
I can't think of something witty!"

If I were awarding prizes haphazardly Miss Custer would get one for her column story of the contest, and Milt Gross would get another for "Hiawatha" as told to Nize Baby several Sundays ago. Mr. Gross ought to be crowned, if only for such priceless parody as "Gave a leff, 'Ha Ha', de wodder."

Thornton Wilder, whose book "The Cabala" is reviewed elsewhere in this number, was an undergraduate at Yale not so long ago. I can remember the excitement I felt when I, being an undergraduate too, read his first long play. It was brittle, caustic, and had back of it a glowing idea. He has put much the same idea into his first published book. Wilder has a father who is a litterateur, a brother who is a poet, and he himself is a teacher of English at Lawrenceville. His conversation and personality will remind you of his prose style. Talking rapidly, and with pungent digressions along the way, he flashes in and out of the room, and in and out of the building, and in and out of the country with impersonal speed. Another Yale man is about to publish a novel, I hear. Sturm, the recent football hero, has turned literary, so Stephen Benét tells me. Benét, by the way, was awarded one of the Guggenheim Fellowships, and will soon leave for Europe where he will spend a year or two in research work for the writing of more poetry. This poetry he plans to have include a long narrative piece. Of awards and prizes, there are many these days. Curtis Brown, Stokes, and "The Forum" offer $7,500 for the best American biographical novel; and the combination of Curtis Brown, Dodd, Mead, "Pictorial Review", and First National Pictures have $16,500 lying in wait for a first novel by an American author. Harper and Brothers make their usual $2,000 prize offer. "McClure's", to start off the new venture under the Hearst banner with young Arthur McKeogh as editor, establishes a $25,000 novel prize. Little, Brown announce a $2,000 award in addition to regular royalties for a book length juvenile suitable for publication in their Beacon Hill Bookshelf, and "The Atlantic Monthly" dangles $10,000 for a serial novel. Details of these competitions may be obtained from the several publishers involved. Apparently American authors are much stimulated by prizes. I don't wonder, when the sums involved seem so large.

For some years now music has been in my past. Books crowded in. My piano was sent away because I wasted so much time drumming on it. Only an occasional opera watered the weary wastes of my musical desert. Of a sudden, I find that for anyone who really loves music, it is as essential as food. To starve oneself for melody is a sin against the holy spirit. So — a piano again, and all the time I want for drumming, while someone sings over my shoulder. Concerts again — and opera, too. Mozart's "Requiem", given by the Friends of Music late one Sunday afternoon recently, proved lovely, liquid, but, to one who has come back suddenly to the melodic realm, a trifle dull. I find that one must be educated all over again. It is the Beethoven and Chopin and — Heaven forfend — the Chopin and the Grieg that I remember. Each comes back slowly, and my fingers refuse absolutely to wander among the moderns. Dor-

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othy Speare — or rather, since she does not belong to the Lucy Stone League, let us call her Dorothy Speare Christmas — back for a brief visit from Italy, wished to hear Marion Talley sing. A pilgrimage, therefore, to "Lucia di Lammermoor" resulted. Miss Talley has a lovely little voice; but it does seem too little for the florid periods of "Lucia". She has neither the personality nor the warmth of tone of Mary Lewis. Dorothy Speare herself has a glorious voice. Just when the American public will hear it, remains to be seen — or possibly heard. She brought back with her the manuscript of a new novel. It was, I think, the radio which showed me how much I had been missing in not hearing more music. There is something obnoxious about too much radio; but to be able to hear Bori or Schumann-Heink, an excellent concert or a swift infusion of jazz, is a most restful addition, rather than an added complication, to life. There was a time when I thought the radio a bore and a nuisance; but like most obstructionists, I am forced finally to admit that I was partly wrong — which means, of course, wholly wrong but won't admit it. Good jazz is to be heard at the Caravan Club these days, a downtown night club with uptown prices and clientele. To be sure, the cabaret, which lasts until wee dawn, smacks of amateurishness, but makes up for that in beauty and its disclosure. Really excellent dance music is that furnished by the perennial orchestra of the Hotel Lorraine, where a famous motion picture actor's father still swings through the tango daily.

If colleges must do folk dances and spring pageants, an instructive book to possess for these occasions is "The Folk Costume Book" by Frances H. Haire. It contains colored illustrations of the costumes worn by men and women in such countries as Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Spain, Italy, Finland, etc. The text explains the process of putting these garments together,

From "The Orient"

with helpful suggestions for makeshifts when the budget is low. Did it ever occur to you that oilcloth can be used in making high patent leather boots? The hat on the Hungarian gentleman is the most fetching we have yet seen. It looks like a regulation green felt hat with a bunch of nasturtiums over one ear and onion sprouts shooting up from the back. The Fairbairn Art Company in New York are publishing a number of folios for art education. The interpretive costume design series is by Rose Netzorg Kerr. These folios, containing twelve black and white plates with color descriptions, are on "Egypt, Greece and Rome", "The Orient", "The Age of Chivalry", and "American Costume". This picture of an Indian temple dancing girl gives you a good idea of the charming quality of the sketches.

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Spring musings of the decorative member of the staff take this turn:

A fashion editor must, of course, take interpretive dancing these days to be in style, so I am to be found twice a week on West Twenty Eighth Street where the house of Denishawn so modestly does its bit. A stubbed toe, however, has halted my career for the moment. There has been ample compensation for such a catastrophe in the many recitals I have attended the past month, one of them a student recital arranged by Hazel Krans, as finished a performance as anyone could ask for. Of the pupils, Reginia Beck and Lucile Clark, in "Papillons" (choreography by Elsy Finslay who teaches Dalcroze eurythmics in Denishawn), were like two windblown children. There are two types of dancers in this school; the oriental like Martha Graham, and the fay-like girls who need only concert slips, bare limbs, and shoulder length hair to delight the spectator. Miss Graham used three such dancers from her concert group at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. They gave an exquisite program at the Forty Eighth Street Theatre, a program of Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, Goossens, Rachmaninoff — an interesting collection of moderns whose music seemed to me the most beautiful ever danced to. Some of its magic lay in the art of Louis Horst, a pianist and composer who has played for Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn for many years. His own songs, from the poems of Alfred Kreymborg, Arthur Symons, Witter Bynner, and Lucile Rice, were delivered by a lady picturesque in a sweeping blue gown against the enormous mahogany piano. If there must be dancing in the streets, it should be done by Martha Graham and not by Alexander Woollcott. These titles will give you some idea of the range of her work: "Chorale", "Maid with the Flaxen Hair", "Clair de Lune", "A Study in Lacquer", "Danse Rococo", "Portrait — after Beltran-Masses". Grey and blood-red and blue-lavender chiffon, molten silver cloth and cloth of gold come to life in her expert hands. "Danse Rococo", incidentally, was done in a pair of green mules, a feat any woman knows is equaled only by a tightrope Charleston, that amazing stunt seen at the recent circus in Madison Square Garden. Circuses are the fashion, too. Alexandre Gravilov has put one into his Ballet Modern, said to be on the road to becoming an institution in New York City. Gravilov himself is a marvelous dancer, but he has collected a polyglot group of dancers, half of whom should not have been allowed outside the studio until they had mastered their arabesques. The best ballet work we have seen in a long time both in matters of technique and grace was done by Margaret Severn, noted for her Benda mask dances. She has been appearing in vaudeville at the Hippodrome. She might easily attain a reputation as the American Pavlowa if she wished, for she has intelligence, a flair for the dramatic, and great ability. Midgets have never seemed entertaining to me, and I passed them up at the circus in favor of the leopards and bears, but they have an act at the Hippodrome which is excellent parody. The strong man who enters in a Roman chariot drawn by a pony, to the strains of martial music, tickled my sense of proportion. A minute lady danced on her toes before a quartet of red and white checkered pierrots. Although her tours jetés were not of the best, such a miniature Degas was delightful. The circus seemed more sparkling and gorgeous than I remembered it as a child. A dozen black horses, exactly alike, with green harnesses, performed with elegance and grace in the ring below me. The clowns seemed less humorous, though. A tent was needed, with scorching sun beating on it, and sawdust to wade through — or perhaps it was "Skeeter" we missed. Anyway, it didn't seem like the circuses mother used to make. Easter, too, was a disappointment because people have to wear fur coats these days in April, and in the city, at any rate, vain little girls in white buckskin shoes and white kid gloves are not to be seen going to Sunday School on Easter morning.

A sheaf of notes comes in from Laura Bell Everett, among them this:

John M. Oskison, who has drawn such lifelike pictures of life in Oklahoma in transition days, notably in "Wild Harvest", has gone to Arizona in a further search for the vivid west. One wonders why he needs new fields, when he seems to know Oklahoma as no other novelist knows it. It may be only for purposes of comparison. Mr. and Mrs. Oskison spent the winter in Berkeley, where they fitted into the California Writers' Club as if they were charter members. Mr. Oskison is a Stanford graduate who while in college took the $250 prize offered by "The Century" for the best story written by an undergraduate. Mrs. Oskison was Hildegarde Hawthorne, granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Her poems are known to lovers of verse. As visiting critic for the Poetry Section of the Club, Mrs. Oskison gave a delightful evening to club members, incidentally showing the energetic criticism to which her own work, in a family of writers, has always been subjected.

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